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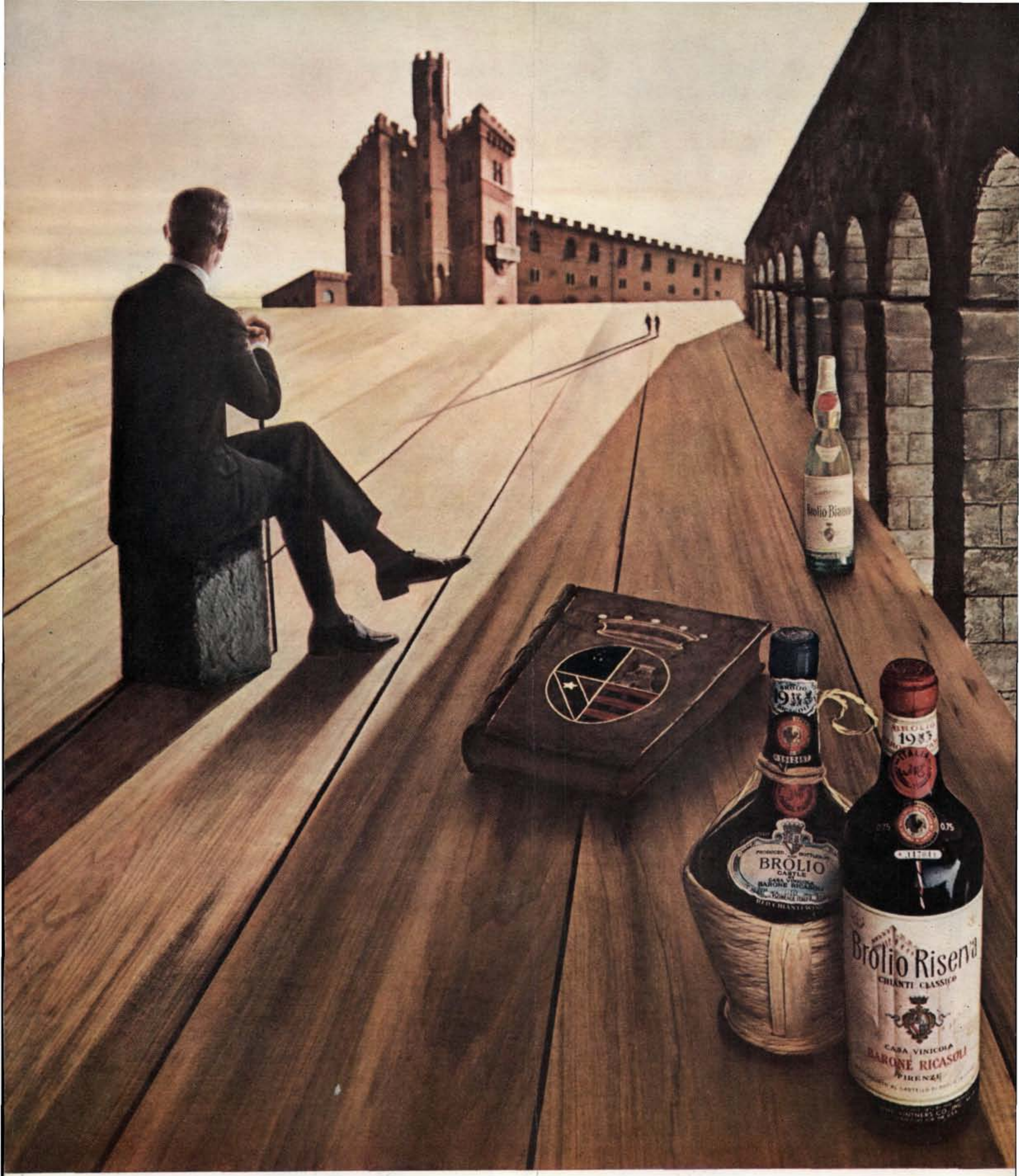
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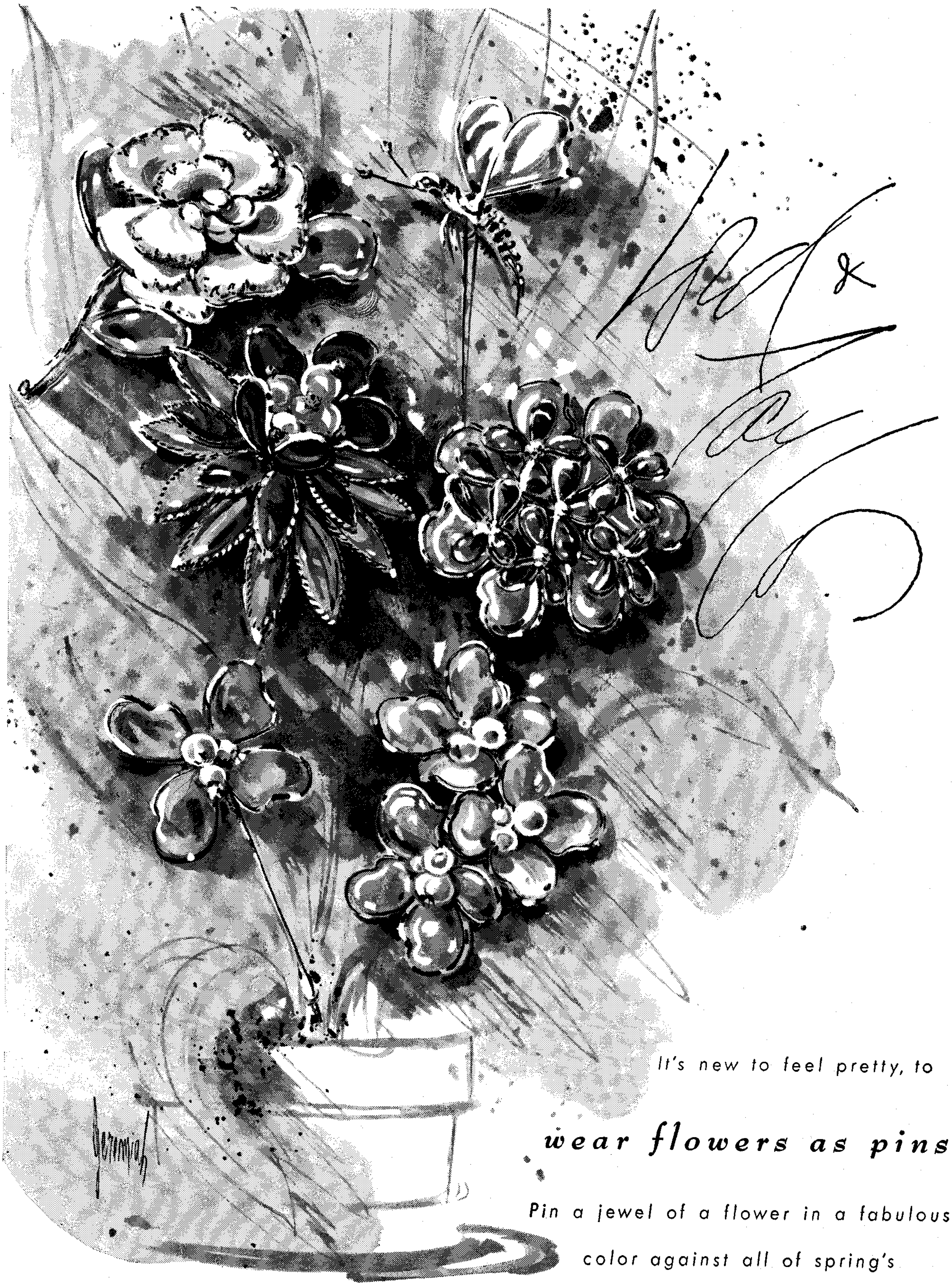

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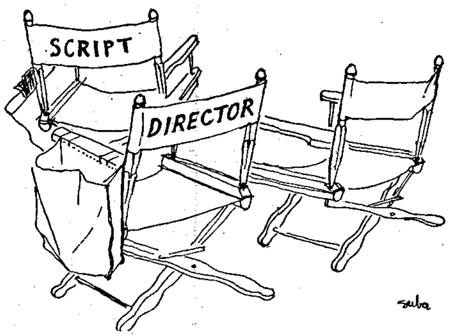

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Any Wednesday—An invitation to laughter conceived by Muriel Resnik and advanced with great skill by Sandy Dennis, Rosemary Murphy, Don Porter, and Gene Hackman. It has to do with the ups and downs of the mistress of an industrial big shot who keeps the girl in residence in an executive suite. The play was directed in lively fashion by Henry Kaplan, and has a bright set by Robert Randolph. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Baby Want a Kiss—A play by James Costigan, with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, and the author as the entire cast. Presented by the Actors Studio Theatre and directed by Frank Corsaro. (Little Theatre, 44th St., W. BR 9-6100. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Barefoot in the Park—Neil Simon's pleasant trifle about the adventures of a married couple starting out life in a Manhattan walkup. Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar give good accounts of themselves in the central roles, and the direction, by Mike Nichols, is very apt. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Blues for Mr. Charlie—James Baldwin's play, with Al Freeman, Jr., Pat Hingle, Diana Sands, and Rip Torn. Staged by Burgess Meredith and presented by the Actors Studio Theatre. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:15.)

A Case of Libel—A dramatization of the courtroom struggle between Westbrook Pegler and Quentin Reynolds. Van Heflin is highly effective as the plaintiff's lawyer, and all kinds of admirable performers assist him. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Deputy—A compressed version—five acts have been reduced to two—of Rolf Hochhuth's drama in verse, which deals with the alleged silence of Pope Pius XII during the moral crisis brought on by the Nazis' extermination of Jews during the Second World War. The verse as rendered into English is no great shakes, but the play has a powerful impact. Jeremy Brett has the leading role and does well, as do most of the others in the cast. Emlyn Williams portrays Pius XII. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Dylan—A perceptive portrait by Sir Alec Guinness of the drunk, loquacious, and talented Welsh poet, who is described here in the course of a couple of visits to the United States. The drama is the skillful work of Sidney Michaels, and has been astutely directed by Peter Glenville. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hamlet—Richard Burton is muscular and authoritatively articulate as the Prince of Denmark in this production directed by John Gielgud, and Hume Cronyn is superb as that tedious old character Polonius. Eileen Herlie, George Rose, Alfred Drake, and Linda Marsh also participate. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

National Repertory Theatre—The final performances of a four-week repertory of two plays, with Eva Le Gallienne, Farley Granger, Denholm Elliott, and Anne Meacham. Arthur Miller's "The Crucible," directed by Jack Sydow, Thursday, April 30, at 2:30; Friday, May 1, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 2, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Chekhov's "The Seagull," adapted and directed by Miss Le Gallienne, Thursday, April 30, and Saturday, May 2, both at 8:30. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-7950.)

Nobody Loves an Albatross—Robert Preston, *prancing about amusingly, has the lead in* this comedy about Hollywood television. The play was written by Ronald Alexander and directed galvanically by Gene Saks. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE 1964:** Four nimble wits (Paxton Whitehead, Patrick Carter, William Christopher, and Patrick Horgan) in a revue, now revised, with new material added. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 9, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Mindy Carson, Murray Hamilton, and Tom Helmore are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Martha Scott, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Mercedes McCambridge, Donald Davis, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Henderson Forsythe, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MUSICALS

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand representing Fanny Brice in a musical that is loud and gaudy, but not quite as good as you might hope. The book was written by Isobel Lennart, the music and lyrics are by Jule Styne and Bob Merrill, and there are some splashy musical numbers staged by Carol Haney. Jerome Robbins supervised the production, which was directed by Garson Kanin. Kay Medford, Danny Meehan, and Sydney Chaplin give Miss Streisand sturdy support. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, May 3.)

Hello, Dolly!—An adaptation of Thornton Wilder's "The Matchmaker," in which Carol Channing and a fine supporting cast have themselves a high old time. The lyrics and music were provided by Jerry Herman, and the book is by Michael Stewart. The enterprise is also fortunate in having direction and choreography by Gower Champion. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Here's Love—Meredith Willson's hymn to Santa Claus, Christmas, Macy's, and Gimbels is long on color but not really lively in the song-and-dance division. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

High Spirits—Beatrice Lillie having a frisky time in a musical interpretation of Noël Coward's "Blithe Spirit." Under the direction of the author, Miss Lillie and such associates as Tammy Grimes, Louise Troy, and Edward Woodward all move about most agilely. The book, music, and lyrics are by Hugh Martin and Timothy Gray, and their work is for the most part fairly bright. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

110 in the Shade—A musical by N. Richard Nash, based on his play "The Rainmaker." Harvey Schmidt wrote the music, Tom Jones is responsible for the lyrics, and the cast includes Robert Horton, Joan Fagan (substituting for Inga Swenson), and Stephen Douglass. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

What Makes Sammy Run?—A dilatory musical having to do with a Hollywood striver who would be glad to throw his own mother into the snow if she didn't pull her weight on his sled. Budd and Stuart Schulberg wrote the book, and the lyrics and music were created by Ervin Drake. Steve Lawrence, Sally Ann Howes, Robert Alda, and Bernice Massi are in it. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Dick Shawn, Jack Gilford, and assorted cuties. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Darryl Hickman plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the

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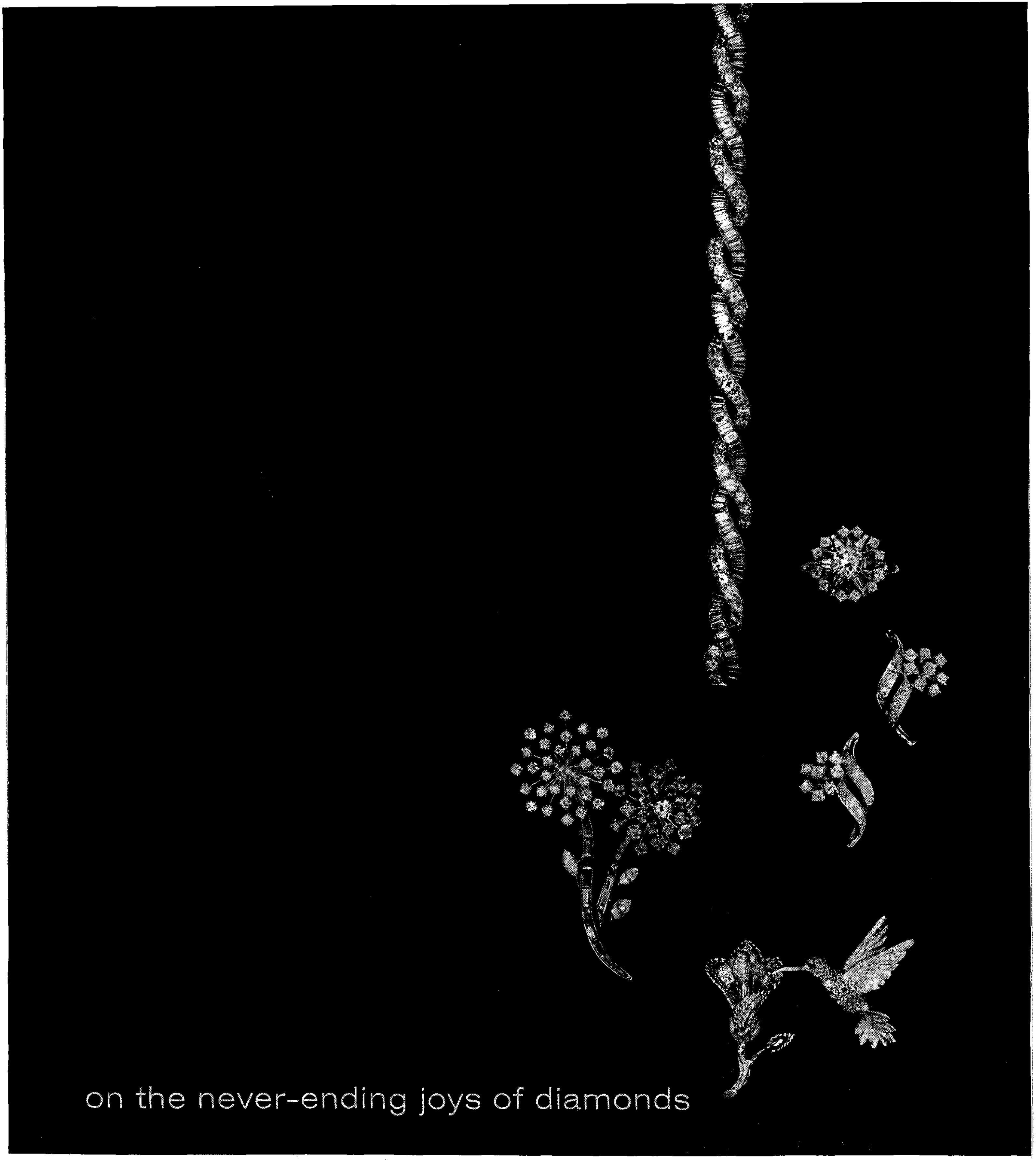

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president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St. W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OLIVER!**: The early life of the South American liberator (1783-1830), set to music. With Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

LINCOLN CENTER REPERTORY—"But for Whom Charlie," a comedy by S. N. Behrman about good and evil in the modern world, has as its setting a philanthropic foundation that takes care of indigent writers. Not always as compelling as it might be, the play has one large virtue—the presence of David Wayne as an aging author who takes a dim and droll view of our times. Performance Thursday, April 30, at 8:30.... ¶ Eugene O'Neill's satire "Marco Millions" stands up better than you might expect after thirty-six years, and the present production is quite spectacular. Hal Holbrook, David Wayne, and Joseph Wiseman are among those happily present. Performances Friday, May 1, at 8:30; Saturday, May 2, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, May 5-7, at 8:30.... ¶ "After the Fall," by Arthur Miller, isn't up to the author's usual standard, but as it goes its autobiographical way it does provide a moment or two of dramatic excitement. Performances Sunday, May 3, at 2 and 7:30; Friday, May 8, at 8; and Saturday, May 9, at 2 and 8. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre, 40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. OR 4-5600.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER LIGHT OPERA COMPANY—"West Side Story," with Don McKay and Julia Migenes, will play through Sunday, May 3.... ¶ "Porgy and Bess," with William Warfield and Veronica Tyler, will be the second in a series of three shows by the company. Preview Tuesday, May 5, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 6, and will run through Sunday, May 17. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

APA AT THE PHOENIX—Lively and often stylish productions of an assortment of classics by one of the best repertory companies around. Maxim Gorky's "The Lower Depths," Thursday and Friday, April 30-May 1, at 8:30, and Wednesday through Friday, May 6-8, at 8:30.... ¶ Luigi Pirandello's "Right You Are If You Think You Are," Saturday, May 2, at 7 and 10; Sunday, May 3, at 3; Tuesday, May 5, at 8:30; and Saturday, May 9, at 7 and 10.... ¶ A Molière twin-bill, "Scapin" and "Impromptu at Versailles," Sunday, May 3, at 7:30. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288.)

THE AMOROUS FLEA—A sprightly little musical, confected from Molière's "School for Wives" by Bruce Montgomery (songs) and Jerry Devine (book). Lew Parker and Imelda de Martin head the cast. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

ARMS AND THE MAN—A revival of the Shaw opus, with Philippa Bevans. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BLACKS—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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THE BLOOD KNOT—An obvious and tricky drama that is more than redeemed by the performances of the two actors who appear in it. James Earl Jones is wonderful as a South African Negro, and J. D. Cannon is good, too, as his half brother, who is also half white. (Cricket Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-3960. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE—A sparkling revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CINDY—The young performers who sing and dance in this musical are a lively, attractive bunch. The songs are O.K., too, and so is the book, which tells of a girl who works in her father's delicatessen and goes to a charity ball at the Plaza. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DIARY OF A MADMAN—Whether Gogol's masterly short story should have been made into a play at all is debatable. Even so, Zack Matalon does quite well in the leading and only role—of a penniless clerk who goes out of his mind with loneliness and frustration. William Hickey substitutes for Mr. Matalon at the early performances on Fridays and Saturdays. (Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40. and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. May close Sunday, May 3.)

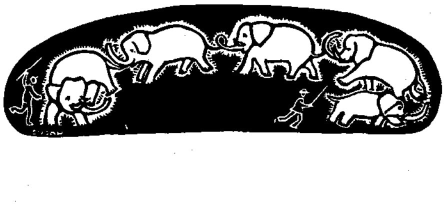
DUTCHMAN and **THE AMERICAN DREAM**—"Dutchman" is a nightmare tragicomedy about the encounter of a respectable young Negro and a mad and maddening blonde in a subway car. The author is a most promising dramatist named LeRoi Jones, whose language is often as brutal and tough as the occasion demands. As a companion piece, the management is reviving, for the fifth time, its knockout production of "The American Dream," Edward Albee's sardonic family portrait. No one under eighteen admitted. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE FANTASTICKS—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE IMMORALIST—A revival of Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1954 play, which is based on André Gide's autobiographical novel. (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. OR 4-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

IN WHITE AMERICA—Six actors, three of them colored and three white, splendidly perform and recite excerpts from official and unofficial documents that, taken together, trace the story of the Negro in America. The result, play or not, is certainly theatrical and certainly rewarding. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LIFE IS A DREAM (LA VIDA ES SUEÑO)—Calderón's seventeenth-century play, being presented in both English and Spanish. Performances in English on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30, Fridays at 10, Saturdays at 7, and Sundays at 7:30. Performances in Spanish on Mondays and Wednesdays at 8:30, Fridays at 7, Saturdays at 2:30 and 10, and Sundays at 3. (Astor Place Playhouse, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. YU 2-4240.)



SIX CHARACTERS IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR—The Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE STREETS OF NEW YORK—This charming and frisky musical comedy (based, in an offhand way, on Dion Boucicault's nineteenth-century melodrama) has good songs by Barry Alan Grael and Richard B. Chodosh, and an amusing book, also by Mr. Grael. The singing and general deportment of every member of the company are as near to faultless as makes no matter. (Maidman Playhouse, 416 W. 42nd St. BR 9-2084. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

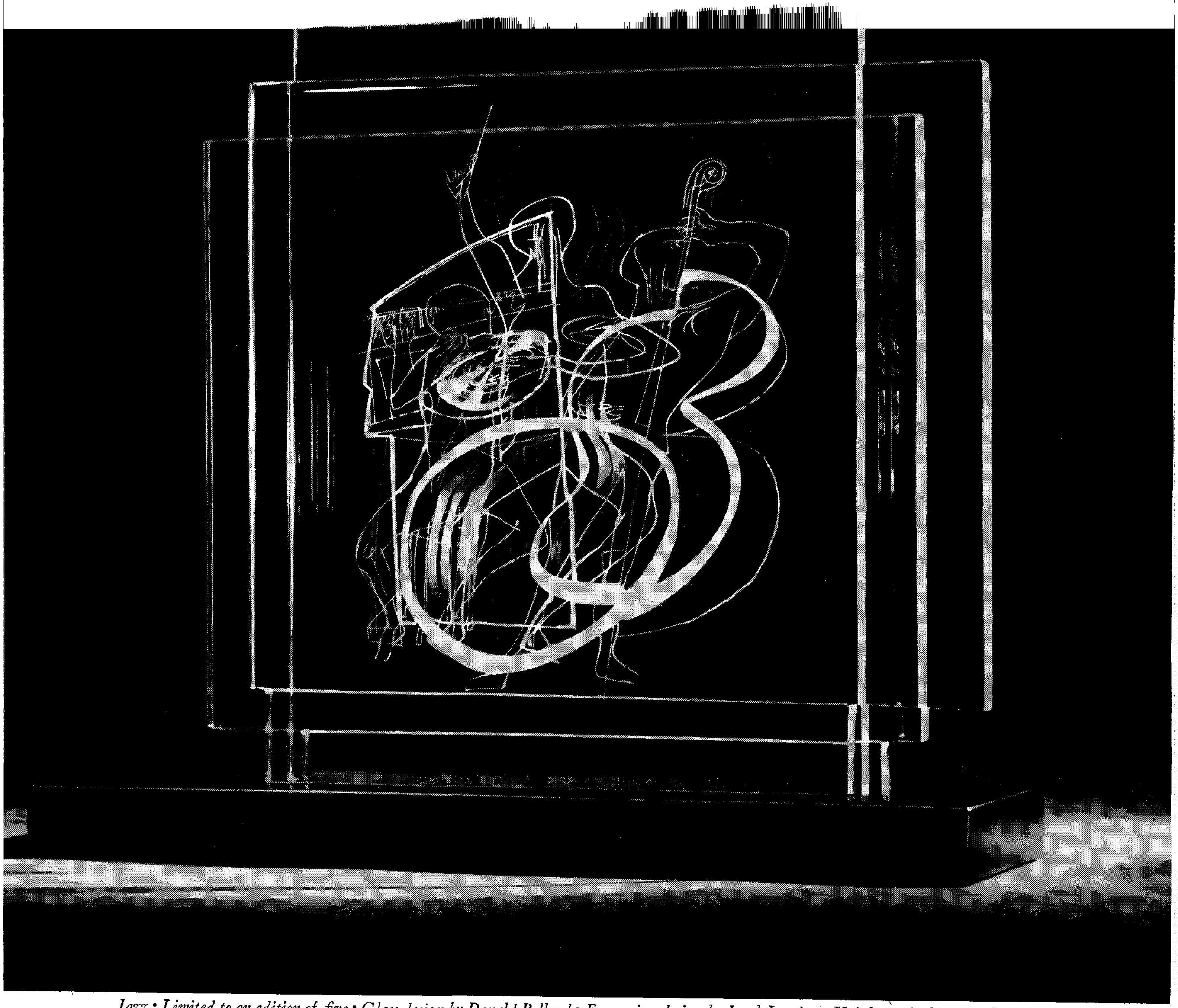
THIS WAS BURLESQUE—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE TROJAN WOMEN—This production of Euripides' tragedy of the bereft women of the Trojan War is good to look at, always clear, and often moving. It does, however, lack stature. Michael Cacoyannis is both director and choreographer, and there is one first-rate performance—that of Alan Mixon, as a Greek herald. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

TRUMPETS OF THE LORD—The combination of a set of poems by James Weldon Johnson with a set of spirituals, gospel songs, and freedom songs makes this all-Negro musical a jubilant occasion. (One Sheridan Square, W. 4th St. and Washington Pl. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Thursday evening, April 30: "Four Temperaments," "Firebird," "The Cage," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Friday evening, May 1: "Donizetti Variations," "Ebony Concerto," "Meditation," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 2: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 2: "Bugaku," "Allegro Brillante," "Interplay," and "Symphony in C."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 3: "Fanfare," "Apollo," "Pas de Deux," and an unnamed Balanchine ballet.... ¶ Sunday evening, May 3: "Apollo," "Ebony Concerto," "The Cage," and "Agon."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 5: "Firebird," "Ebony Concerto," "Interplay," and "Raymonda Variations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 6: "Four Temperaments," "Dim Lustre" (company première), "Meditation," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Thursday Evening, May 7: "Swan Lake," "Meditation," "Allegro Brillante," and "Serenade."... ¶ Friday evening, May 8: "Gounod Symphony," "Agon," "Allegro Brillante," and an unnamed Balanchine ballet.... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 9: "Four Temperaments," "The Chase," "Ivesiana," and "Fanfare."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 9: "Donizetti Variations," "The Cage," "The Chase," and "Gounod Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR



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7-4727. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15. Through Sunday, May 17.)

Olé! Olé!—A company of four flamenco dancers and a guitarist. (Little Fox Theatre, 152 Bleecker St. SP 7-3810. Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays at 9:30 and 11:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30, 10:30, and 12:30.)

Dance Drama Company—Presenting the first performances of "Dream-Dances," an evening-long ballet choreographed by Emily Frankel. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Tuesday and Wednesday, May 5-6, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Need anything more be said? (Madison Square Garden. PL 7-8870. Mondays through Thursdays at 7:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 6:30. Matinées daily at 2. Through Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around among the sideshows and the menagerie in the basement.)

Viveca Lindfors—In scenes from Sartre's "No Exit" and Brecht's "The Private Life of the Master Race" and "Does Man Help Man?," accompanied by the electronic music of Vladimir Ussachevsky, plus songs by Kurt Weill. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, May 9, at 8:45.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Peggy Lee, a protean performer (she serves as dizzy blonde, American dream girl, spinner of spells, singer of songs), arrives at dinner and supper in the Royal Box to set up instant communication with the delegates from her vast constituency. The remainder of the evening is filled in with dance tunes. Closed Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The floral tributes that adorn the walls of the restaurant come from Never-Never Land, but the music is for real. George Anaya's little band, which makes it, is Latin and American. It does menu music from eight to ten and prancing music from then until one, not to mention Sunday matinées from one to three. No music on Mondays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—To be seen or not to be seen—that is the question. The proper question-and-answer music is proffered by Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Sundays, the only sound is taped music in the alcove called Perona's.

New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): The Seven Hills, a nice try at doing what the Romans do, improves its own effective scenery with I Cavalieri di Roma, a seven-man dance band (nearly all string), which in turn improves its music with the all-for-love chanting of Dino Palermo. Eight to one every night but Sunday is the gamut.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Café Pierre, a dignified little duchy, a Ben Cutler band is in great good humor every night of the week.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Worcestershire sauce, curry, and chutney are among the beneficences of life at dinner and supper in the Persian Room, but the McGuire Sisters, who reel off an abundance of three-part singing on both occasions, subsist on a bland diet of untaxing harmonics and a-b-c lyrics, which, admittedly, makes them look very healthy. In between their efforts, Emil Coleman's big band rolls on majestically, and Mark Monte's gadflies make sportive music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. They're off duty Mondays. . . . ¶ A luxurious dessert and any drink in the house await the visitor between eight and one (except Sundays) in the Palm Court, transformed by the magic of light into an esplanade in Lugano, with real Lugano violin by Gunnar Hansen.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, Peter Duchin's orchestra and Quintero's Latin Americans make the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, baby sister of the Maisonette, the comestibles are brought to table on the wings of piano by Walter Kay and violin by Jani Sarkozi. Eight to two is their run. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns represents great calm, great peace, and chortling music from the small posse of Arturo Arturos, which sets to at half past seven during the week and at six on Sundays. Curfew on Sundays at eleven, on weekdays at twelve-thirty; closed Mondays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (PL 5-0600)—The spirit of the Cairo Shepheard's back in the days of Empire lives on, seven nights a week, to incessant but jovial dance music (part machine-made, part man-made) that begins at eight. Some of the décor is Peter Larkin's merry Egyptology (he's put Mona Lisa smiles on all his Sphinxes); the rest is the audience, which has put best bibs and best tuckers on itself.

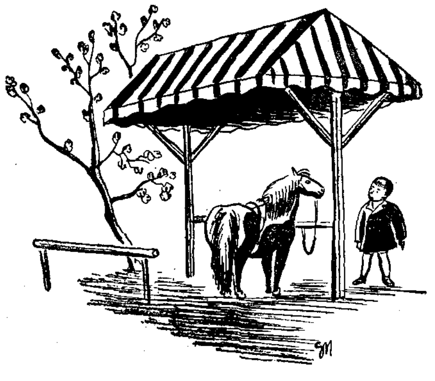
Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Milt Shaw's band is percolating in the Embassy Club, which is on a routine of dinner and supper and eurythmics—eight to one in general, nine to two Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Mondays.

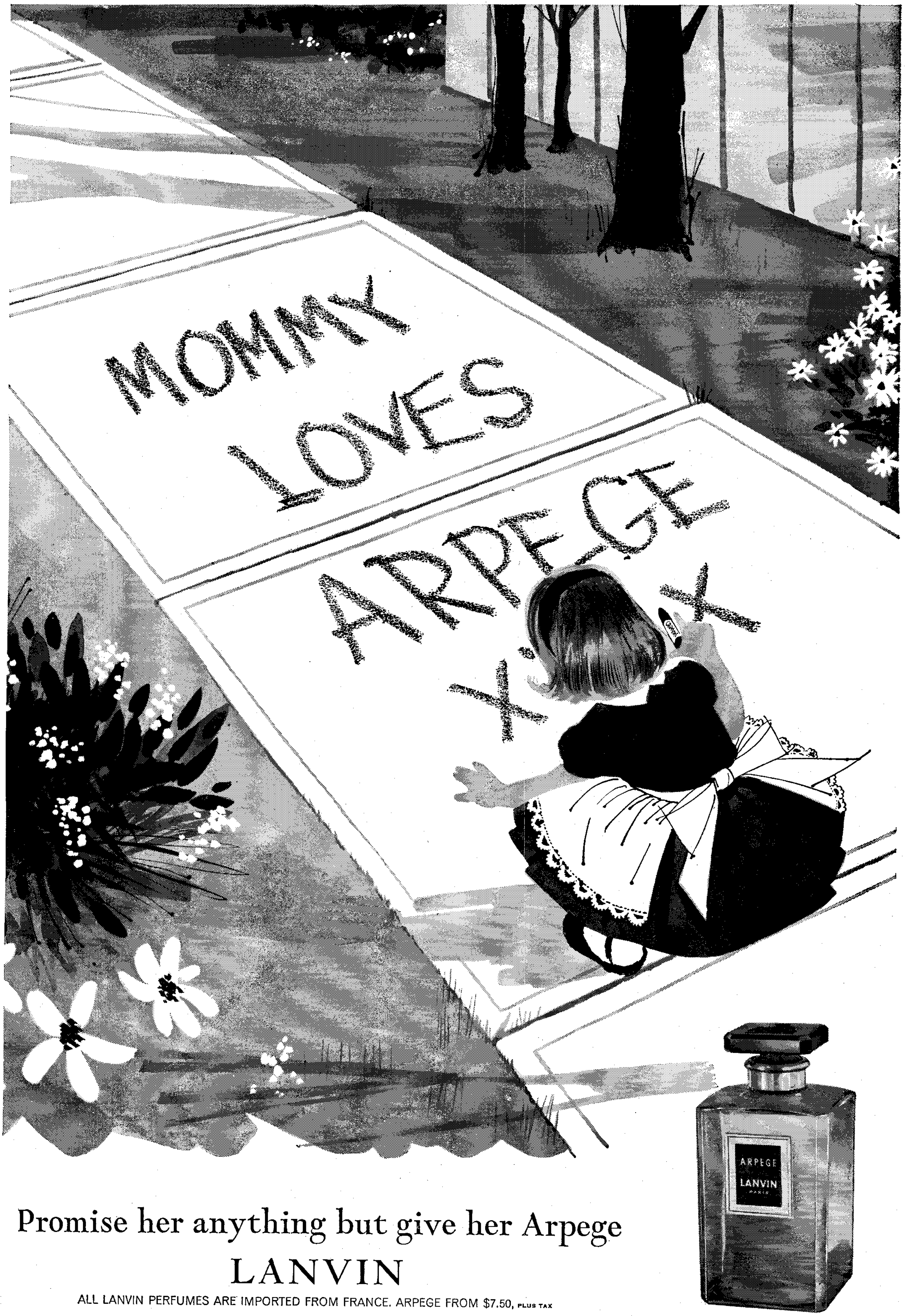
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Patti Page is on the air of the Empire Room twice a night, thus disproving the theory that she is but a figment of the big cathode tube's *imagination. A more than* usually jaunty Meyer Davis orchestra and the band run by Horace Diaz *are also in* action. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Open house, open forum for a whole lot of mutual friends. Another part of the sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as upbeat double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at *82nd St. (TR 9-3777)*: The perils of Pauline as Puccini saw them take place (by virtue of a minute opera company) bare inches from your dinner or supper table, but the results are more romantic than anything else. The baton man for the singers is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Saturday, Mr. B. expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **LE CAPRICE,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): Bobby Short is the life of the party that centers on his piano, songs, and trio (Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his men-at-arms). Mr. Short's palace, until the other day the Malmaison (whose chefs are *still on duty*), is open at six (Otis Clements at the piano); the Shorts check in at ten-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): From seven to one, which is enough for the most lackadaisical diner, Ray Hartley uses his piano to transpose the tunes of the day into an idiom that is his alone. This takes place every night but Sunday. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Fridays and Saturdays, Mabel Mercer is again giving the world's very best arias the benefit of her years of experience. Sam Hamilton, it must go without saying, is her pianist. Tee-off time is ten-thirty. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Brothers Grimm had something to do with the interior decoration of this playful pageant. Through it strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. The orchestra in the pit is George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Mondays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): High life, but on its best behavior, to which Forrest Perrin contributes judiciously jovial piano for cocktails, dinner, and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic violinists squired by the perfectionist Herman Honigsberg. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with an unlimited expense account; the music—the calm but poignant guitar of Gustavo Lopez—is largely a love letter to Spain. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who has always had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): You expect the real Henry James to stand up at any moment in this dining-in-state and dining-in-the-nineties restaurant, in the bar of which there's piano from five to seven-thirty and nine to two every evening but Sunday. . . . **MICHELANGELO,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): A scattering of musicians makes the sound that goes with the neat but not gaudy Italian school of cookery. A piano starts soliloquizing at five, and Joe Candullo's dance trio starts at nine-thirty. Fridays and Saturdays, a couple of voices join in. It's all family style, but with the greatest of dignity. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): A complete cast of characters, from Shubert Alley to Sutton Place, is in stock. At the south end of the pavilion, a dance trio shows up at nine. Monday nights (this may be considered an invitation or a warning) are devoted to dance festivals led by Killer Joe Piro, a survivor of the Peppermint Lounge state of mind. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast are the tiny, tiny ones stirred up by the *piano of* George Feyer. His *tenure* is eight-thirty until one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park offers the well-brought-up piano of Steven Weltner, who is part of the intercontinental circuit. He operates from five-thirty to midnight. No music Sundays. . . .

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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CHARDAS, 307 E. 79th St. RH 4-9382): A finer lot of bouncing Czechs and Hungarians you never saw or heard. Two of the few zimbalons remaining in captivity are prominent in the celebration, and so is (among other sounds) the voice of Tibor Rakossy, slowly savoring the ageless words of romance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **PETROUSHKA,** 23 E. 74th St., just behind the lobby of the Hotel Volney (BU 8-2300): Dim are the lights, dark is the panelling, and dark are the Russian eyes that Marina Fedorovskaya, the clear-as-a-bell and unmannered innkeeper, sings of between seven-thirty and two. The air is Russian (Imperial), too; so are the ruminative piano and violin; so is the chef. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, or your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Our best-known midtown Moorish palace provides dining to tiptoe piano from six to nine-thirty. The musician is Conrad Monjoy, whose vacations are Saturday and Sunday evenings. . . . **BILTMORE,** Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): In the Palm Court, which is often an Ivy League forum at the cocktail hour, Joan Bishop applies herself assiduously and calmly to her piano from five to eight-thirty every day but Sunday. . . . **NANDO'S MIRAMAR,** 38 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-4186): The piano, which (manned by two operators) goes quietly about its business from five-thirty to three, never tries to rewrite the nation's songs—rather a novelty these nights. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The wickedest woman in all Paris of the Jane Avril era is played and sung by Rita Dimitri, the proprietor of this café, with all the pertinent nuances and implications. She appears at dinner, and on Fridays and Saturdays at supper, too. There's music the rest of the time, some of it for dancing on a tiny floor. Closed Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A jack-in-the-box named Mimmo del Sud hops about the ornate bar between nine-thirty and one-thirty every night but Sunday, whipping out guitar and the lyrics, mostly Latin, that go best with it. . . . **PLACE LAUTREC,** in the New York Hilton, Sixth Ave. at 53rd St. (JU 6-7000): Small wonders are worked by Mario Peralta as he cows into submission a mile-wide bandonion, which is a giant, economy-size concertina of vast possibilities. He wanders about the dining tables from cocktails until ten every evening but Sunday.

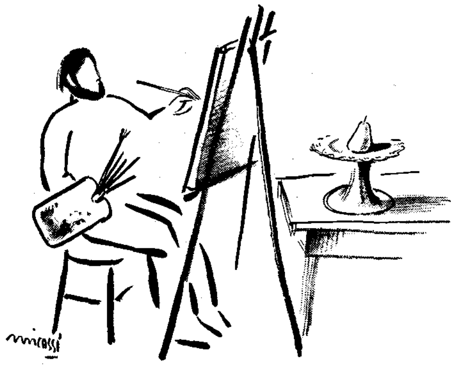
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): Young womanhood in her crowning glory and in not very much else. The current occasion of her appearance is "Diamond Fair," a huge and sumptuous enterprise comprised of light, color, movement, mummery, flummery, and cheer. Acrobats, singers, ballerinas, too, ad infinitum, as well as the Kaye Sisters, a cabaret singing turn from London. Los Trovadores, a galaxy of Spanish dancers, succeed the Kayes on Wednesday, May 6. Dancing for the guests is also permissible. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): Pat Collins, a girl with a hypnotic manner and a basilisk eye, is putting any customers who volunteer for her A Treatment to sleep long before their bedtime, and putting them through plenty of antic paces before restoring them to real life—an operation that possesses the simultaneous jocosity and eeriness of the world of Dr. Strangelove. A set of blockbuster instrumentalists and vocalists called the Treniers also do an act, during which you might as well retire to the bar. Closed Sundays. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The lion's share of the floor show is Sammy Davis, Jr., the inventor of perpetual motion, and what he does with it may bewitch, bewilder, or just plain bother you. His associates are Bob Melvin, a wisecracker, and a flotilla of Copa ballerinas in the midst of their novitiate. Prancing is a perquisite of the customers, too. . . . **INTERNATIONAL,** Broadway at 52nd St. (CI 7-3070): "Vive les Girls," our forthcoming entry in the Olympic highkick event, is a vigorous way of introducing to this city a captain of the chorus, Jeanie Stevens, of tremendous vim, vigor, and vivacity. The one humorous interlude in this gymkhana is, though, distinctly low jinks. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

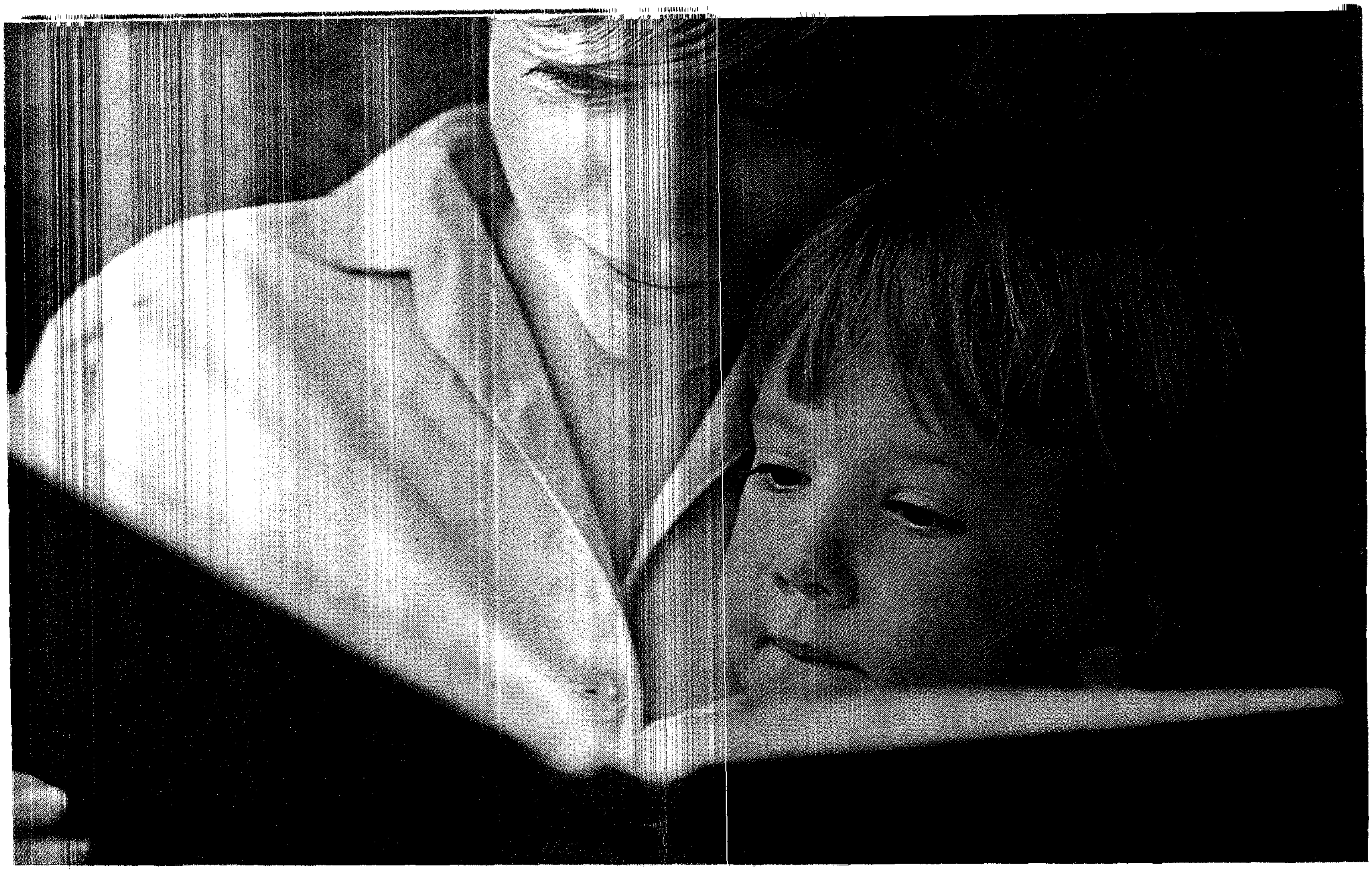
PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Not every prospect pleases the authors of "Baker's Dozen," this season's Julius Monk revue, which has an unkind and well-rhymed word for everything that stands in the way of communal happiness. The faultless Gerry Matthews is the ringleader; his chief helpmeets are Nagle Jackson, Jamie Ross, Delphi Harrington, and Barbara Cason, an actress of great quality; the sophomores—all deserving a good word, too—are Jan Templeton, Ruth Buzzi, and Dick Blair. The band is the pianos of Carl Norman, Robert Colston, and Paul Trueblood. Exhibitions at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Vaughn Meader, who treads softly but carries a big thought, ends a brief and humorous visit on Saturday, May 2. Godfrey Cambridge, an amiable actor turned amiable commentator, stays on, and so does the jejune singer named Kathy Woodruff. Dinner and supper are always part of the course. A trio rambles through the lounge from two until curfew, except Sundays. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB,** 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The zenith of wit and the height of dudgeon are attained by the words that Peter Cook has put in the mouths of the consummate cast of "The Muffled Report," a thorough examination of the question "Is government necessary?" John Bird, Eleanor Bron, Jeremy Geidt, Carole Simpson, and David Battley are the players; Marian McPartland's pungent progressivist trio is the music. They stand to and deliver at nine and eleven-thirty. A rather British cuisine goes with all this. The McPartlands get their second wind in the bar after the late show. Closed Sundays. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): "The Wrecking Ball," seventh in the line of revues constructed by the Second City company of players, is mostly concerned with the remaining vestiges of life on Manhattan Island. A lot of its fascination is the unexpectedness of nearly all its turns of events, like O. Henry in a new vernacular. Bob Dishy, Avery Schreiber, and Mina Kolb, well remembered from earlier affairs here, are again on hand; Jack Burns is an exceptional newcomer, and Dick Schaal a pretty damn good one. Severn Darden, one of the cleverest of all revue players, may on occasion also be observed, as his mood impels him. Tom O'Horgan's score, harp, piano, voice, and whatnot are the contributory music. Proceedings commence at eight-thirty; closed Mondays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): For Spain, the forecast is sunny and warmer whenever the glee club and marching band called Los Chavales de España enter the back room. Their words are put into flamenco action by the feet of Isabella and Miguel. Los Cinco Latinos, another set of agile hoof-and-mouth workers, are also there. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturday nights they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at ten-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar and Domingo Alvarado's flamenco arias serve the perfect stirrup cup. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): It is not easy to reap the whirlwind set up by the voice of Felicia Sanders, which flourishes on its worthy ballads. Also audible: Enid Mosier, who puts heart and art into her impersonation of a wicked witch from the West Indies, and Marc London, who has moments (and off-moments) as a humorist. Irving Joseph and Warren Vaughn, the two piano men, are as good as we are ever likely to get anywhere. Closed Mondays. . . . **LIBORIO,** 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Libertad Lamarque, of the Latin-American stage, screen, and studio, is the nightingale of the rather rumpusy show that taxes the little stage of this Cuba-in-exile restaurant. There is dancing for the diners every evening, and from two to seven on Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ THEATRE OF THE HOTEL ASTOR,** B'way at 44th St. (JU 6-3000): Something has possessed someone to whittle down Victor Herbert's "Naughty Marietta" to a fifty-minute operetta. The efforts to defrost its ice-age plot are not altogether a success, but the singing of its commendable score (by Marcia King, Rosemary Anoe, Lowell Harris, and William K. Covington) certainly is. Danny Carroll acts as Greek chorus and Polpone (all non-Herbert characters), and two pianos are the band. Nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen are the hours; closed Mondays.



MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Chet Baker, who has been ever so long abroad, winds up a surprise call on Sunday, May 3. His quintet will be replaced, on Tuesday, May 5, by the fivesome belonging to Miles Davis, a man occasionally inclined to run his troupe by remote control. Sundays, there are matinées from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Chris Connor, engrossed in changing the warp in her melodic lines to woof, and the other way around, is just about the only native bird in this aviary. The rest of the participants are (or appear to be) Orientals, ululating and prancing to their native threnodies. Mondays, when this cast ceases and desists, are catch-as-catch-can affairs. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): A coffeehouse that sets the Village a good standard for its genre. Among the accessories that go with it are Joan Toliver, who has just discovered folk music, and the squad of Jim, Jake, and Joan, who have really great ideas about song and comedy. All are off duty on Tuesdays. . . . **BROKEN DRUM,** 1544 Second Ave., at 80th St. (AG 9-9798): George Lewis, in his sixty-fourth year of life, is playing New Orleans clarinet at the head of a band whose sound is more or less contemporaneous with him. They play from nine-thirty to early morn every night but Monday, when another set of traditionalists (washboard, piano, banjo) has its say. The surroundings are ancient, cheerful, comfortable, and beer-hall. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Wild Bill Davison, whose horn can barely withstand his noble efforts to blow it into smithereens, withdraws himself and band on Saturday, May 2; the (by contrast) milder Dukes of Dixieland will follow suit. On Monday, May 4, Gene Krupa's foursome and Cozy Cole's quintet are due. Earlier in the evenings, there is rant-and-roll cacophony by other groups, which also have the place to themselves on Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): The rotation-of-crops system that prevails here removes the quintet of Clark Terry and Bobby Brookmeyer on Thursday, May 7, and returns the fivesome of Zoot Sims and Al Cohn one night later. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR



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For further information, talk to your travel agent, or write the Netherlands National Tourist Office, A. N. V. V., 605 5th Avenue, New York 17, N.Y., or 681 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

7-9650): The stalwart Sonny Rollins, who delivers statements with an impressive firmness of conviction, has his group in action every night but Monday; Roland Kirk's foursome is in action every night but Tuesday. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Lang syne, some of it auld and some of it more recent, is being attended to by Peanuts Hucko, Yank Lawson, Cutty Cutshall, Benny Moten, and Buzzy Drootin with befitting enthusiasm. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): County-fair midway is the point of view. Not far above the babbling crowd stands the quartet of Jonah Jones, who can come on strong with a trumpet when he wants to. At midnight through the week, at ten-forty-five and twelve-forty-five on Saturdays, and at ten-thirty on Sundays there comes a break in the routine—Tessie O'Shea, who (in the half-dictatorial, half-matey manner of the British barmaid) presents a full-blown picture of what a British music-hall turn looks and sounds like. Sundays there are other musicians. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the celebrated oval bar sits Mary Lou Williams, an intense, devout, sometimes demoniac, and always true-blue pianist. Her trio gets to work at ten, and is on the premises every night but Monday. . . . **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-0160): Late night in Cloud Cuckoo Land, with music to suit—Roger Kellaway's solo piano, Kenny Burrell's intent foursome, and Geordie Hormel's smoky ballads. Sundays, a change of pace: Benny Powell's quartet. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the midtown rifle ranges. Marshall Brown's battering-ram trombone augments Mr. J. every Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday; Thursdays through Saturdays, his aides are Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music Sundays. . . . **RED ONION**, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): The boys with the banjos on their knees (there are three on the stand here, and they call themselves the Banjokers) are leading their Susannahs not to the wild frontier but back to the primitive beginnings of American jazz. Their plunking, which runs from nine to three or four Wednesdays through Sundays, is complemented by beer, peanuts, and come-as-you-are devotees. Mondays and Tuesdays, a counterpart known as the Red Onion Minstrels works out. . . . **GOLD BUG**, 85 W. 3rd St. (GR 3-9654): A new Village knothole through which to inspect the work of Chico Hamilton, that clamorous drum major, and his crew. Jacy Parker's new-era duo is also on hand. They start playing at eight-thirty. Closed Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Mary Hoover Aiken—Landscapes and portraits; through May 20. (Roko, 867 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Elmer Bischoff—Figure and landscape paintings and drawings by a California artist; through Saturday, May 2. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Camille Bombois—French primitives; through Saturday, May 2. (Findlay, 11 E. 57th St.)

Paul Brach—Paintings with geometric forms; through May 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Braque—Four galleries are participating in a four-week benefit exhibition (through Saturday, May 2) of a hundred and sixty American-owned oils, collages, gouaches, watercolors, pastels, and chalk drawings, plus twenty-eight sculptures—At the **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Fauvism and Cubism. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The Twenties. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: The Thirties. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: The late years and sculptures.

Victor Candell—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 2. (Grand Central Moderns, 8 W. 56th St.)

Harold Castor—Bronzes; through Saturday, May 2. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

John Chamberlain—Metal sculptures; through Friday, May 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Bruce Conner—Assemblages and drawings; through Saturday, May 9. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

Modest Cuixart—Paintings by a Spanish artist; through May 28. (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Deutsch—Collages; through Saturday, May 9. (Sherman, 306 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Norris Embry—Works in a variety of mediums; through May 16. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lyonel Feininger—Oils and watercolors, 1906-55; through May 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Cecily Firestein—Collages; through Saturday, May 9. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

Sam Francis—Abstract lithographs by this American, who works in Paris; through May 23. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Tom Gardner—Paintings and drawings; through May 18. (D'Alessio, 8 Henderson Pl., at 86th St. Daily, 2 to 7, and Friday and Sunday evenings until 11.)

Jeannette M. Genius—Paintings of Florida; through Friday, May 8. (Contemporary Arts, 40 W. 56th St. Open Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30, and Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.)

Grigory Gluckmann—Ballet dancers, nudes, interiors with figures, and landscapes; through Saturday, May 9. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Estelle Goodman—Bronze figure sculptures; through May 16. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Nathan Cabot Hale—Welded-bronze sculptures, watercolors, and drawings; through Saturday, May 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Sadie Hayms—Painted reliefs and wall sculptures; through Thursday, May 7. (Brata, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

John Heliker—Maine landscapes, still-lifes, and figures; through May 23. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Robert Henri (1865-1929)—Portraits and landscapes; through Saturday, May 9. (Chapellier, 21 E. 75th St.)

Ibram Lassaw—Welded-bronze abstractions; through Saturday, May 9. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ricardo Martinez—Paintings by a Mexican artist; through Saturday, May 2. (The Contemporaries, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Matta—Abstract Surrealist paintings by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through Saturday, May 9. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Meigs—Paintings of Greece; through Saturday, May 9. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Jean Messagier—Abstract landscapes by a School of Paris painter; through May 16. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Piet Mondrian—Previously unexhibited landscape drawings and paintings (1905-8); through May 23. (Frumkin, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ A show called "Mondrian, De Stijl, and Their Impact," consisting of nearly thirty paintings by Mondrian, together with twice as many by other members of the De Stijl group and their followers; through May 15. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Mike Nevelson—Wood sculptures; through Saturday, May 9. (Amel, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

George Ortman—Paintings, painting-constructions, drawings, and prints; through May 23. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St.)

Ann Cole Phillips—Semi-abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 2. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Allan Porter—Paintings, drawings, and tapestries; through Saturday, May 9. (Van Bovenkamp, 18 W. 55th St.)

Bernard Reder—A memorial show of sculptures

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and graphic works; through Saturday, May 9. (World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Raymond Saunders—Landscapes and figure paintings; through Saturday, May 2. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Raphael Soyer, Joseph Hirsch, and Joseph Floch—Drawings; through May 16. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ronald Stein—Abstract paintings; through Saturday, May 2. (De Nagy, 149 E. 72nd St.)

George Tooker—Paintings; through May 23. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Hugh Townley—Wood reliefs and sculptures; through May 16. (Pace, 9 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Andy Warhol—Pop art; through Saturday, May 9. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jean Xceron—Abstract paintings and drawings; through May 23. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **Bianchini**, 16 E. 78th St.: Paintings by Ramos and Kerr, plus sculptures, objects, and constructions by Samaras, Rei, Watts, and Foyster; through May 16. (Closed Mondays.)... **Grand Central**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: An exhibition of all-plastic paintings by forty artists, among them Margery Ryerson, Tom Nicholas, and Henry Gasser; through Saturday, May 2.... **Green**, 15 W. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and objects by George Segal, Dan Flavin, and Don Judd (to mention a few); through Saturday, May 2.... **Hirschl & Adler**, 21 E. 67th St.: "The Hudson River: New York to Albany," a showing of paintings by Robert Henri, Asher B. Durand, Gifford Beal, and others; through Saturday, May 9. (Closed Mondays.)... **Parsons**, 24 W. 57th St.: Representative works by ten artists, among them Peter Agostini, Robert Rauschenberg, and Andy Warhol, whose paintings and sculptures decorate the New York State Pavilion at the World's Fair; through May 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **Salpeter**, 42 E. 57th St.: Stefano Cusumano, Philip Evergood, and Thomas C. Quirk, Jr., are three of the participants in an exhibit of paintings, drawings, and collages by living artists on "Themes from Shakespeare;" through Saturday, May 9.... **Sloan**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by members of the Hudson River School, including Albert Bierstadt, Jasper Francis Cropsey, and Homer D. Martin; through May 30.... **Zabriskie**, 36 E. 61st St.: Lennart Anderson, Nell Blaine, and Gandy Brodie are among the exhibitors in a showing of contemporary landscapes; through Saturday, May 9.

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **Graham**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and drawings by Simeon Solomon, Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Edwin Austin Abbey, and other artists closely associated with the original Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood; through May 23. (Closed Mondays.)... **Hahn**, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings and drawings by such twentieth-century French masters as Picasso, Léger, and Dubuffet; through May 30. (Closed Mondays.)

Greek Art—Some thirty painted Greek vases, dating from the eighth to the fourth century B.C.; through May 30. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

Japanese Art—Old wood-block prints of Japanese theatrical subjects; through May 16. (Cober, 14 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Rembrandt prints....¶ "The Trustees for Orphans in Amsterdam," a seventeenth-century group portrait by Nicolaes Eliasz. Pickenoy, lent by the city of Amsterdam, is now on view in the Great Hall. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The galleries will be closed until May 27, while the Museum gets on with its remodelling and building program.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The fourteenth national print exhibition, comprising a hundred and sixty-five examples by artists (among them Boris Margo, Sam Francis, and Seong Moy) from thirty states; through Aug. 16. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Gallery of Modern Art, 2 Columbus Circle—On permanent exhibition is the Huntington Hartford collection of paintings and sculptures, including pieces by Dali, Vuillard, and Jacob Epstein....¶ About three hundred and fifty paintings and drawings by Pavel Tchelitchew; through May 24....¶ Paintings and drawings by William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and other members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of English painters, founded in 1848; through May 31....¶ Sculptures and drawings by the French formalist artist Antoine Bourdelle; through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan exhibition of sixty paintings and sixty drawings by van Gogh selected from the collection of his nephew, V. W. van Gogh; through June 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Studies for paintings and other drawings (1927-47) by Arshile Gorky; through June 30. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Sixty-four Treasures for the Sixty-four Fair," comprising such items as the first copy of the Gutenberg Bible brought to America, a letter written by Christopher Columbus, and a 1500 manuscript of Aesop's Fables; through July 12. (Mondays through Saturdays, 9 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 10.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—Paintings by the Abstract Expressionist Jack Tworkov; through Sunday, May 3. (Daily, except Monday, May 4, and Thursday, May 7, from 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Final performances of a special two-week World's Fair season—Thursday evening, April 30: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, Mignon Dunn, James McCracken, Robert Merrill, and John Alexander....¶ Friday evening, May 1: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Irene Dalis, Franco Corelli, George London, Ezio Flagello, and Justino Díaz....¶ Saturday matinée, May 2: "Il Trovatore," with Leontyne Price, Rita Gorr, Richard Tucker, and Mario Sereni....¶ Saturday evening, May 2: "Manon," with Anna Moffo, Barry Morell, Frank Guarrera, and Giorgio Tozzi....¶ Sunday evening, May 3: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Jeanette Scovotti, John Alexander, Jerome Hines, and Louis Sgarro....¶ Monday evening, May 4: "Falstaff," with Gabriella Tucci, Judith Raskin, Regina Resnik, Rosalind Elias, Luigi Alva, Fernando Corena, and Mario Sereni....¶ Tuesday evening, May 5: "Cavalleria Rusticana" with Eileen Farrell, Richard Tucker, and Cesare Bardelli; and "Pagliacci," with Lucine Amara, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani....¶ Wednesday evening, May 6: "Aïda," with Birgit Nilsson, Rita Gorr, Jess Thomas, Cornell MacNeil, and Jerome Hines....¶ Thursday evening, May 7: "Aïda," with Leontyne Price, Irene Dalis, Carlo Bergonzi, George London, and Ezio Flagello....¶ Friday evening, May 8: "Il Trovatore," with Gabriella Tucci, Regina Resnik, Franco Corelli, and Robert Merrill....¶ Saturday matinée, May 9: "Otello," with Renata Tebaldi, James McCracken, Anselmo Colzani, and Paul Franke....¶ Saturday evening, May 9: "La Sonnambula," with Joan Sutherland, Jeanette Scovotti, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi....¶ Sunday matinée, May 10: "Don Giovanni," with Leontyne Price, Lisa Della Casa, Roberta Peters, Cesare Siepi, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, Ezio Flagello, and Justino Díaz. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, May 2, at 8:30: "Madame Butterfly."... ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 8:30: "Rigoletto." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

Hunter College Opera Association—The second of two performances of Otto Nicolai's "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in English. Staged by Carolyn Lockwood and conducted by William Tarrasch. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Friday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Juilliard Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of the New York première of Janáček's "Katya Kabanova," in English. Directed by Christopher West and conducted by Frederic Waldman. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, May 1, at 8, and Sunday, May 3, at 4. For information about tickets, call MO 3-7200, Ext. 35.)

Mannes Opera Production Workshop—Benefit performances of the American première of Janáček's "The Cunning Little Vixen," in English. Carolyn Lockwood is the stage director and Carl Bamberger the musical director. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Thursday and Friday, May 7-8, at 8:30. For tickets, call RE 7-4476.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, April 30, at 8:30; Friday, May 1, at 2:15; Saturday, May 2, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 3, at 3 (all with Gary Graffman, piano); and Thursday, May 7, at 8:30; Friday, May 8, at 2:15; Saturday, May 9, at 8:30; and Sunday, May 10, at 3 (all with Zdenek Kosler, guest conductor).

American Opera Society—Lamberto Gardelli directing a benefit performance of Bellini's "I Capuleti ed i Montecchi" in concert form, with Mary Costa, soprano, and Giulietta Simionato, mezzo-soprano. The final concert of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 30, at 8.)

New York Pro Musica—Saturday, May 2, at 3: The Renaissance Band.... ¶ Saturday, May 9, at 3: The Motet Choir and Wind Ensemble, in a program of early Renaissance sacred and secular music, with the Abbey Singers. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Renato Fasano conducting an all-Vivaldi program. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, May 2, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Orchestra and Chorus—Peter Flanders conducting a Haydn-Rossini program. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 9, at 8:30. No tickets necessary.)

Oberlin College Choir—Robert Fountain directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 30, at 8:30.)

Collegiate Chorale—Abraham Kaplan directing Brahms' Requiem and the première of Vincent Persichetti's "Stabat Mater," with Veronica Tyler, soprano; Heinz Rehfuss, bass-baritone; and the Orchestra of America. The final performance of the season. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Bailey Harvey directing. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, May 1, at 8:30.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's Mass in B Minor, with vocal and instrumental soloists. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, May 3, at 8.)

New York Choral Society—Martin Josman directing a program of American choral music (1640-1964), with soloists and an instrumental ensemble. (Town Hall. Sunday, May 3, at 8:30.)

Interracial Chorale and Orchestra—Harold Aks directing Honegger's symphonic psalm "King David," plus works by Gesualdo and Schütz, with Howard Da Silva, narrator, and soloists. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 7, at 8:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing the last in a series of programs, this one "The Twentieth Century and the Past: II," with Helen Boatwright, soprano; Lillian Garabedian, mezzo-soprano; Gene Boucher, baritone; and an orchestra. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, May 8, at 8:30.)

Hunter College Choirs—Ralph Hunter directing, with an orchestra and soloists. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th

Things to see
at Tiffany's
in May

Flower Show in Silver, Vermeil and China — *2nd and 3rd Floors*
Bridal Tables Show — *2nd and 3rd Floors*
Spadini Ceramic Figures — *3rd Floor*
The Tiffany Diamond — *Main Floor*
Exhibition of Vermeil Objects — *2nd Floor*
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, May 9, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Isaac Stern, Leonard Rose, and Eugene Istomin—Violin, cello, and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, April 30; Sunday, May 3; and Thursday, May 7, all at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.... ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, May 5, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music of France—The last in a series of programs, this one performed by Felicia Montealegre, narrator; Heinz Rehfuss, bass-baritone; Gilbert Kalish, piano; and others. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. RE 7-8490. Monday, May 4, at 8:40.)

Jeanette Scovotti—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday, May 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call OR 4-3103.)

Philippe Entremont and Roman Totenberg—Piano and violin, in the last in a series of sonata recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, May 8, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Lionel Hampton, Martha Wright, Teddy Wilson, Arthur Godfrey, the Baird Puppets, and the De Paur Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 6, at 8:30.)

Jazz Concerts—At Carnegie Hall—Saturday, May 2, at 8:30, and at midnight: Ray Charles, pop singer, with his orchestra.... ¶ Friday, May 8, at 8:30: Nancy Wilson, Billy Taylor, Cannonball Adderley's sextet (with Joe Williams), and George Shearing's sextet.

SPORTS

Baseball—At **yankee stadium:** Yankees vs. Washington, Friday, May 1, at 8; Saturday, May 2, at 2; and Sunday, May 3, at 1:30 (double-header).... ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Tuesday, May 5, at 8.... **shea stadium:** Mets vs. Cincinnati, Wednesday, May 6, at 8, and Thursday, May 7, at 2.... ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, May 8, at 8, and Saturday, May 9, at 2.

Crew—Blackwell Cup Regatta: Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Harlem River. Saturday, May 2.)... ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 2.)... ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 2.)... ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 9.)... ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell, Princeton, and Yale. (Princeton. Saturday, May 9.)

Golf—Long Island Golf Association Richardson Memorial Tournament. (Seawane Club, Hewlett Harbor. Friday through Sunday, May 1-3.)

Horse Shows—Sugartown Horse Show. (Newtown Square, Pa. Saturday and Sunday, May 2-3.)... ¶ Keswick Hunt Club Horse Show. (Keswick, Va. Friday through Sunday, May 8-10.)

Hunt Racing—Virginia Gold Cup Association. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday, May 2.)... ¶ Radnor Hunt Club. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 9.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 30. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 2, and the Withers, Saturday, May 9.... **garden state park,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2:30; last day Saturday, May 30.... **churchill downs,** Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 2.

Sports-Car Racing—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, May 2, at 1.

Trapshooting—Amateur Championships of America, sponsored by the New York Athletic Club. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. Saturday, May 9, at 10, and Sunday, May 10, at 10 and noon.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Wednesday, May 13. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.)

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **children's theatre wing:** "Puss in Boots." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **rose lynch productions:** "Little Red Riding Hood," Saturdays and Sundays at 1.... ¶ "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.... ¶ "Cinderella," a marionette show, Saturdays at 4. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. GR 5-9647.)... **musical theatre for children:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.)... **stage 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1:30 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "The Year of the Quiet Sun," studies the sun and its influences on earth at a time when solar activity is at a minimum. Starting Tuesday, May 5, there will be a new show, "Captives of the Planets," which will deal with the satellites in our solar system. (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—Richard Wilbur reading from his own works. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. FI 8-1500. Monday, May 4, at 8:30.)

Second World Bridge Olympiad—Players from thirty countries competing for the Harold S. Vanderbilt Olympiad Trophy, now held by France. (Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. Friday, May 1, at 2 and 9, and Saturday, May 2, through Tuesday, May 12, at 1, 4:30, and 9.)

Gardens—Some of the city's private gardens and penthouse terraces will be open to the public on Tuesday, May 5, and Tuesday, May 12, from 2:30 to 6, in a benefit exhibition. Those on display on May 5 belong to Mr. and Mrs. Rolland D. Thompson, 127 E. 94th St.; Mrs. Rush H. Kress, 1020 Fifth Ave.; Mr. and Mrs. Morton Fearey, 174 E. 80th St.; Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Seligman, 126 E. 74th St.; Mr. William Carrington Guy, 31 E. 72nd St.; and Mr. and Mrs. Bernard J. Reis, 252 E. 68th St. (For information about tickets, call TR 9-0173 Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, May 1-2, at 1:45: English, French, and other furniture; Sandwich amethyst and sapphire blue glass; Georgian and other silver and silver plate; Early American wood, tole, and iron artifacts; Staffordshire, Liverpool, and other ware; and chandeliers, sconces, and other lighting fixtures. From the estate of Stella Elkins Tyler.... ¶ Tuesday, May 5, at 1:45: Manuscripts and related material, from various sources, including the collection of the Benjamin Smith family.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

Auto Race—Indianapolis Speedway race, May 30.

Baseball—At **shea stadium:** May 10, May 12-14, May 29-31, June 2-7, June 9-11, and June 15 (benefit exhibition game, Mets vs. Yankees).... **yankee stadium:** May 15-17, May 19-20, May 22-24, May 26-27, and June 12-14.

Crew—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges

Championship Regatta. (Lake Quinsigamond, Worcester, Mass. May 16.)

Dog Shows—Ladies Kennel Association of America. (Garden City. May 16.)...¶ Greenwich Kennel Club. (Greenwich. June 6.)

Golf—Thunderbird Classic Invitation Tournament. (Westchester Country Club, Rye. June 4-7.)...¶ Sectional qualifying rounds for the U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Seawane Club, Hewlett Harbor, and Woodmere Club, Woodmere. June 9.)

Horse Shows—Devon Horse Show. (Devon, Pa. May 23 and May 25-30.)...¶ Fairfield-Westchester P.H.A. Show. (Stamford. June 7.)...¶ Upperville Colt and Horse Show. (Upperville, Va. June 12-14.)...¶ Helping Hand Horse Show. (Old Westbury. June 13.)...¶ Sands Point Horse Show. (Port Washington. June 14.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. May 16.)

Racing—At PIMLICO, Baltimore: The Preakness, May 16.... BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT: June 1-30. The Belmont, June 6.... EPSOM, England: The Derby, June 3.... MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: June 5-Aug. 8.

Soccer—At Downing Stadium, Randalls Island: May 31 and June 7 and 14.

Sports-Car Racing—At THOMPSON RACEWAY, Thompson, Conn.: May 24.... BRIDGEHAMPTON RACE CIRCUIT, Bridgehampton: May 31.

Track Meet—Metropolitan Intercollegiate Track and Field Association Outdoor Championships. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. May 16.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: May 14-July 29. ... SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: May 28-Oct. 24.

Yachting—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. June 6-7.)...¶ America's Cup preliminary trials. (Long Island Sound. June 8-13.)

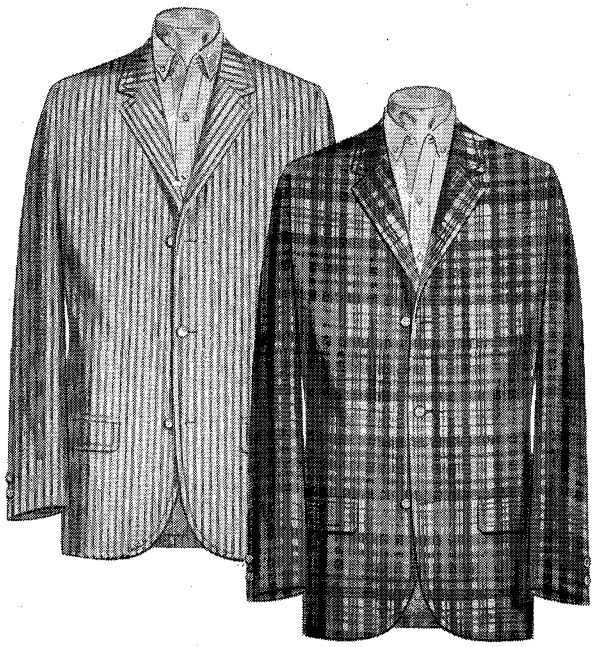
Music—At PHILHARMONIC HALL, Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's regular season continues through May 17, to be followed by a four-week season of "Promenades," running from May 20 through June 14....¶ Oratorio Society of New York, May 10....¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 11, 13, and 15.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): Pittsburgh Pops Orchestra, May 19....¶ Brooklyn College Festival Chorus and Orchestra, May 26.

Dance Programs—Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company, at the New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center, June 9-28.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "The Sunday Man," a comedy by Louis S. Bardoly, adapted from a Hungarian original by Ferenc Dunai. Vivienne Martin and David Brooks have the leading roles....¶ The Royal Shakespeare Company, from Stratford-on-Avon, will present a three-week engagement, alternating "King Lear" and "The Comedy of Errors."...¶ Helen Hayes, Fritz Weaver, and James Daly in "The White House," a play by A. E. Hotchner....¶ A revival of "My Fair Lady," the last offering in the New York City Center Light Opera Company's current season....¶ A London import, "Roar Like a Dove," by Lesley Storm, in which Betsy Palmer, Jessie Royce Landis, Charlie Ruggles, and Derek Godfrey will appear. ...¶ A musical, "Fade Out - Fade In," starring Carol Burnett, with book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green and music by Jule Styne....¶ The Folies-Bergère, from Paris, with a cast of sixty headed by Patachou and Liliane Montevecchi.

Prose Readings—Alberto Moravia. (Poetry Center, Y.M.H.A. FI 8-1500. May 14.)

Other Dates—Armed Forces Day is Saturday, May 16....¶ The Lipizzaner Horses of the Spanish Riding School, in Vienna, at Madison Square Garden, May 19-25....¶ United Nations Trusteeship Council meeting, May 20-June 19....¶ May Garden Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, May 20....¶ Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit, May 22-June 14.... ¶ Memorial Day is Saturday, May 30.... ¶ Commencements: Vassar, May 31; Barnard and Columbia, June 2; Annapolis and West Point, June 3; Smith, June 7; N.Y.U., June 10; Harvard, June 11; Dartmouth, June 14; Yale, June 15; and Princeton, June 16. ...¶ Second-quarter Federal and New York State income-tax payments are due Monday, June 15.



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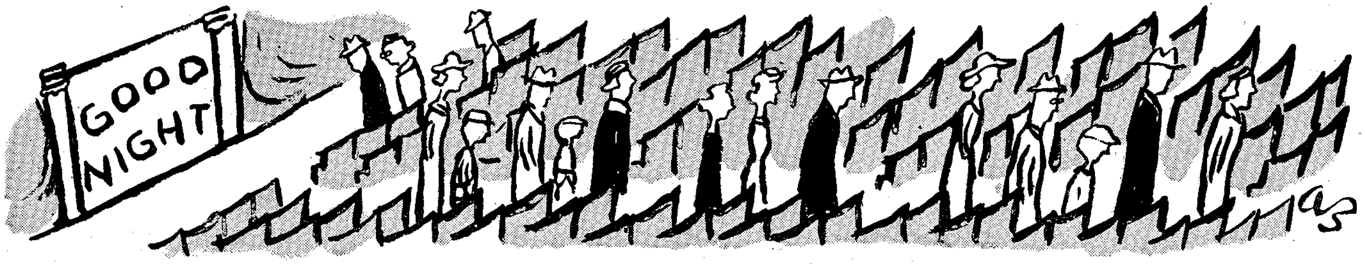
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE



America America—A leisurely, touching account of a young Greek who aspires to come to America and, like a good Greek, does so. Written and directed by Elia Kazan. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through May 5.)

. . . And Suddenly It's Murder!—Alberto Sordi and Vittorio Gassman mugging it up to their hearts' content in a funny Italian thriller. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting May 6.)

Becket—Unlikely as it sounds, this is a highly colored spectacular with wit and charm. Taken from Anouilh's famous reworking of history and starring Richard Burton and Peter O'Toole. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Best Man—The well-known Presidential aspirant, Gore Vidal, has written a rousing melodrama about a Presidential convention. On hand are Henry Fonda, Lee Tracy, and Cliff Robertson, ably directed by Franklin Schaffner. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535; through May 5. . . . ¶ Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; starting May 6.)

Cleopatra—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb—A nightmare comedy as shocking and wonderful as its title is long. With Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540; and Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663.)

The Fall of the Roman Empire—Stephen Boyd, Sophia Loren, Alec Guinness, and Christopher Plummer in a costume drama of unimpeachable implausibility. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431. Thursday, April 30, at 8:30; thereafter nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

From Russia with Love—The indestructible James Bond (Sean Connery) fighting off a rare assortment of villains and making love to the usual living dolls. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; through May 5. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; and R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050; starting May 6.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World—A Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Not for small children. (Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th, CO 5-5711. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2, and Saturdays at 1 and 4:45. Reserved seats only.)

Knife in the Water—A harsh comedy of middle-class life behind the Polish end of the Iron Curtain. Superbly directed by Roman Polanski. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 30.)

Paris When It Sizzles—William Holden and Audrey Hepburn in a very funny picture. George Axelrod wrote the script and Richard Quine directed. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through May 5.)

The Servant—Dirk Bogarde is brilliant as the wicked man of all work in the home of an upper-class young man who begins as a master and ends as a slave. Also in the cast are James Fox, Wendy Craig, and Sarah Miles. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-5123.)

Seven Days in May—Fredric March, Burt Lancaster, Kirk Douglas, and Ava Gardner in a terrific thriller about a right-wing plot to take over Washington and, indeed, all of us. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Silence—Ingmar Bergman's latest study of the human condition is also his gloomiest, though Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are fascinating to watch. (Rialto, B'way at 42nd, LO 5-9795; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

Tom Jones—A joyous embodiment of the Fielding novel, written by John Osborne and directed by Tony Richardson and acted with high spirits by Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Dame Edith Evans, Joyce Redman, Susannah York, Joan Greenwood, and a seeming hundred more. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The World of Henry Orient—Two little girls named Tippy Walker and Merrie Spaeth and quite a big boy named Peter Sellers having a merry time in Manhattan. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; and R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; starting May 6.)

Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow—Mindless, cheerful nonsense in a three-part Italian comedy starring Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni and directed by Vittorio De Sica. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

REVIVALS

All About Eve (1950)—Bette Davis and Anne Baxter in a comedy dealing with some of the foibles of the theatre. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 30.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 5.)

Beat the Devil (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting May 6.)

Children of Paradise (1947)—Jean-Louis Barrault, Pierre Brasseur, and Arletty floating through a dreamlike impression of theatrical life in nineteenth-century Paris. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Crucible (1958)—Jean-Paul Sartre's version of Arthur Miller's drama about witchcraft and theocratic oppression in the Salem of 1692. With Mylène Demongeot and Simone Signoret. Formerly called "Witches of Salem." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; May 1-4.)

Divorce—Italian Style (1962)—A farce, set in Sicily and featuring Marcello Mastroianni as a bored husband bent on murdering his tiresome wife. Pietro Germi is the director. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 5. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Alec Guinness as the raffish artist hero of Joyce Cary's novel. An English film. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting May 5. No afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)

The Hustler (1961)—A life-and-death struggle between pool sharks. Paul Newman, Jackie Gleason, George C. Scott, and Piper Laurie. (Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

It's a Gift (1934)—W. C. Fields as a family man with many problems. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting May 1.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting May 5.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews involved in homicide. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; April 30.)

The L-Shaped Room (1963)—An English tale of star-crossed lovers, one of them French. Leslie Caron is the girl and Tom Bell is the boy. (Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; through May 5. . . . ¶ Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting May 6.)

Le Million (1931)—A René Clair farce. In French, with Annabella. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; April 30.)

Modern Times (1936)—Chaplin, you know. Consequential, educational, essential. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

My Name Is Ivan (1963)—A Russian film about a twelve-year-old spy (Kolya Burlaiev) for the Russian Army in the Second World War. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; April 30. No afternoon performances. . . . ¶ Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 30.)

Orpheus (1950)—Cocteau's modern-dress interpretation of the Greek legend. In French, with Jean Marais. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; starting May 1.)

Port of Shadows (1939)—Jean Gabin on the waterfront at Le Havre. In French. (57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448; April 30.)

The Seven Samurai (1956)—A kind of Oriental Western, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th, LT 1-1788. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; May 1-4.)

Tillie and Gus (1933)—W. C. Fields again, this time with Alison Skipworth and a ferryboat swindle. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting May 1.)

The Ugly American (1963)—Marlon Brando in a melodrama about diplomatic difficulties somewhere East of Suez. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; through May 5.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The auditorium, now closed for repairs, will reopen on May 28.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
Through May 5: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**
From May 6: **THE BEST MAN.**

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

DEMILLE, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
THE FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"False Shame" (in German).

GLOBE, B'way at 43rd. (LO 5-9889)
"Weekend" (in Danish).

LOEW'S CINERAMA, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Windjammer," revival.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"The Pink Panther," David Niven, Peter Sellers.

NEW EMBASSY, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"A Mistress for the Summer" (in French), Pascale Petit, Micheline Presle.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through May 5: "Flight from Ashiya," Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark.
From May 6: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Horror of Party Beach," John Scott; and "The Curse of the Living Corpse," Helen Waren.

RIALTO, B'way at 42nd. (LO 5-9795)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
BECKET.

TOHO CINEMA, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
THE SEVEN SAMURAI (in Japanese), revival.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

WARNER CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
IT'S A MAD, MAD, MAD, MAD WORLD.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Guest," Donald Pleasence.

NEW CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; no afternoon performances Mondays through Fridays.)
April 30: **MY NAME IS IVAN** (in Russian), revival; and "Odd Obsession" (in Japanese), revival, Machiko Kyo.
May 1-4: "Bandits on the Wind" (in Japanese); and "Ugetsu" (in Japanese), revival.
From May 5: **THE HORSE'S MOUTH**, revival; and **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE** (in Italian), revival.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through May 5: **THE UGLY AMERICAN**, revival; and "Flight from Ashiya," Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark.
From May 6: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 5: **AMERICA AMERICA.**
From May 6: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through May 5 (tentative): "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala; and "The Mouse on the Moon," revival, Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.
From May 6: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
THE HUSTLER, revival.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
"Psyche 59," Patricia Neal, Curt Jurgens.

TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Weekend" (in Danish).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
SEVEN DAYS IN MAY.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Third Secret," Stephen Boyd, Richard Attenborough.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through May 5: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**
From May 6: **THE BEST MAN.**

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"Don't Tempt the Devil" (in French), Marina Vlady, Bourvil.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MODERN TIMES, revival.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DR. STRANGELOVE OR: HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
Through May 5: **THE BEST MAN.**
From May 6: "The Organizer" (in Italian), Marcello Mastroianni.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
TOM JONES.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Cool World," Hampton Clanton, Gloria Foster.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
A program of animated films, including "Of Stars and Men."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 5: "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.
From May 6: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 5 (tentative): "The Cardinal," Tom Tryon, Romy Schneider.
From May 6: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Psyche 59," Patricia Neal, Curt Jurgens.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through May 5: "Flight from Ashiya," Yul Brynner, Richard Widmark.
From May 6: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT.**

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through May 5: **PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES**; and "Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.
From May 6: "A Global Affair," Bob Hope; and "Gladiators Seven," Richard Harrison.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
April 30: "Yojimbo" (in Japanese), revival, Toshiro Mifune; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
May 1-4: **THE SEVEN SAMURAI** (in Japanese), revival; and "The Lovers" (in French), revival, Jeanne Moreau.
From May 5: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 2: "The Prize," Paul Newman, Edward G. Robinson; and "The Wheeler Dealers," James Garner, Lee Remick.
May 3-5: "Operation Petticoat," revival, Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Pillow Talk," revival, Rock Hudson, Doris Day.
From May 6: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE.**

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 5: "The Given Word" (in Portuguese).
From May 6: **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and "Pal Joey," revival, Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
THE SILENCE (in Swedish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through May 5: **PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES**; and "Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.
From May 6: "A Global Affair," Bob Hope; and "Gladiators Seven," Richard Harrison.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through May 5: **AMERICA AMERICA.**
From May 6: . . . **AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER!** (in Italian); and "I Love, You Love," revival, an episodic Italian film, with an English narration.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through May 5: "Operation Petticoat," revival, Cary Grant, Tony Curtis; and "Pillow Talk," revival, Rock Hudson, Doris Day.
From May 6: **FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE**; and "The Gun Hawk," Rory Calhoun.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Grand Olympics," an Italian documentary on the 1960 Rome Olympics.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through May 5 (tentative): "Captain Newman, M.D.," Gregory Peck, Tony Curtis.
From May 6: To be announced.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
YESTERDAY, TODAY, AND TOMORROW (in Italian).

57TH ST. NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
April 30: **LE MILLION** and **PORT OF SHADOWS** (both in French and both revivals).
From May 1: **ORPHEUS** (in French), revival; and "Beauty and the Beast" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
THE SERVANT.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Dimka" (in Russian).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
CHILDREN OF PARADISE (in French), revival.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Through May 5: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.
From May 6: "A Global Affair," Bob Hope; and "Gladiators Seven," Richard Harrison.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
April 30: **ALL ABOUT EVE**, revival; and **LAURA**, revival.
From May 1: **IT'S A GIFT**, revival; and **TILLIE AND GUS**, revival.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through May 5: **PARIS WHEN IT SIZZLES**; and "Man in the Middle," Robert Mitchum, France Nuyen.
From May 6: **THE L-SHAPED ROOM**, revival; and "Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
April 30: **KNIFE IN THE WATER** (in Polish); and **MY NAME IS IVAN** (in Russian), revival.
May 1-4: **THE CRUCIBLE** (in French; formerly called "Witches of Salem"), revival; and "Miss Julie" (in Swedish), revival, Anita Björk.
From May 5: "The Leopard," revival, Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon; and "No Exit," revival, Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through May 5: **AMERICA AMERICA.**
From May 6: . . . **AND SUDDENLY IT'S MURDER!** (in Italian); and "I Love, You Love," revival, an episodic Italian film, with an English narration.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Hours—Grounds open daily at 9 A.M.; individual exhibits from 10 A.M. to at least 10 P.M. The last roisterer in the Amusement Area is sped on his way at 2 A.M. . . . ¶ Daily circus parade through the Fairgrounds; nightly fireworks-water-music mixture at Fountain of Planets at about 9 P.M.

Admission—Adults $2, children (2-12) $1. Twenty-ticket books (adults $30; children $15) on sale at the Fair, and also at Chemical Banks, First National City Banks, Gertz Department Stores, Abraham & Straus, Macy's, and Gimbels.

Children—May be left in the Protestant and Orthodox Center's Children's Center ($1 per hour, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.) or, while parents are visiting the Danish Pavilion, in the Pavilion's Tivoli Garden Playground (fifty cents for the first two hours, twenty-five cents each additional hour).

Landscaping—The grass, trees, and flowers lining the fountains between the Eisenhower and Hoover Promenades will never again look as good as they do now.

Phone Booths—Ovoid structures scattered around the Fairgrounds contain one phone and sitting room for a small family. All the Fair's phones are push-button rather than dial.

TRANSPORTATION

Automobile—Three main routes from midtown Manhattan: North on East River (Roosevelt) Drive to Triborough Bridge, then Queens spur of bridge to Grand Central Parkway. . . . ¶ Queensboro Bridge, at 59th Street, to Queens Boulevard. . . . ¶ Queens Midtown Tunnel, at 40th Street, to Long Island Expressway. Relevant exits are marked by signs. There are three Fair parking lots, with room for twenty thousand cars; $1.50 a day, with free bus shuttle to nearest Fair gate. The Shea Stadium lot is also available when the Stadium is not in use.

Trains—L.I.R.R. trains from Pennsylvania Station direct to Fair, 9 A.M. to 2 A.M. daily, leaving as soon as they're full (five to fifteen minutes) from Tracks 15 and 16. Twelve-minute trip; fifty cents each way.

Boats—Berths in Flushing Bay Marina for 865 boats; twenty-four-hour service, with Laundromat, showers, dressing rooms. . . . ¶ Ferries (Circle Line, CI 6-3200) and hydrofoils (American Hydrofoils, HA 5-1500) also travel from Manhattan to the Fair.

Subways—Only the I.R.T. Flushing line goes directly to the Fair; frequent express trains from Times Square and Grand Central Station. Trip takes about twenty minutes; fifteen cents each way. World's Fair "blue arrow" signs in all stations. Avoid rush hours.

Buses—Gray Line buses direct to the Fair hourly between 9 A.M. and 9 P.M.; from the Fair, 10 A.M. to 2 A.M. They leave from 42nd Street and Tenth Avenue; Gimbels, 33rd Street and Broadway; Hotel Manhattan, 45th Street and Eighth Avenue; parking lot, 50th Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue; and Shelton Towers Hotel, 49th Street and Lexington. About a forty-five-minute trip; $1 each way.

Helicopter—New York Airways helicopters leave for the Fair approximately every half hour from Wall Street Heliport ($9.45 one way), Newark Airport ($10.50), and Kennedy International Airport ($6.30). Half price for children.

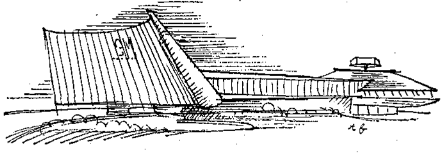
At the Fair—Buses and three-coach tractor trains traverse the Fair, stopping at frequent stations; twenty-five cents a trip. . . . ¶ Motorized lounge chairs, driven by guides, seat four. Fares, which may be determined by a meter or on an hourly or daily basis, are about $9 an hour for two people, $10 for three, $11 for four. . . . ¶ Baby strollers for one, $2 a day. Wheelchairs, $4.50 a day.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Mental Health Week—Opens Thursday, April 30, with celebrations from 1 to 2 P.M. in the Court of Astronauts.

Truth—The Torch of Truth will be lighted at noon on May 1 in the Hall of Free Enterprise.

Rhode Island Day—Monday, May 4; Rhode Island Pavilion.



New York City Day—Tuesday, May 5; New York City Building.

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Some aspects of a few of the Fair's more than a hundred exhibits.)

CULTURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT

The African Pavilion—History of Africa on film, plus African elephants, lions, monkeys, art, music, dance, and a restaurant serving African food. $1 for adults, fifty cents for children. The Republic of Guinea, Morocco, Sierra Leone, and the Republic of Sudan have separate exhibits.

Danish Pavilion—A Danish home hair-dryer called Cleopatra, cigars, and canned ham are among the items on display.

Equitable Life Assurance—Information on how often a baby is born in the United States, plus other population matters, with music setting an optimistic tone.

Automobile Companies—Part of the Chrysler exhibit is a building in the shape of a motor. . . . ¶ The Ford Pavilion features a ride in a convertible past Disney's animated cavemen and into the future. . . . ¶ General Motors provides a ride in a chain of futuristic chairs from the moon to the earth, under the ice at the South Pole, over the ocean floor, and to a city of the future.

General Electric—A demonstration every six minutes of controlled nuclear fusion. Also, a mechanical man, designed by Walt Disney, who sings, "There's a great big beautiful tomorrow . . . just a dream away."

The Billy Graham Pavilion—Hourly showings of a film telling the story of mankind in 70-mm. Todd A-O and featuring the evangelist, who will also appear in person from time to time. Multilingual spiritual counsellors.

I.B.M.—The most beautiful building at the Fair, containing a variety of demonstrations of the mechanics of computers.

Mastro Pizza—Demonstration of the mechanics of pizza-making.

Montana—Live horses and donkeys tied to a fence, and a lifelike buffalo standing on a small car.

New York City—A simulated helicopter ride around a scale model of the city, which contains more than eight hundred thousand buildings, including a twelve-inch-high Empire State Building. Ten cents.

New York State—A 226-foot observation tower, the tallest structure at the Fair, stands over a building with a 360-degree movie screen inside and pop art on the outside.

Protestant and Orthodox Center—Multidenominational displays include live fish from the Sea of Galilee, a computer that answers questions about God, and a booth promoting the movie being shown at the Billy Graham Pavilion.

Long Island Rail Road—An idyllic display that includes a miniature train, ducks, and a windmill.

Sinclair Refining Company—Nine life-size prehistoric beasts, including an animated brontosaurus.

Underground Home—The pleasures of living underground include a view of the countryside painted just beyond the windows. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

Vatican Pavilion—Michaelangelo's "Pietà" in a setting that overwhelms it.

PERHAPS LESS ENLIGHTENING

(The following attractions are *supposed* to be open but may not be.)

Caribbean Pavilion—A stage show featuring limbo dancing, in a restaurant that can be seen into from the outside. The hit of the Fair on opening night.

Circus—A one-ring affair, assembled under a yellow-and-white striped roof in the Amusement Area. Four shows, at 1:30, 3:15, 5:30, and 7:15, on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays. Six shows, at 1, 2:10, 3:20, 5, 6:10, and 7:20, during the rest of the week; $1.

General Cigar—A machine that (if it is fixed) blows ten-foot smoke rings, and a magic show that (unless the computers that operate the curtains break down) goes on every fifteen minutes.

Hell Drivers—Thirty reckless drivers bumping, criss-crossing, spinning, crashing, and hurtling cars around a specially designed track in the Transportation Area. Shows at 11, 3, 5, and 7, with an extra show at 9 on Fridays and Saturdays; $1 to $1.50.

Hollywood, U.S.A.—A replica of the façade of Grauman's Chinese Theatre, with a handprint of Robert Moses in the cement forecourt, plus an exhibit of sets from "The Fall of the Roman Empire," and "Cleopatra," and a museum containing relics of the filming of "The Ten Commandments." Adults $1.25; children fifty cents.

Ice-Travaganza—The theme of the ice show in the New York City Building is said to be "The Pleasure in Leisure," and the cast includes a girl representing a light bulb. Several shows daily; $1.05 to $3.35. This one *is* open.

America, Be Seated—A topical, integrated minstrel show in the Louisiana Pavilion, produced by Mike Todd, Jr., and starring Ronny Graham. Twice an evening, three times on weekends; $2.50 to $4.95 for a golden ringside table.

Monorail—A one-mile circular tour of the Lake Amusement Area in trains suspended from tracks forty feet above the ground. Eighty cents.

To Broadway with Love—Selections from a hundred years of American musical comedy. Music Hall of the Texas Pavilion, at 3 P.M., 7 P.M., and 9:30 P.M. $2 to $4.80.

Walters Wax Museum—Frank Sinatra, Toulouse-Lautrec, and a version of "The Last Supper" are in the museum, which is in the Amusement Area. Adults $1; children fifty cents.

Wonderworld—A mammoth stage show, with music by Jule Styne and choreography by Michael Kidd, featuring a fleet of Alfa-Romeos, water lilies that turn out to be dancers, and a girl-astronaut number. Shows at 1:30, 4, 7, and 10, in the Amphitheatre; $1 to $3.50.

Wisconsin Pavilion—What is said to be the world's largest piece of cheese (seventeen tons) is on display. Free.

RESTAURANTS

(Most of the foreign pavilions and several of the state exhibits include at least one restaurant.)

Danish Pavilion—Danish breakfasts, lunches, and dinners are served at the Restaurant of Denmark, and *smörrebrod* at the Kattegat Inn. Danish beer and akvavit at both.

Chesapeake Bay Wharf—An outdoor snack bar in the Maryland Pavilion, overlooking Montana and the Singer Bowl.

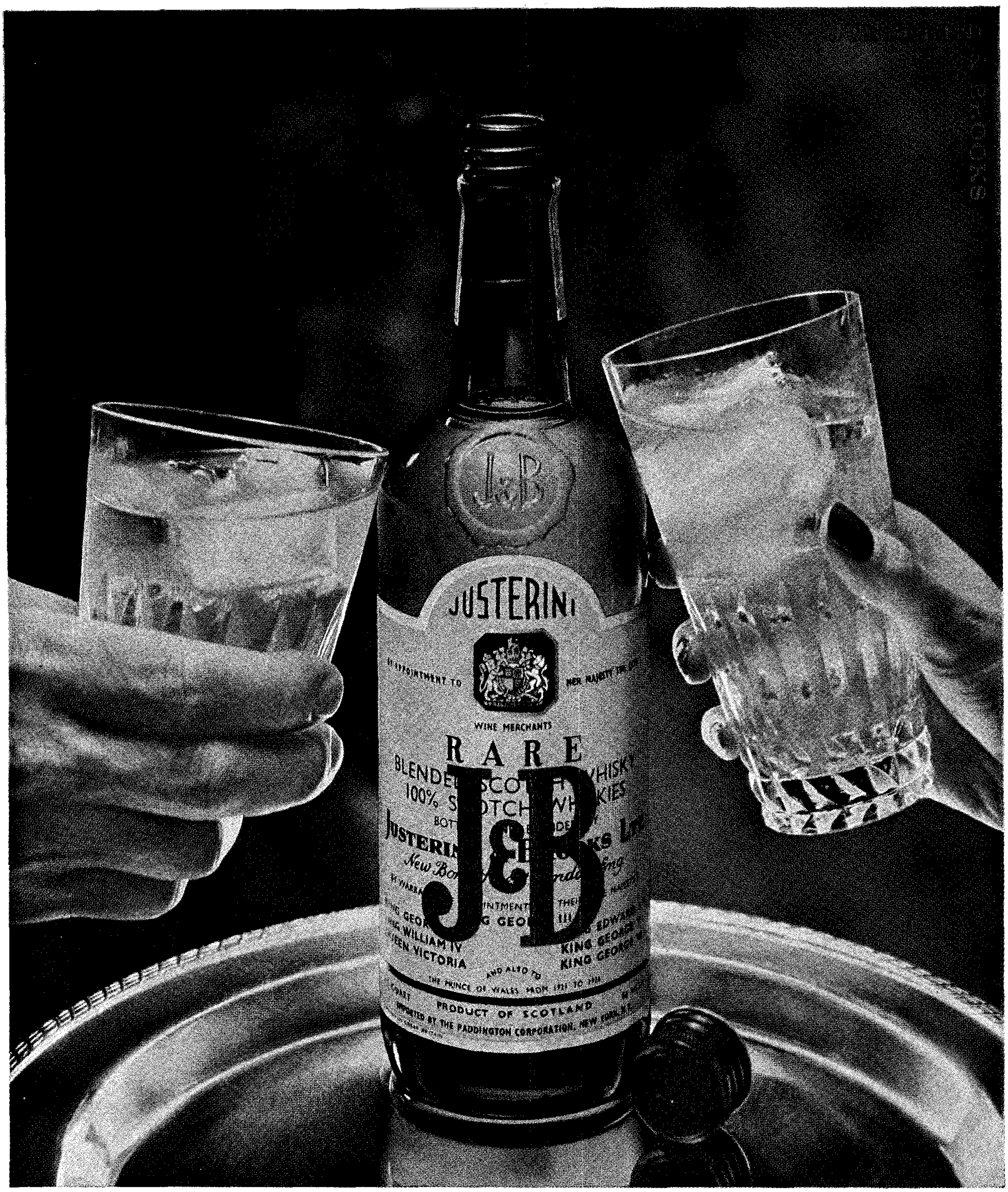
Festival of Gas—A stream runs through this restaurant, where Restaurant Associates hope to prove the excellence of food cooked with gas.

Moroccan Pavilion—Supposed to open any day now. Couscous, touajen, and djaja mammra will be among the dishes served at a snack bar, a sidewalk café, and a night club called, predictably, the Casbah, where—also predictably—there will be belly dancers.

Pavilion of Paris and French Industry—There may or may not be a French restaurant at the Fair.

Top of the Fair—A large restaurant with a large bar and a large menu in the Port Authority Heliport, overlooking the entire Fairgrounds.

Note—International sandwiches will be sold at the 7-Up exhibit in the Industrial Area, and twenty-five-cent hot dogs and thirty-five-cent hamburgers will be available at stands throughout the Fairgrounds.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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
J&B
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND

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You'll find something quite remarkable about J & B Rare Scotch Whisky, a certain quality that sets it apart. J & B Rare is a product of the two-centuries-old house of Justerini & Brooks whose patrons have included, along with the immortal Charles Dickens, many of history's great. For flavour unsurpassed, try J & B Rare yourself.

J&B rare scotch whisky

PENNIES MORE IN COST...WORLDS APART IN QUALITY

"WORLD'S FINEST"
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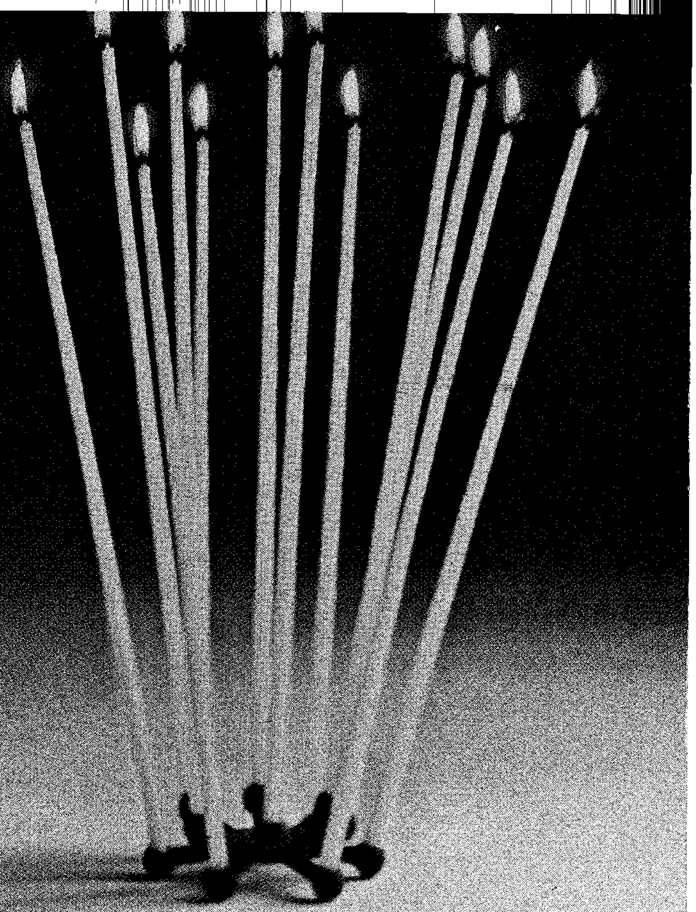
CORP., NEW YORK 20

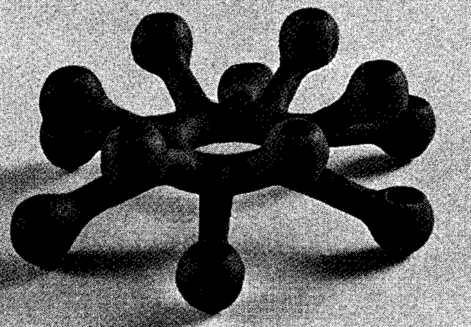


When Jens finished designing this candleholder we had to invent a whole new kind of candle.

Jens Quistgaard is not an easy man to reproduce. Commercially. So when he first brought us this little candleholder, we looked it over with a wary eye.

That hand-cast original of his had a curious grainy texture and an elusive color—neither exactly black, nor brown, nor gray—which gave the thing the look of some ancient ritual object. Reproducing that look, in quantity, would take some doing.

Then there were those little glass-smooth dots which turned up when we turned the thing over. An extra manufacturing step, but worth it. (We didn't want our holder scratching anyone's table.)



But these little difficulties could hardly be compared with the production problems Jens usually sets us. Quistgaard-wise, this thing still looked like a lead pipe cinch—until we tried to make candles to fit it.

They had to be very skinny. Otherwise Jens couldn't keep his holder small enough to fit any table—and still end up with twelve flaming candles. And twelve flaming candles, as Jens (and we) see it, are more practical than one, or two, or even eleven flaming candles. Because one, or two, or even eleven candle flames are less magical than twelve candle flames all glowing and flickering and dancing hypnotically together. And, in this electric-lit age, the only practical function of candles is magic.

But if our candles were very skinny, they'd have to be very long. Otherwise they wouldn't last through a leisurely dinner and a due period of candle gazing over coffee.

So we set a Danish candlemaker to dipping us some long, skinny candles.

And they bent. They bent even before we lighted them. They were just too long and skinny. Once lighted, they showed us another difficulty. Candles placed this close together melt each other. And drip. And burn too fast.

Those first candles were paraffin, the stuff of ordinary candles. Next we tried beeswax. And then tallow. And they bent. And melted each other. And dripped. And burned too fast.

Right about then, we began to feel at home again. In the past, Jens had set us to inventing new manufacturing methods. Now we had to invent a new kind of candle.

So we did. With the help of people who make waxes for molding and waxes for taking impressions and waxes for things we never even knew waxes were made for, we cooked up a new kind of wax. Out of it, we hand-dipped a new kind of candle.

These candles don't bend. They don't melt each other. They don't drip. (They're the skinniest dripless candles ever made.) And they burn for a full 2½ hours.

They also take color beautifully. Which is fortunate, because we set our minds on some pretty mysterious and magical colors. A strangely clear, frosty-windowpane white, a deep purple, a sea green, a stormy-sea blue, a pumpkin, a glowy deep pink, a true red, an ambery yellow.

They come 12 of one color to a box. They're 15" long. And, thanks to a little magic of our own, they're very practically priced. 5.95 for holder and candles together; 1.95 for candles.

If you've read this far, you must like practical things that do magical jobs. So perhaps you also like magical things that do practical jobs. There are 493 things of both sorts in the free catalogue of our "Top of the Table" collection. Write for it to: Dept. V, Dansk Designs, Great Neck, N.Y.

DANSK

This Zenith portable TV still works with 38 parts taken out!

(So why did Zenith put them in?)

To make it a Zenith! We could build a stripped-down portable, but it wouldn't be a Zenith. The real challenge is to build a super-slim, high-style portable TV that will give you brilliant, big-set performance year after year. And that's the way Zenith builds TV.

The Zenith Jetliner (pictured above) not only has the parts it takes for extra performance, but every part has extra quality—capable of giving far more than it will ever be called upon to give. And each part that goes into the famous Zenith Handcrafted Chassis is firmly supported by a rugged metal base. There are no printed circuits. No production shortcuts. Every connection is carefully hand-wired for greater dependability and fewer service problems.

What's more, this exciting new Zenith is loaded with extra-performance features like: "Perma-Set" fine tuning, to put an end to up-again-down-again tuning. High-Gain IF Amplification, to give you maximum picture detail. Automatic "Fringe-Lock" Circuitry for wiggle-free picture stability. Impedance Matching IF Stabilization for permanent picture quality. "Gated-Beam" Sound for crystal-clear, static-free reception, even in fringe areas. Dust-free Bonded Picture Glass (not plastic) for viewing clarity . . .

The list goes on and on. But all you really need to know about the Jetliner is that it's a Zenith! Built better to perform better, year after year! You can own the Jetliner for just $189.95!* Full quality, full performance Zenith portable TV starts as low as $149.95*.

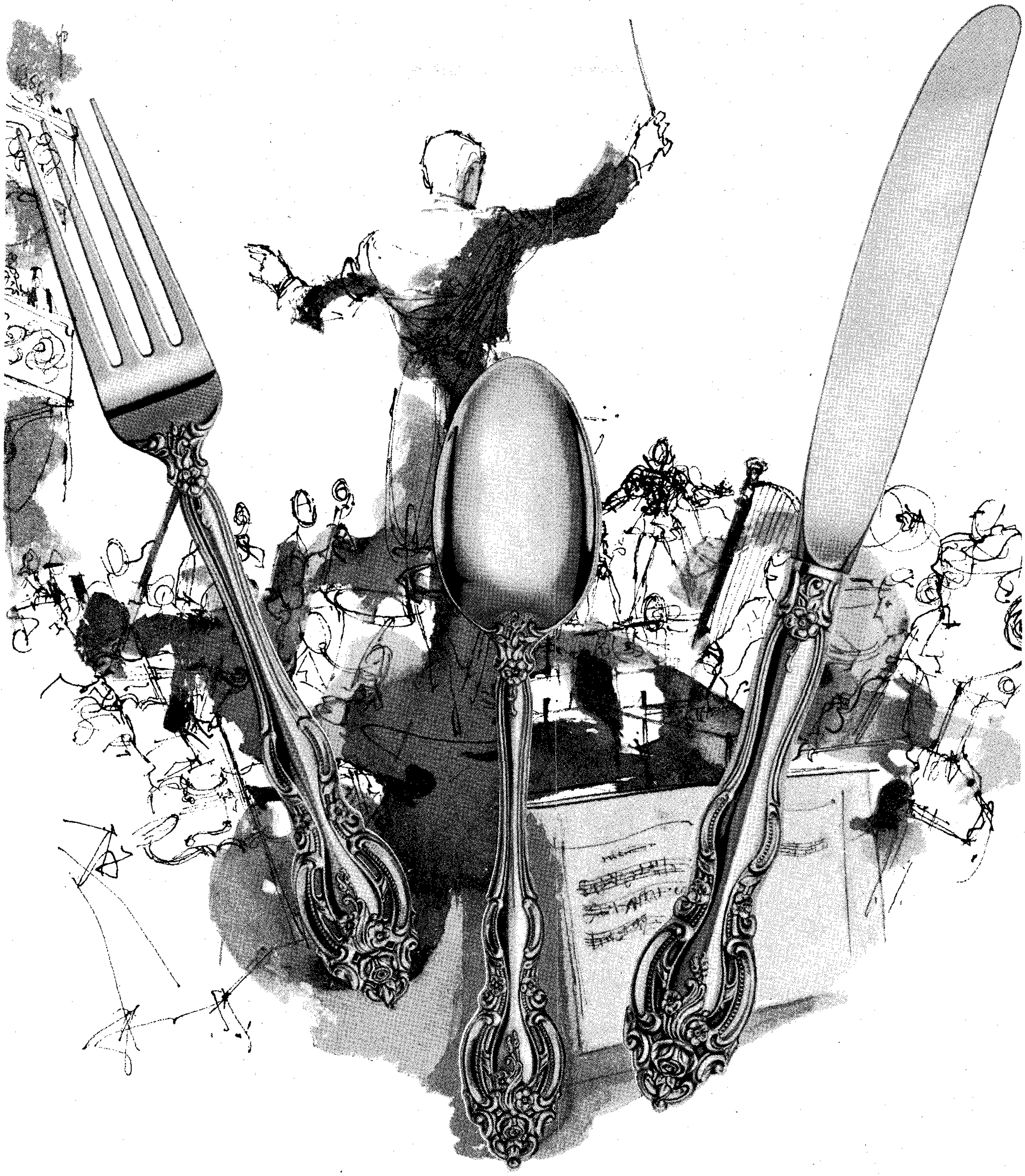
ZENITH®

The quality goes in before the name goes on

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS/*MANUFACTURER'S SUGGESTED RETAIL PRICES./PRICES AND SPECIFICATIONS SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE.

Big
Anti-pasto
Meeting
Tonight at
Trattoria

The new restaurant on East 45th Street. Pan Am Building. MO 1-3090.
Open very late every night.

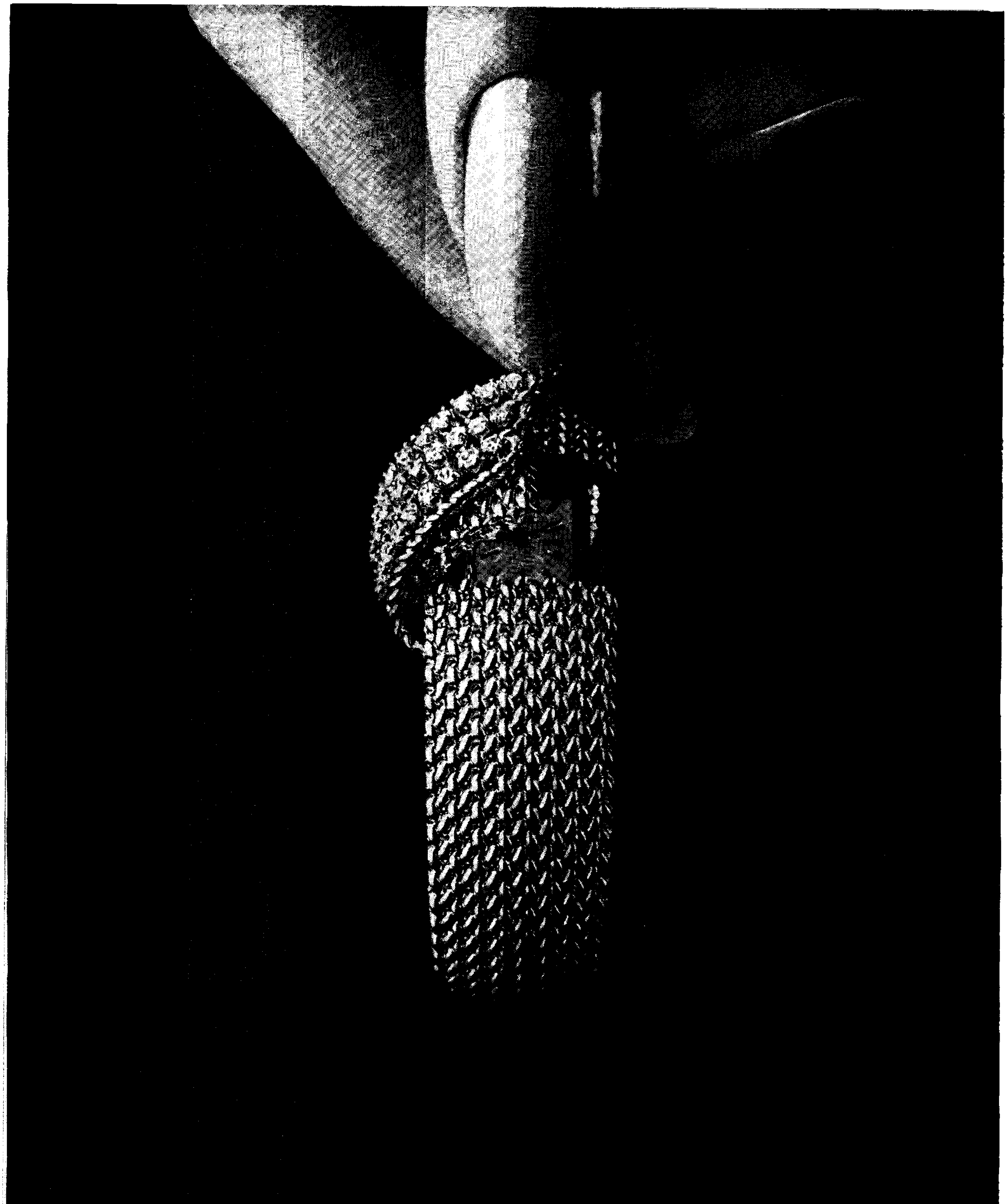


La Scala

Regal...breathtaking...inspired by the traditional splendor of La Scala, Milan's famed opera house. Gorham's new heavy-weight sterling design, pierced to lend a touch of airy elegance, is fifty-seven dollars the six-piece place setting, FTI.

GORHAM STERLING

AMERICA'S LEADING SILVERSMITHS SINCE 1831 THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND



Get her to the church, train, plane, game, dentist's, beauty salon, restaurant, theater and party on time.

Give her Movado—the proud product of a fourth-generation watch family. Winner of 203 international first prizes, Movado is inspected more than a thousand times to promise her up-to-the-minute accuracy. So if suddenly she becomes punctual, by George you did it.

14K gold bracelet cover watch with full-cut diamonds $975. Movado watches for both men and women begin at $75. For brochure and jeweler nearest you, write Movado, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MOVADO

FEDERAL TAX INCLUDED

THE DEPENDABLES: SUCCESS CARS OF '64

Our stylists had a ball with this one

So will you

Some cars simply have it from the start. This one did. The '64 Dodge. One look tells you our stylists fashioned it with loving care. Inside as well as outside. The interiors, for example, show an unusual concern for your good taste. They're colorful and durable. The seats show the same concern for your comfort. They're chair-high.

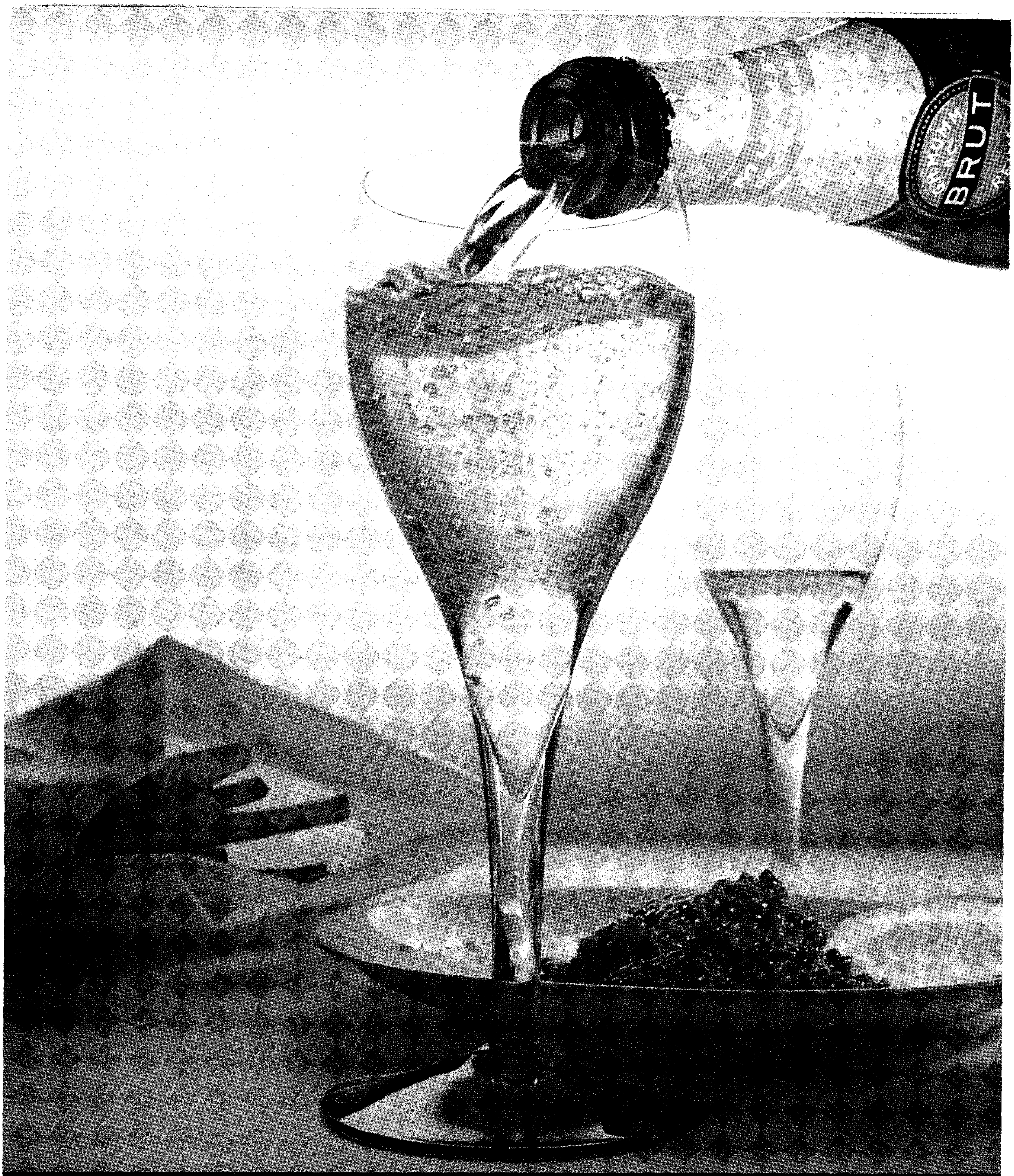
And that's only a start. Our engineers had a strong hand in this one, too. With engines that are a little larger than usual in the low-price field. So you get an extra helping of action without paying extra for it.

Then we priced it all with good old cars "F" and "C".

As you can see, we've had a lot of fun with this one. But we're quite serious in our desire to please you. So is your Dodge Dealer. See him and get in on your fair share of the fun. In a new 1964 Dodge.

'64 Dodge

DODGE DIVISION **CHRYSLER**
MOTORS CORPORATION



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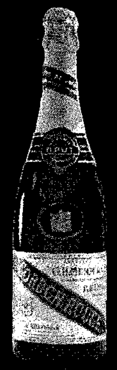
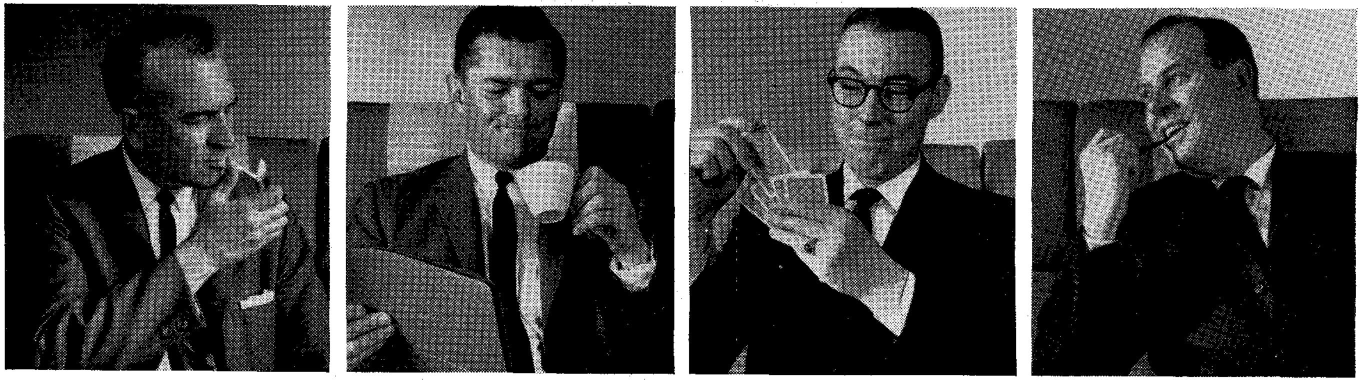
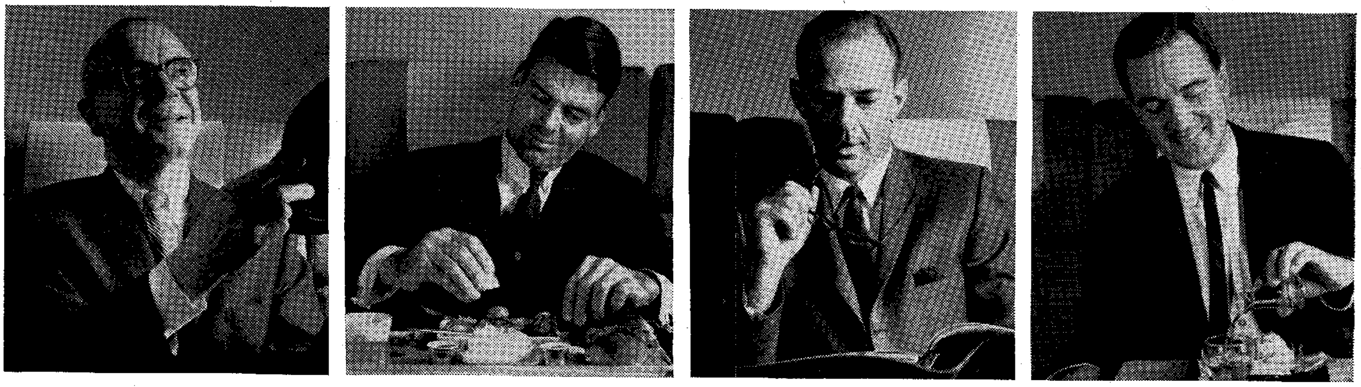


United One-Class Red Carpet jets



give businessmen



a first-class feeling of comfort

. . . at a price that's close to coach

No more cramped, crowded coach sections for businessmen! Not when you fly United's One-Class Red Carpet jets (more than a million and a half travelers already have).

Instead, you'll find cabin interiors are spacious and tastefully decorated in relaxing color combinations.

Seats are deep, wide and comfortable (to assure this, United conducted extensive seat pretesting with customers).

Add a choice of beverage plus a delicious meal prepared in United's own flight kitchens.

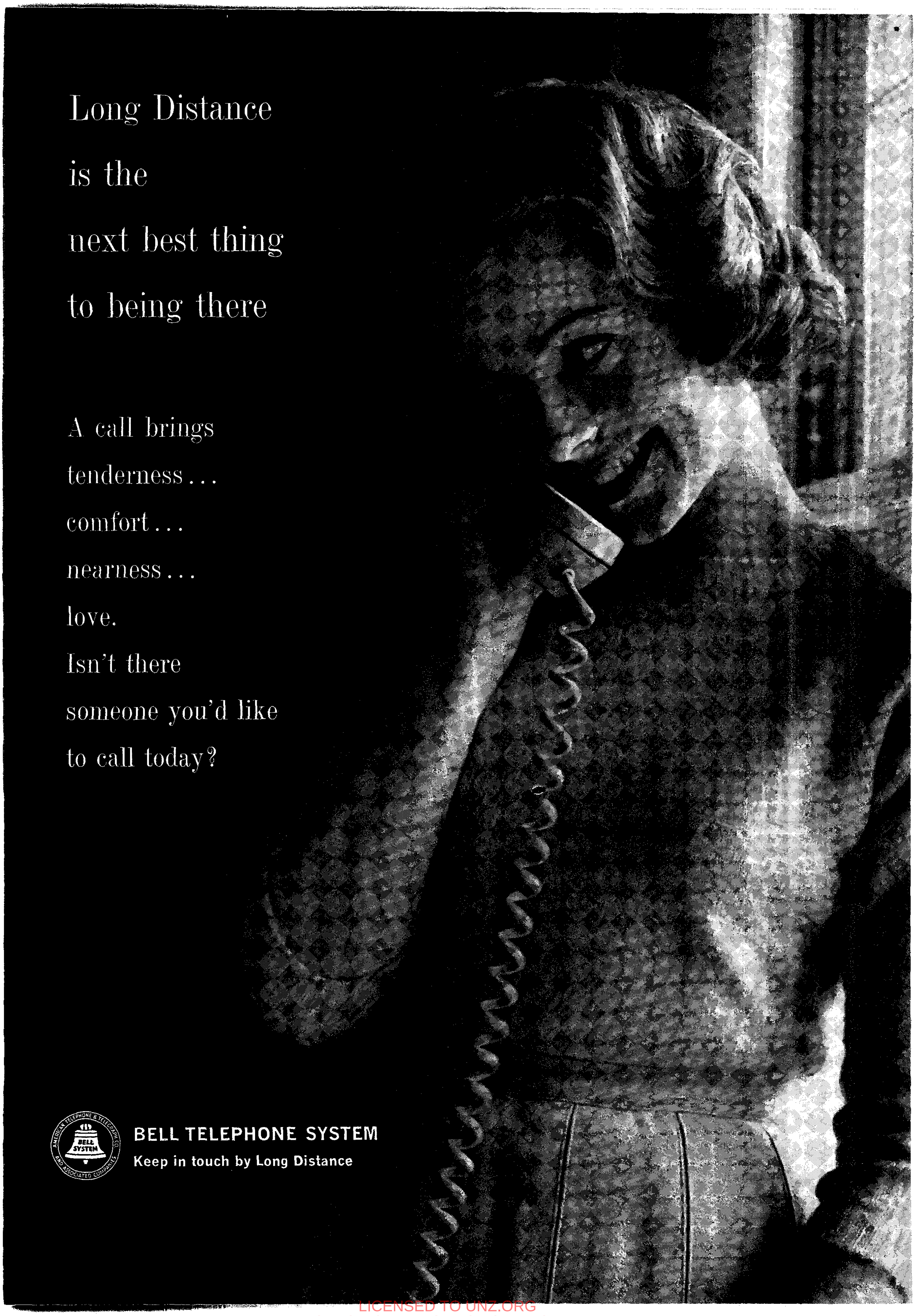
Then you know why 95% of the top 600 companies that formerly had "coach only" policies now approve One-Class Red Carpet jet service for business trips. What better proof that it's the best value in air travel today?

Next trip, choose a One-Class Red Carpet jet. And bring your wife on United's One-Class Family Plan.

UNITED®

THE NATION'S LARGEST AIRLINE
KNOWN FOR EXTRA CARE

United's One-Class Red Carpet Jets—the Smart New Way to Travel



Long Distance
is the
next best thing
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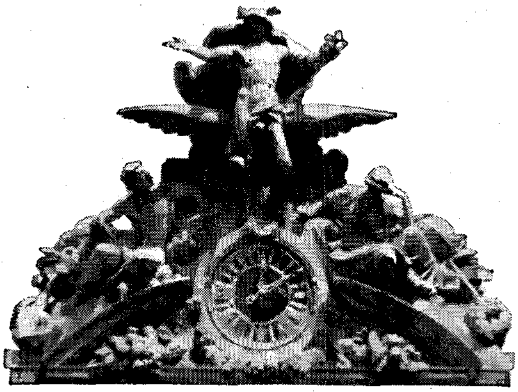
A call brings
tenderness . . .
comfort . . .
nearness . . .
love.
Isn't there
someone you'd like
to call today?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
Keep in touch by Long Distance

On May 1 The Famous Roosevelt becomes one of the Grand Central Hotels



(VISIT US ON MAY 2 AND SEE IF YOU DON'T BEGIN TO SENSE THE CHANGE.)

THE Roosevelt, for years one of New York's most popular hotels, joins the Biltmore, the Barclay, and Park Lane as a member of this unique group of hotels. Each is located right in the Grand Central area, the hub of the city. Each is just a few blocks from the others. And each is completely individual, with a personality that is pleasingly and distinctly its own.

Among them they offer an extremely wide choice of rates and accommodations (even permanent residences). But all are dedicated to the traditions of fine inn-keeping. And all will maintain the highest standards in service, food, housekeeping, decor. Visit one of the Grand Central Hotels soon. The art of welcome has been reborn—right in the middle of Manhattan.

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Plaza 5-5900

THE BILTMORE
Madison Ave. at 43rd St.
Murray Hill 7-7000

IDEA: Send for our free World's Fair booklet (we're 17 minutes from the Fair) Write Box 1115, Grand Central Station, N. Y.
ANOTHER IDEA: Utilize the combined banquet and meeting room facilities of these adjacent hotels for your next convention.

"Don't be ridiculous, *of course* you're a lamp!"

The light fantastic. A brilliant idea for people of vision who want to preserve it. Personal, portable Lampette. The glareless, high-intensity white light that folds up to fit in your pocket. Take it lightly wherever you go. Plug it in anyplace for reading, writing, sewing, artwork, make-up, business or pleasure. Telescoping arm extends from 5" to 16"; shade swivels a full 360°. Who ever heard of carrying your own reading light around with you? Nobody. Until America discovered Lampette. You should, too.

LAMPETTE®

Lampette in black, gray, white: $19.95, including bulb. Tote-bag, $1.75; Mounting adapter, $1.50; Magnetic base, $4.95. © Koch Creations, 1964, c/o L.H.B. Sales, 167 E. 56 St., N.Y.C.

ESSORIES, SAKS FIFTH AVE.

The make-up you *think* you see is Countess Isserlyn

Countess Isserlyn Make-Up specializes in creating beauty mirages. What you actually see is your own complexion lit up for close-viewing with a new glow and translucence. A perfection of your own color-scheme. $50, $30, and $20 plus tax. Alexandra de Markoff

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CREATED BY ANATOLE ROBBINS
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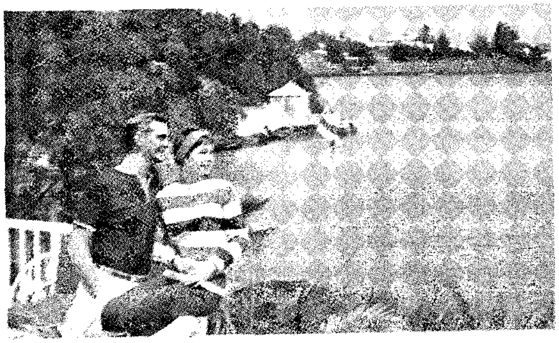
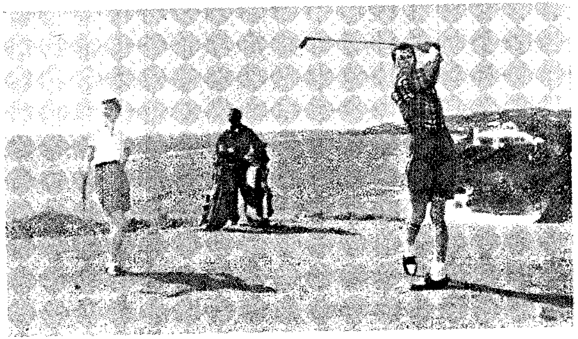
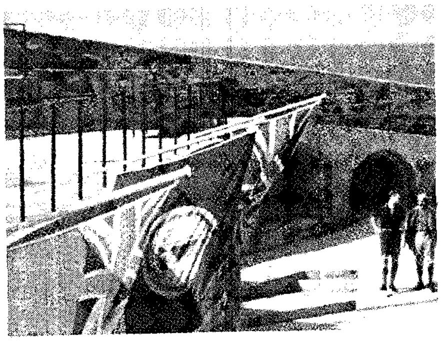






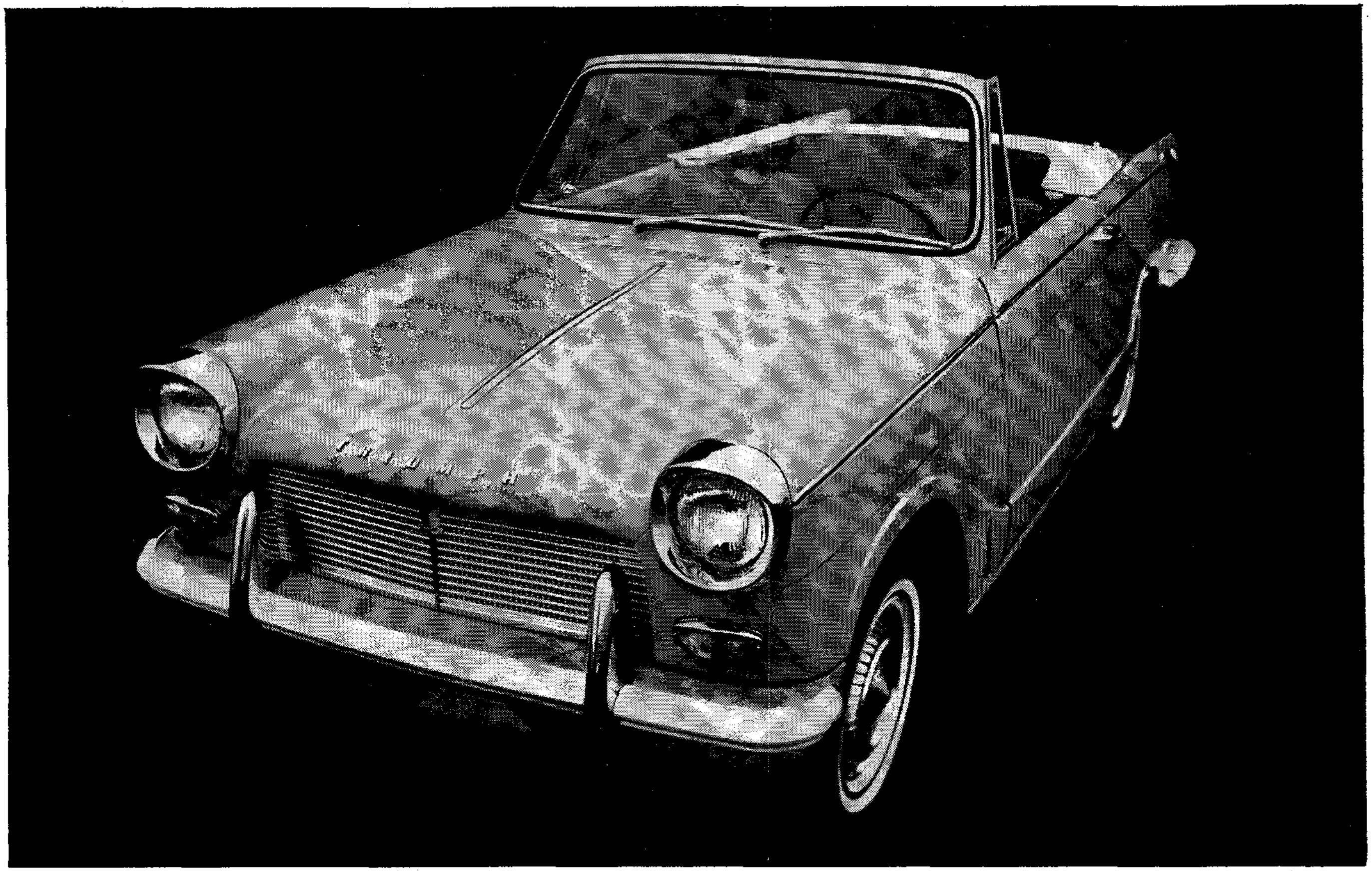
BERMUDA

You'll enjoy
every golden minute

This is the time. This is the Island. If you love holiday fun and the refreshing change of sunshine and sea, come abroad now to Great Britain's loveliest Island Colony. Swim in clear azure waters. Stroll along soft pink beaches. Daydream in a secluded cove. There's water-skiing, skindiving, boating. "Big ones" to angle for. There's golf. And tennis. Cycle down winding lanes. Browse in shops with wonderful duty-free imports: French perfumes and British cashmeres—leather goods, china and silver! After sundown, the Island's nightlife takes over with a sparkle all its own. Bermuda is just 90 minutes by jet, or a weekend cruise by ocean liner from New York. There are all types of accommodations: hotels, cottage colonies, guest houses. Just say when. Your travel agent will handle the details. Or write for illustrated booklets: "BERMUDA," 620 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. • 6 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2, Illinois • 111 Richmond Street, W., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

Most good-looking convertibles are expensive.

The new 1200 is only $1949*



We have the best-looking economy convertible around. Long, clean lines. Top folds out of sight. Walnut dash. It's also the lowest-priced convertible in the U.S. Most people can't believe it.

The beauty's more than skin deep, too. The new Triumph 1200 gives you 20% more horsepower. Gives you more get-up-and-go in traffic, more zip on hills, more power while passing. Does well over 80 mph. Pretty hot for an economy car, hey?

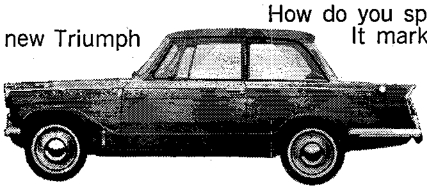
It handles like a sports car. (Several English racing cars use the 1200 front end components.) Four-speed stick shift. Four-wheel independent suspension.

Practical, too. Built for a family of four. Driver's bucket seat adjusts to 72 different driving positions. Loads of leg, head and luggage room. Steering wheel is adjustable.

How do you spot this hot new 1200? By the new grille. It marks the best all-around economy car going. The economy car designed and engineered by the people who make the famous TR-4.

We have a snappy sedan, too. Roomy. Solid. Fast. Does everything the convertible does. So handsome it puts other economy cars to shame. It's only $1699*.

Who says an economy car has to look like one!



Triumph 1200

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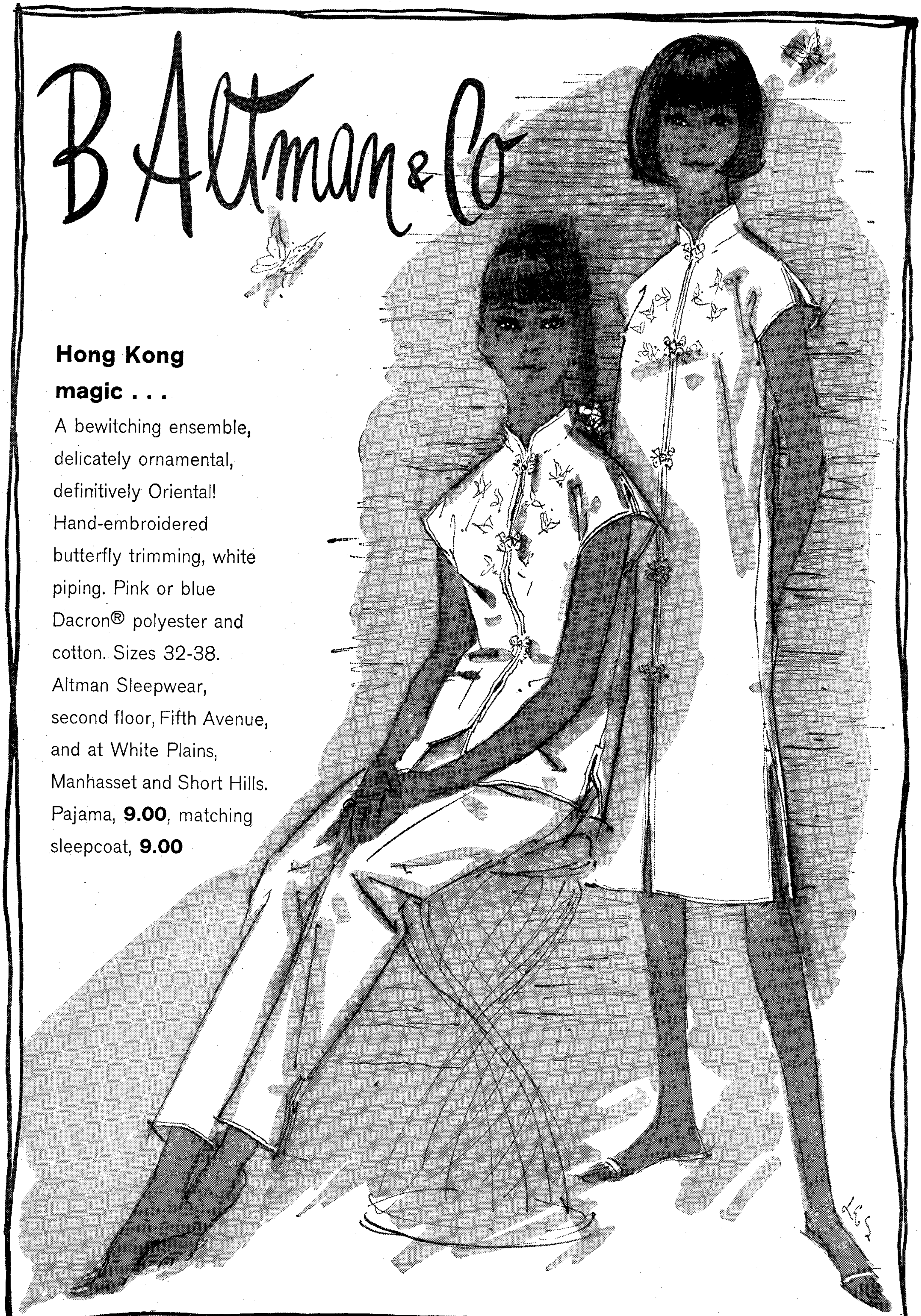

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

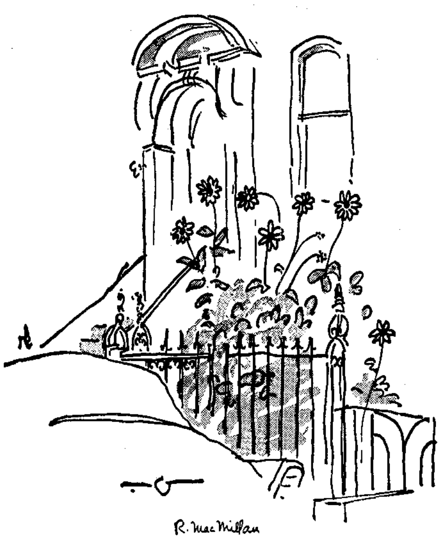
Notes and Comment

"THEN in my thoughts these shores, so different in their nature and in the inhabitants they support, are made one by the unifying touch of the sea. For the differences I sense in this particular instant of time that is mine are but the differences of a moment, determined by our place in the stream of time and in the long rhythms of the sea."

Rachel Carson is dead, but the sea is still around us, the edge of the sea still supports life in almost unbelievable variety, and the manufacturers of pesticides are enjoying their usual spring upsurge in sales. In the lower Mississippi, fish have been dying from a cause as yet undetermined. In Oklahoma, quail are not hatching their full clutches of eggs. In Maine, salmon bearing a rich payload of DDT have been taken from Sebago. In the Gulf of Mexico, shrimpers are wondering whether their catch will be next on the list of victims. In Washington, representatives of a chemical company that makes endrin have testified that no "substantial" amounts of the poison enter the Mississippi from the company's plant, but, as Miss Carson pointed out in her last book, no one can yet say what a "substantial" amount of a modern poison really is. The federal agencies concerned with the problem bicker among themselves. Secretary Udall recommends prohibiting the use of pesticides that do not remain on the field to which they are applied. Secretary Freeman argues that such a stricture is unwarranted, because "too little is known" about the persistence of pesticides and their movements. The Freeman doctrine appears to be that the less you know about a poison the freer you should feel to use it.

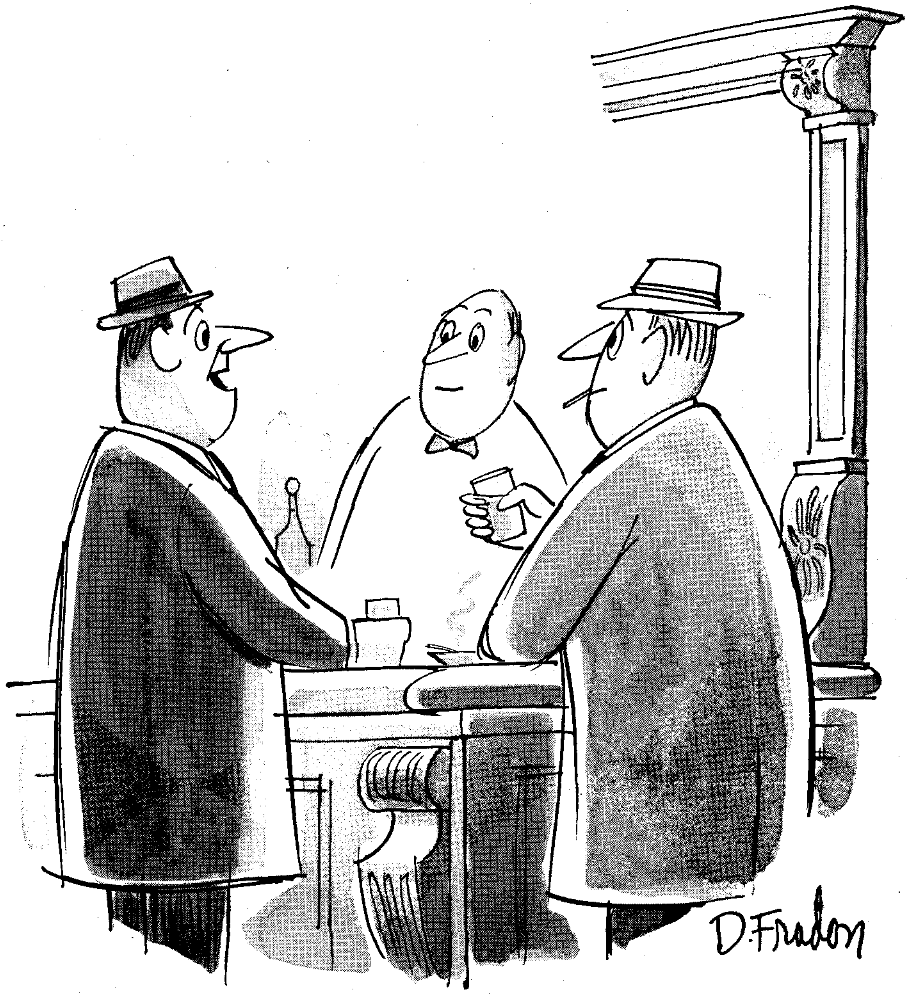
Right there, it seems to us, is the basic flaw in our regulatory machinery. American justice holds the accused person innocent until proved guilty; somehow this concept has crept over into industry, where it doesn't belong, and has been applied to products of all kinds. Why should a poison dust or spray, however greatly it may advantage a grower or a housewife in a private project, enjoy immunity while there is any reason to suspect that it may endanger the public health or damage the natural scene? Rachel Carson posed this question and spent years of hard work documenting her thesis. She was not a fanatic or a cultist. She was not against chemicals per se. She *was* against the indiscriminate use of strong, enduring poisons capable of subtle, long-term damage to plants, animals, and man. No contributor to these pages more effectively combined a warm passion for nature's mysteries with a cool warning that things can easily go wrong. We take her words seriously, and we'd like to see government departments set aside their jealousies and declare poison guilty until proved innocent.

There is a pond in Maine that has lately fallen on evil days, a victim of what Julian Huxley has termed "our effluent society." For countless thousands of years, Sebasticook lay peacefully under its sky, changing only as the seasons changed. For the past hundred years or so, it was a pleasant place for fishermen and campers. Then, almost overnight, the pond went bad. Its inlet began discharging a steady stream of raw sewage and industrial waste from the little town of Corinna, to the north. Invigorated by the sewage, plant life in the pond exploded, and the shores were ringed with green scum. Campers countered with a burst of poison spray. The spray slowed up the weed growth, but it also killed fish in great numbers. Soon, on top of a green-scum problem, the campers found themselves with a dead-fish problem. Health authorities banned swimming, because of the sewage. With no swimming, no fishing, and no untainted air, the pond was deserted by its habitués, who went elsewhere for recreation. Property values declined; the pond was as good as dead. We have no doubt that the resuscitation of Sebasticook is already under way, but it will not be easy, for it's never easy to restore a habitat whose balance has been deeply disturbed. This small lake is a sad reminder of what is taking place, in some degree, all over the land, from man's carelessness, shortsightedness, and arrogance. It is our pool of shame in this our "particular instant of time."



The Fair

MONDAY morning, two days before the opening of the New York World's Fair, we were invited out to the Fairgrounds to watch a smoke-ring-blowing machine that was scheduled to start puffing at ten o'clock as part of the General Cigar exhibit. When we arrived, we were greeted mournfully by Mr. Theodore Meyerstein, one of the engineers who had designed the machine. It was meant to shoot smoke rings twelve feet in diameter a hundred and fifty feet into the air every twenty seconds, he told us, but one of the electricians hired to connect its wiring had made a mistake, and it wouldn't be ready to puff until late afternoon. To comfort us, and himself, he opened a



"I can't make up my mind whether I wish there were no Senator Morses or more Senator Morses."

• •

bottle of champagne he had bought for the expected occasion, and we sat with him in a reception room in the General Cigar Hall of Magic and toasted the future success of the machine.

EARLY Tuesday morning, we headed for the Fairgrounds again, curious to see what was going on there in the last hours before the official opening, at 9 A.M. the next day. Although we had a map, we got lost instantly, so we stopped at a large open-air stand for a cup of coffee, and a lady eating a hot dog told us that the building across the road was the United States Pavilion. The building, a huge square structure, is raised off the ground on four squat pillars, and the escalators to the first floor weren't working. We climbed a flight of stairs and found ourself on a raised platform, open to the sky, where a fountain was being filled with fifty thousand gallons of water and tested. It worked, and the workmen who had turned it on cheered. Inside the building, we discovered that the theme was "Challenge to Greatness," and noticed a door labelled "Courtroom America," which we opened; we were confronted with a giant photograph of a courtroom on which was inscribed a message about equality before the law. The second floor, where a Cinerama movie called "American Journey" is to be shown, was inaccessible, so we made our way outside, where a group of workmen told us they had to plant five thousand shrubs before morning, and walked across the road to the Illinois Pavilion.

Illinois is symbolized by a small brick building consisting of a series of sweeping curved walls, adorned inside and out with photographs of Lincoln, Negro and white children, and adult residents of Illinois, and with quotations from a number of Lincoln's speeches. Some carpenters were building a log cabin on the Illinois site, and others were working on a plywood snack bar. The foreman of the log-cabin group told us they had been working on it for nine weeks, that he was from Germany and had learned his trade building houses in the Alps, and that the logs for the cabin were white oak from New Jersey. The theatre inside the pavilion wasn't ready yet, and Walt Disney's animated figure of Lincoln, scheduled to perform there, was nowhere in sight.

Next door, representing New Mexico, were buildings that looked like adobe at a distance but turned out to be made of brown cement and wire mesh. Oklahoma turned out to be a park with a hundred benches facing a relief map of the state, whose lakes and rivers were to be filled with water, the whole thing suggesting the open, relaxed friendliness of Oklahoma. An open, friendly man wearing an Oklahoma State Highway Patrol uniform was overseeing, in a relaxed manner, some workmen repairing a leak that had completely drained a hundred-thousand-gallon pool called The Lake three days before.

Across Grand Central Parkway, which cuts through the Fair, we ran into Mr. Jay Swayze, a Texan, who had designed the Underground World Home on exhibit, and who immediately led us down a flight of steps into a passageway strewn with potted plants, assuring us as he did so that underground living was cheaper, healthier, and more fun than any other kind. He guided us around a corner of the Underground World Home, built inside a concrete chamber, and into a patio looking out on a mural of trees, grass, and sky. Windows in one wall of the house looked out on similar landscapes. The lighting had been set for daylight, and as we gazed out on the countryside, Mr. Swayze told us that a study he had made showed that people didn't even look out their windows eighty per cent of the time, and that half of the rest of the time what they saw was "undesirable." He pointed out some switches by which inhabitants of underground homes could set the time of day to suit themselves, and said that the lighting could be preset to change automatically. A technician had to be called over to help Mr. Swayze produce a starry sky above the patio and glowing moonlight outside the windows. "I aim to give people views that are equal to or better than what they see ordinarily," Mr. Swayze said. The home wasn't quite ready for Opening Day, because someone had accidentally poured concrete down the main air duct, but Mr. Swayze wasn't worried. He and his family live in Plainview, Texas, in one of three underground houses that his company has built so far, and he says they love it.

We left Mr. Swayze with his decorator, a lady, who was begging him to send someone out for a big bag of light bulbs, and took an elevator up to the

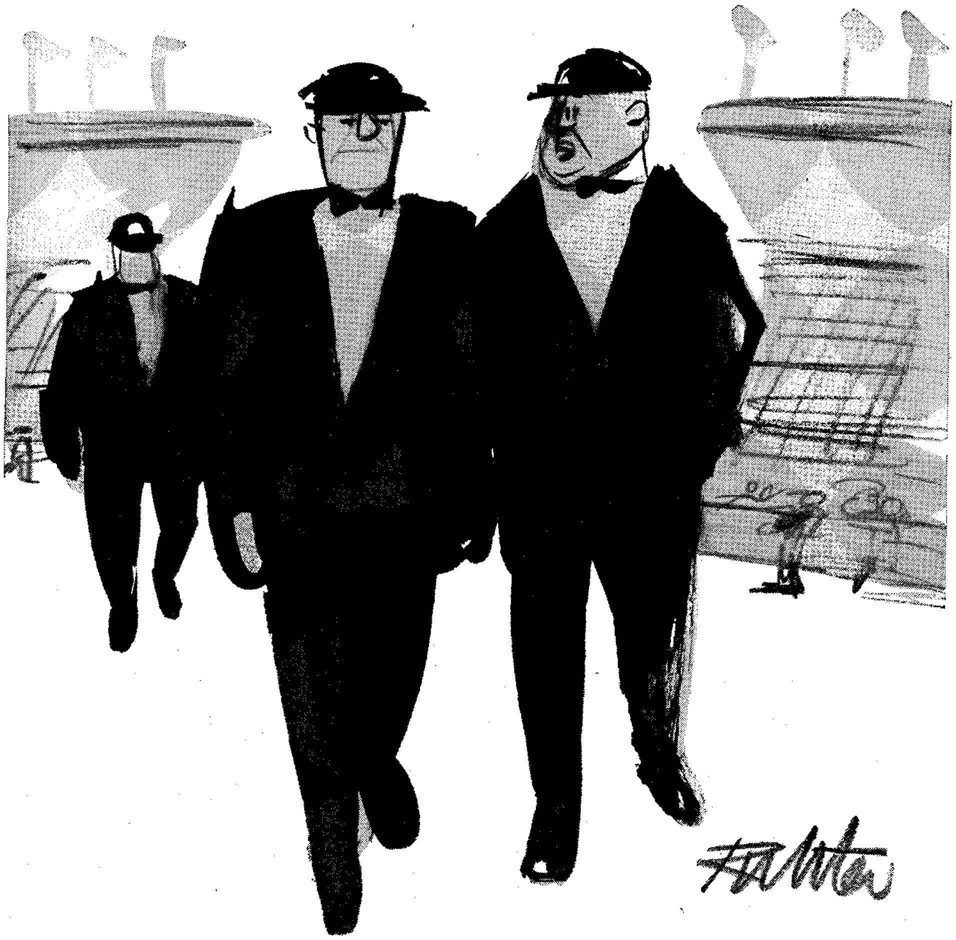
Top of the Fair Restaurant, in the Port Authority Heliport. From the windows on one side we could see the whole Fair, which looked finished from up there, but the view from another window was a parking lot and, farther away, a series of red brick housing developments. The center wall of the restaurant, away from the windows, had been painted with blue sky and clouds, perhaps at the suggestion of Mr. Swayze.

The Fairgrounds were swarming with the cars of Fair employees and exhibitors and with trucks of all sizes, so after being nearly run over several times we hitched a ride in a Fair station wagon to the Garden of Meditation. We were left at the edge of a small grassy area containing a tiny lagoon, a few pines and birches, a willow or two, and, scattered around in the grass, stone slabs engraved in gold with Biblical quotations and a quotation from Francis Bacon. We meditated briefly on the Eastman Kodak Pavilion, the far from complete Belgian Village, and the Long Island Expressway, surrounding us not far away, and then walked over to the Hall of Free Enterprise, where we pondered a somewhat tautological inscription on a Doric column, reading, "The greatest good for the greatest number means, in its material sense, the greatest goods for the greatest number, which, in turn, means the greatest productivity per worker." One of three blond girls standing under the Tree of Economic Life told us, "It all starts from the earth. You see, the Tree has three sides—tools, people, and fruit. The Tree is twelve feet high and revolves in perfect time to a taped lecture. Right now, we're trying to synchronize the tape with the Tree." We wished her luck, and trudged, by bridge, over the Long Island Expressway to the Lake Amusement Area, where we almost tripped over six brand-new cash registers sitting on the ground and registering $000.00. As we sniffed the air, which smelled of tar, and tried to figure out where the strains of "Blue Moon" were coming from over the sounds of hammering and clanking, we were almost run down by a jeep, and in our effort to escape we jogged past the Jaycopter Ride, the Dancing Waters, and the Waffle Restaurant and Aerial Tower Ride to Les Poupées de Paris. Two men standing outside introduced themselves as Sid and Marty Krofft, told us they had jointly directed and produced the puppet show, and offered to guide us through the theatre. They said that the music for the show—a recorded original score, sung by people like Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra—cost seventy-five thousand dollars, and that the show would open on time. (We later learned that it would not.)

Over at the site of the Continental Circus, we found the tent empty except for a few wooden benches. A doleful man in a raincoat came toward us, sloshing through mud puddles, and announced that the circus wouldn't be ready for four or five days. "The weather beat us," he said. We passed under the Monorail, where one empty car was wheeling slowly, and entered the Wax Museum. The corridors were strewn with desks and cardboard cartons, and behind a glass case not far from Frankenstein's monster was a woman at a sewing machine. When she spotted us looking doubtfully in her direction, she came to life and assured us that the museum would open at nine the next morning.

We were relieved to find Mr. Lawrence H. M. Vineburgh's replica of the Santa Maria floating in Meadow Lake, near the Florida Pavilion, since we had last seen it stuck in the mud in Flushing Meadow, and we advanced to the old brick Amphitheatre to check on Leon Leonidoff's mammoth water-earth-air stage show "Wonderworld," which we had heard wasn't opening until Saturday at the earliest, and probably not then. The Amphitheatre pool was filled to the brim, and the mottled backdrop was decorated with artificial flowers. Eight white Alfa Romeos were parked at stage right. Below the Amphitheatre, on the shore of Meadow Lake, three men in slickers and Mae West life preservers were dipping long poles fitted with wire-mesh nets into the water. A workman came up behind us and said, "They're supposed to be cleaning up debris down there, but they're not. They're trying to catch a fish." Just then, one of the men brought up a large, flopping fish with a golden back, which our companion claimed was a goldfish—or perhaps the grandchild of a goldfish—left over from the 1939 Fair. The fisherman tossed his catch back into the lake, and we set off, to the tune of "Ain't She Sweet?," in the general direction of the Eisenhower Promenade.

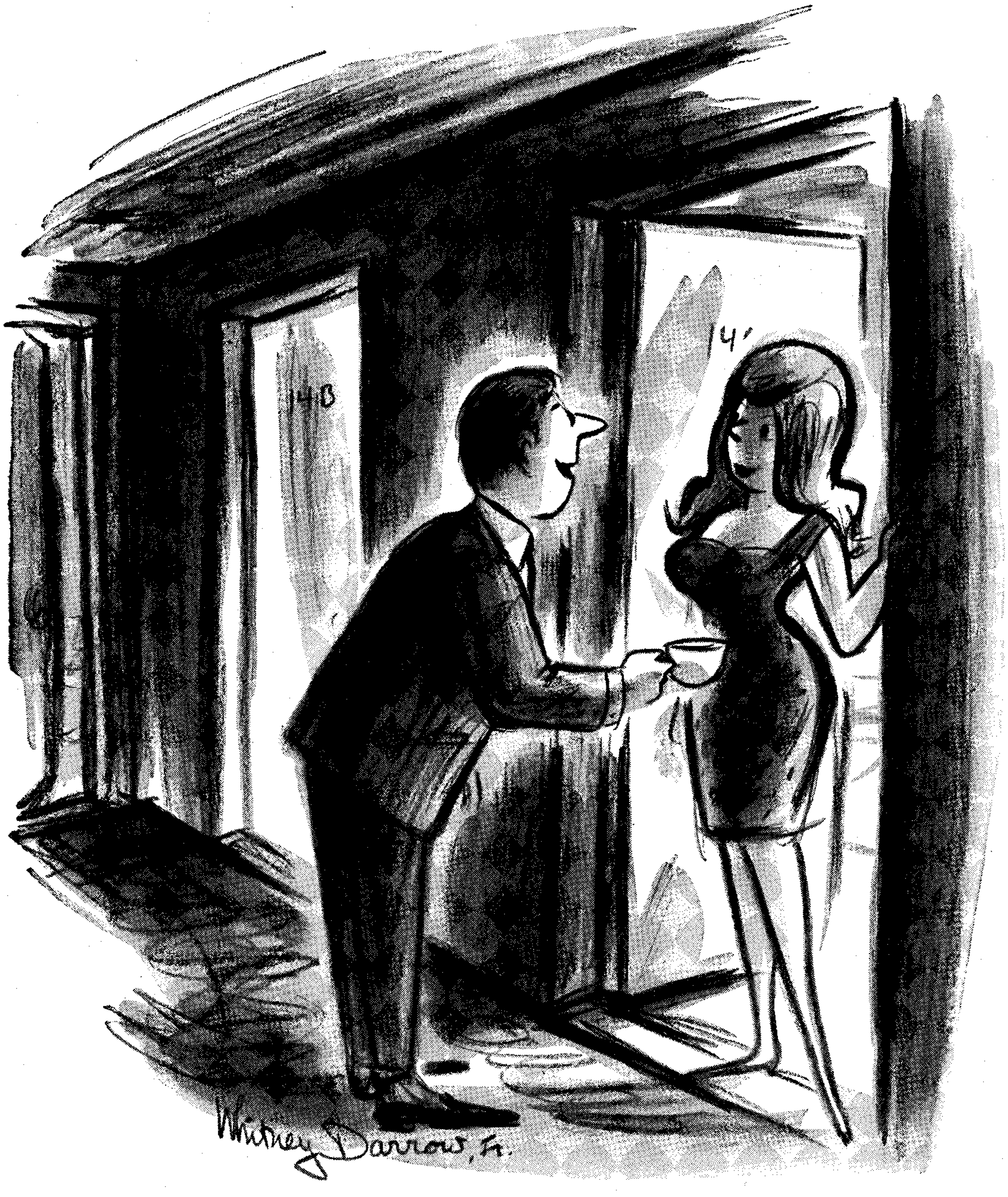
Upon reaching the Johnson's Wax Pavilion, we collapsed onto a pale-green bench facing the Promenade. The long row of fountains in front of us drowned out the sounds of last-minute work, which was going on at a very leisurely pace in the Industrial Area, where it consisted mostly of landscaping and minor wiring. Several Industrial Area



"Been called anything new lately?"

workmen were sitting on a bench and gazing complacently at construction workers in the International Area, across the road, who looked as though they would be hard at it for many months yet. It was a cold, gray day, but the bright-green grass and the budding trees nearly blotting out the Du Pont sign refreshed us sufficiently for a hike around the Promenade of Industry. A line of people was ascending the moving ramp leading to the General Electric Pavilion, as though the Fair had already begun, but the Clairol Color Carousel, which would be open only to women, was crowded with workmen, who seemed to be struggling with large artificial flowers. We ran into a traffic jam caused by a giant crane outside the Scott Paper Company's Enchanted Forest, which was still being landscaped, but when we got to the Rheingold Pavilion and looked in through a window, we saw what looked like typical visitors to a World's Fair peacefully eating lunch. There was a strong fishy smell coming from the dirty water of the Pool of Industry, where a floating duck was eating some wet bread. When we stopped to watch a contingent of men in yellow slickers scrubbing the walk around the Bell System Pavilion with push brooms, we had to leap out of the way of a cruising taxi followed by a group of impatient Fair firemen in a blue-and-orange fire truck with its siren going. At the Equitable Life Assurance Pavilion, whose Demograph read "The Population of the United States . . . Now, 191,494,934," a disembodied but friendly male voice was saying loudly, "Somewhere in the United States a baby is born every eleven seconds. . . . It could be yours." This announcement was followed by a brief burst of cheery music, and we hurried away before the voice continued its lecture. A man driving a big trailer truck along the narrow promenade between the International Business Machines Pavilion and the Court of the Universe leaned out the window of the cab and asked, "Do you have trouble finding your way around here, or is it only me?" We assured him we knew no more than he did, and then, on our way past a chaos of trucks and construction work and stacks of turf outside the Dynamic Maturity Pavilion, we almost fell into the Lunar Fountain, which was being painted white and blue, and had no water in it. Recovering, we stumbled on, only to squeeze through a narrow passage created by two rows of trucks along the Avenue of Europe, bumping into a stack of shrubs between 7-Up and a building labelled "España" on the way. Our spirits were restored when we noticed a wisp of smoke drifting above the General Cigar Hall of Magic. On our way over to congratulate Mr. Meyerstein, we saw three good smoke rings spin up into the gray sky and vanish. Mr. Meyerstein wasn't in sight, but several General Cigar people had rushed out of their Hall to see if their brief success had been noticed, and we congratulated them all. On the grass outside the building was a large Mad Hatter head resting upside down on its green hat, near a bus crammed with men and women dressed up as "Alice in Wonderland" and Walt Disney characters and holding the characters' heads. A person dressed up as Disney's Pluto was stalking up and down at the edge of the Solar Fountain.

On our way back to the subway, we dropped in at the Billy Graham Pavilion, which features a high tower trimmed with large gold-metal plates resembling sequins. Workmen were hanging fake ferns and philodendron from the ceiling of a theatre in the main building; we waved goodbye to them and headed for Manhattan.



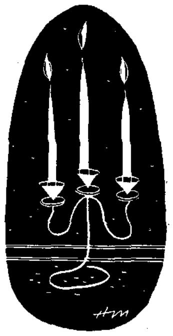
"I'm your new neighbor. I'd like to borrow a cup of something."

AT six-thirty on the morning of the Opening Day of the Fair, the sky was gray and the city streets were wet from an early-morning thunder shower followed by a continuing drizzle. There was nothing to suggest that the day would be more festive than any other, or that, with the possibility of vast civil-rights demonstrations at the Fair, it might be historically significant. We went down to the Community Church, on Thirty-fifth Street near Park Avenue, where about a thousand members of the Congress of Racial Equality were assembling in preparation for a day of non-violent picketing at the Fairgrounds. According to James Farmer, the national director of CORE, the demonstration would be an attempt to dramatize "the melancholy contrast between the idealized, fantasy world of the Fair and the real world of brutality, prejudice, and violence in which the American Negro is forced to live." It was still drizzling when we arrived at the church, but, apart from an unsmiling phalanx of policemen in black raincoats, the people on the sidewalk in front of the Community Church were all as gay as if they were about to go on a picnic. The mood seemed very much like the one that had marked the civil-rights March on Washington last summer.

A number of CORE members arrived carrying suitcases, and they looked even more cheerful than the others. We learned that they had volunteered to sit in at the restaurant in the Maryland Pavilion, and anticipated being arrested and spending a night or two in jail. A considerable majority of the CORE members at the church were of college age, and about eighty per cent of them were white. A CORE official out on the sidewalk was directing members inside the church to receive their picketing assignments, and we followed some of them in, to find a scene of confusion in the red-brick-walled nave, with hundreds of young CORE members milling about trying to find out where they ought to be. A young man speaking into a microphone was saying, "The New York committee members and the group from the East River chapter will picket the New York City Pavilion. The members from Florida and the Garden City and Yonkers groups will picket the Florida Pavilion," but his instructions seemed only to add to the confusion, and so did frantic directions being given out by a harassed young lady sitting at a desk in the nave.

We wandered down to the basement of the church, where we found Mr. Farmer and a group of his aides planning their strategy for the demonstration. It was decided that most of the demonstrators would not go out to the Fair until ten o'clock, but Mr. Farmer himself, who planned to picket the Louisiana Pavilion, and about fifty other CORE members would take a train that would get them to the Fairgrounds a little before the official opening hour. Mr. Farmer was going to carry an electric cattle prod, of the sort used against civil-rights demonstrators in the South, and a sign protesting police brutality and school segregation in Louisiana.

Having reached these decisions, Mr. Farmer and his aides sat for several minutes in silence, sipping coffee from cardboard containers and smoking cigarettes. "This is the calm before the storm," said Mr. Farmer, who is a tall, broad-shouldered man of about forty, with a gentle manner. "O.K., let's go," he added softly, and stood up. At once, there was a great bustle as members of the advance contingent put on their raincoats and prepared to go. The group left the Community Church with Mr. Farmer striding out in front, and made its way across Thirty-fifth Street to Seventh Avenue—while hordes of New Yorkers hurrying to work turned and stared—then down Seventh Avenue to what's left of Penn Station, and onto an express train to the Fair.



"You know, I don't really like all this limelight, and I'd really rather be going out to the ball game at Shea Stadium instead of marching down the street with everybody gawking at me, but unfortunately there's serious business to be done today," Mr. Farmer said to us as the train moved slowly out of the station. When it came aboveground in Queens and started passing row after row of brick apartment houses, looking bleak in the rain, a wave of excitement stirred the group, and they began to sing, "I got freedom, and I'm gonna let it shine. I got freedom, and I'm gonna let it shine. At the World's Fair, I'm gonna let it shine—shine, shine, shine."

The train reached the Fair station a few minutes before nine, and as Mr. Farmer marched his group along the boardwalk leading to the turnstiles, he was surrounded by swarms of photographers, who closed in on him from all sides. He remained calm as he tried to satisfy them and still make some headway, and we went on ahead, reaching the turnstiles just in time to see about forty of the earliest visitors, many of them with umbrellas—a girl clutching an official guidebook, three middle-aged men who had been examining a Fair map in the *Times*, groups of teen-age boys, some couples, and some families of three or four—slip their tickets in the slots and walk uncertainly down the ramp to the area labelled "Gotham Plaza." Among them was, according to a sign he carried, "Vic Blum, 7th in line for the Fair." We went through with them and waited on the other side for Mr. Farmer.

Bland music had started to come over the Fair loudspeakers when Mr. Farmer and his following reached the turnstiles. He paused, whereupon a photographer shouted "Come on through, come on through!" and just as crowds of people started to pour out of the subways behind him, he handed his ticket to a young turnstile attendant, who asked a colleague, when Mr. Farmer had gone on through, "Who was that man?" Photographers and reporters crowded around Mr. Farmer, and he was obliged to stop and announce that before going to the Louisiana Pavilion he was going to the Unisphere. "However," he added, smiling slightly, "I do not intend to climb the Unisphere."

At the end of the ramp, we met Mr. William Berns, the Fair vice-president in charge of communications, and he invited us to go along with him for a ride in an "escorter," a vehicle that seats four people and costs eleven dollars an hour to hire. We accepted, and sat down between Mr. Berns and a man in a raincoat who was busily taking notes. In spite of the cold and the rain, Mr. Berns was cheerful about the Fair, and after claiming to be puzzled by the way Mr. Farmer's group was distracting the attention of the reporters and photographers from the exhibits, he said, "You know what's a great show? Go over to the Du Pont Pavilion. They have a great show over there." As the driver steered the escorter toward the Unisphere, a man ran up and handed us three copies of the Long Island *Post* ("Voice of the World's Fair Boro"), which had a picture of President Johnson and a picture of the Pietà on the front page, along with the headline "World's Fair Is Now Open." When we reached the Unisphere, the man who had been taking notes looked up and pointed to a crowd near the New England Pavilion. "There's Farmer," he said, and hopped out of the escorter. Mr. Berns quickly pointed in the other direction. "There's the parade," he said.

We left Mr. Berns and a crowd of early Fair visitors to enjoy the inaugural parade, and headed for the subway station again.

THE KEY

SOMEBODY was scratching at the door of my room. It was full night now, but it couldn't be late. It didn't have that feel to it. I lay on my bed and listened. He scratched again. Then I heard him dancing around in the hall. And then he coughed, and the way he coughed I knew right off who it was. I knew it was Dolly. But I didn't say a word. I didn't even roll over on my back and look. I still had a good buzz on, and it didn't seem worthwhile. I just lay there and waited for him to give it up and go. When a man gets himself a room, it don't have to be big or anything. It's his own. It's private. He don't have to open up to every son that happens to come along.

I lay there feeling my buzz and waited. I listened to him coughing and dancing around. He coughed and coughed, and when he finally stopped I thought to myself that now he would surely go, but he didn't. Instead, he tried the door. I heard him turn the knob. I heard it give and the door come open, and I couldn't hardly believe my ears. I heard him coming across the floor. I couldn't understand how it happened. Unless I must of gone and forgot to lock the door. I guess that was probably the reason. I must of come in so high I just didn't think to take out my key and lock it. But even so. That didn't give him any right. It was still my room.

He was quiet for a minute. I listened for him with all my strength. I never knew it so quiet. It was like he was listening, too. Then he moved again.

"Heyo," he said.

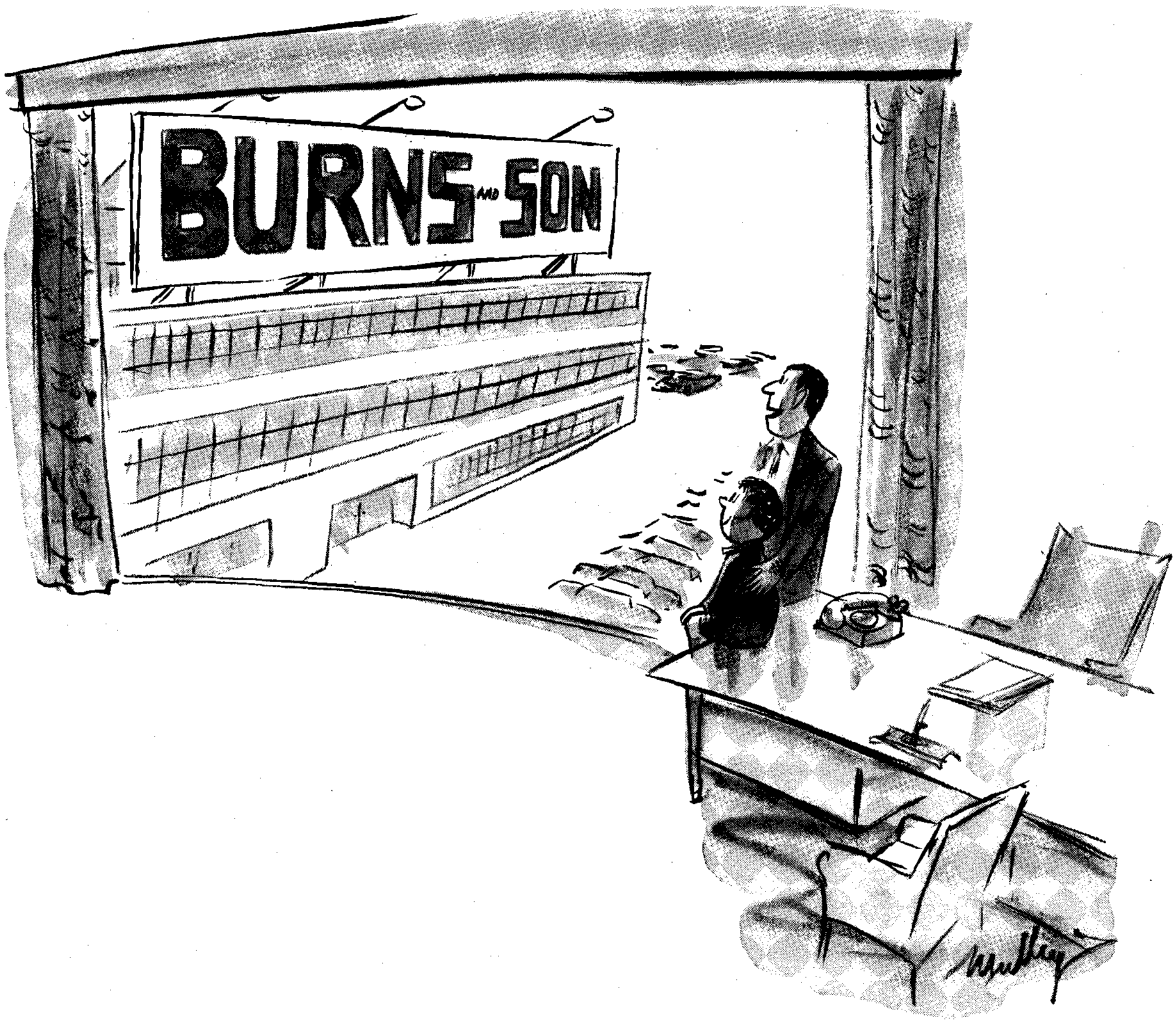
It was Dolly, sure enough. I know that voice of his. And it sounded like he was right alongside of my bed. That made it easy for me. All I had to do was roll over and sit up and I could tell him off right to his face. I couldn't help but smile. He was going to get some surprise when he saw me rear up. I began to plan what I wanted to say.

"Heyo," he said.

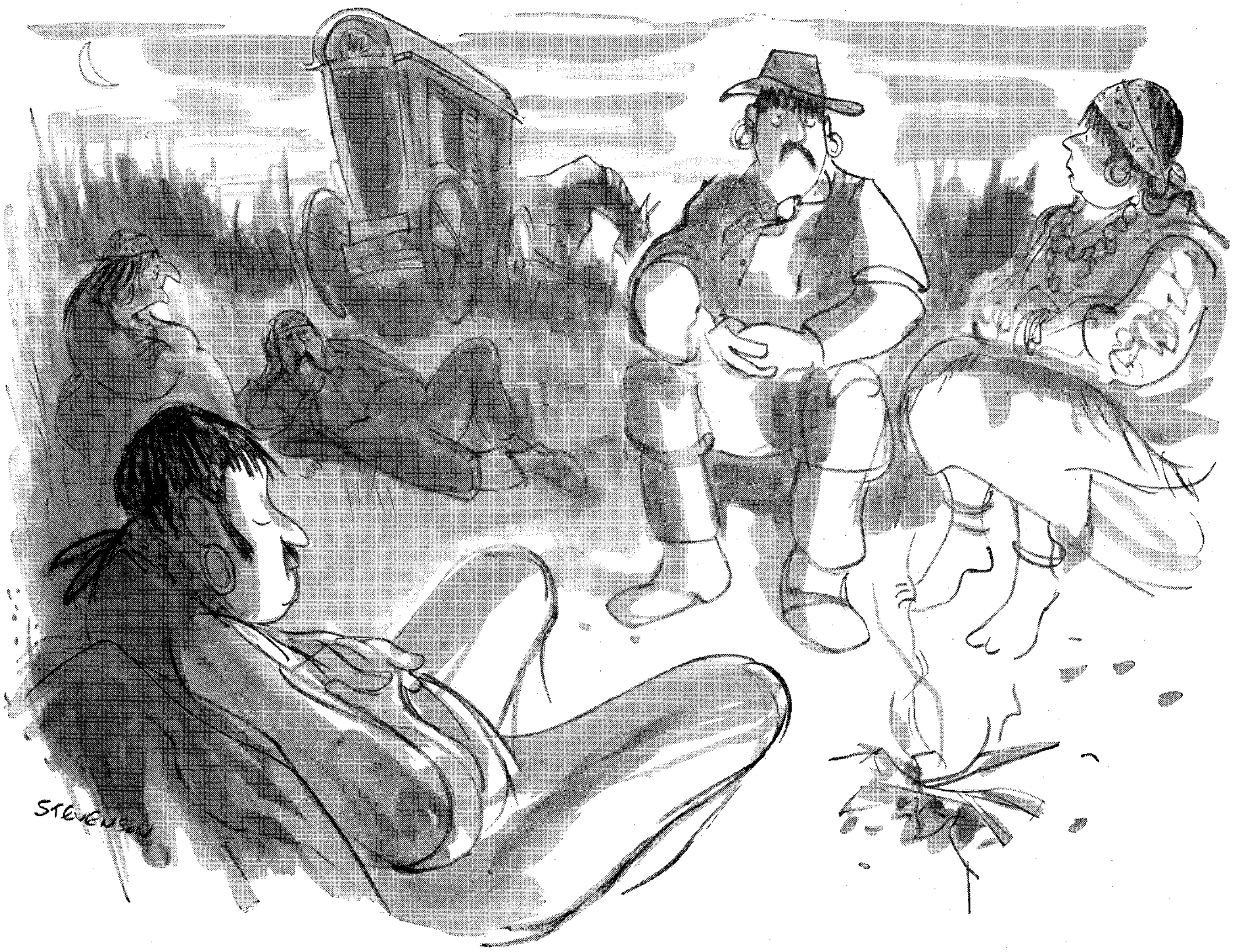
I could hear him breathing now. That's another reason I knew it was Dolly—that whistle he's got when he breathes. He put out his hand and touched me. I felt his hand on my shoulder. I felt him shake me. I don't know why he had to go and do that. It ruined everything. I was just about ready to tell him off and that shake shook the words right out of my head. I made up my mind if he shook me one more time I'd make him sorry he had. He didn't, though. It was like he had some inkling. He didn't even try. He took his hand off my shoulder and reached down under the blanket and into the pocket of my sweater. The dirty son! Then he tried the pocket of my pants. I started to sit up, but I never made it. A wave come rolling over me.

THE next thing I remember, it was morning. The minute I opened my eyes, I had a feeling that something was wrong, but I wasn't just sure what. I knew I'd had a good buzz on. I'd been up to the clinic and sold me a pint of blood, and the wine always hits me extra hard after that. I got up and put on my shoes and looked around the room. It seemed to me there was something on my mind about the door. But the door looked just like always. I thought about that for a little. Then I went over to the door and tried it, and it wasn't locked. Everything come back to me then. I real quick felt in my pocket. My big clasp knife was still there. I started to breathe easy—and then I remembered the truth. That was the side I was laying on. I reached in my other pocket. It was empty. My money was gone, and so was my key. He'd took the key to my room.

I begun to shake. I walked over to the window and looked down at the alley. The white-toed cat from the barber college next door was laying there in the early sun. I cracked my knuckles and tried to quieten my nerves. I didn't mind the money too much. It was only about eighty-five cents. Mr. Buford at the Cherokee Bar had the rest of my clinic



"Just think! Someday I'll be the Burns and you'll be the Son."



"What ever became of the days, Béla, when we all used to dance with wild abandon by the firelight?"

• •

money. I give him something to keep it for me, like I do when he cashes my pension check. But the key was different. There's a world of difference. That key was mine. Then a thought come into my mind. It hit me all of a sudden that maybe Dolly didn't aim to take my key. Maybe it just come along in his hand with the money and he never even knew it. Maybe all I had to do was find him. If I told him never mind about the money, maybe he'd be glad to give it back. But first I had to shave. I had twenty years in the Coast Guard and that's one of the things it learned me. It give me the habit of shaving every morning. The other thing it give me was a liking for my own. I got my soap and towel and razor out of the drawer and went upstairs where the bathroom is, and I had the luck to get right in. That don't very often happen, and I took it for a sign. But when I come back down and was ready to leave and there wasn't anything I could do but only just shut the door of my room, I begun to shake again. It purely made me sick.

I took my cap and shut the door as tight as I could and went down the stairs to the street. The hotels had all let out already and the street was full of fellows. A couple of fellows was hunched up back in the alley and they had a bottle out. I stopped and looked, but neither one of them was Dolly. There was another bunch in front of the liquor store waiting for it to open. One of them was that broken-nosed fellow they call Shep. He and Dolly was buddies once, so I give him a sign.

"Heyo," he said.

"I was looking for Dolly," I told him. "You seen him anywheres?"

"Dolly?" he said.

"That's right," I said. "You seen him?"

"Not since last night," he said.

"When was that?" I said.

"I don't know," he said. "Around about eleven-thirty. He was over to the Lucky Dollar drinking at the bar."

"He must of had some money," I said.

"I reckon so," he said.

"That's what I thought," I said.

I went on up the block to the Cherokee Bar. They give you a cup of coffee in the morning there, and I also had to see Mr. Buford about some money. I sure wasn't going to see that eighty-five cents again. The Cherokee was full of fellows coming in and out, but I found a place and had me some coffee. I sat there thinking until the room cleared out a little. Then I moved over to the bar and give Mr. Buford a sign, and he come smiling up. I told him I needed some money.

"Sure thing, Josh," he said. "A dollar? Dollar and a half?"

"Better make it two," I said.

"Sure thing," he said.

He opened his book and wrote some figures in it, and then dug into his pocket. He counted me out my money on the bar.

"And a drink of whiskey," I said.

Mr. Buford smiled and reached for the bottle. I waited for him to fill the glass and take his fifteen cents and go. I never needed a drink so bad. Every time I let myself think, I could see some son walking into my room and making himself at home. I could see him hanging his hat on my hook and sitting down on my bed and looking out of my window, and it give me the sickest feeling. It made me sick to my stomach. I drunk my drink and called Mr. Buford back and had him pour me another. That one hit me pretty good. I could feel it. But it didn't really help.

I don't know how long I stood there. Maybe half an hour. Then I happened to turn my head to the window—and there was Dolly. He was across the street and down the block, but he wasn't too far to catch. I scrabbled up my money and moved. When I come out the door, he was standing on the corner like he couldn't make up his mind. I crossed over and give him a call. He heard me. He couldn't help but hear me. But he didn't even look around. He just begun to run.

I took right out after him. There wasn't much chance that he could get away. He was faster than me, but he had that cough. Sooner or later that would slow him up. And sure enough—halfway down the block he begun to weave and waver. He come stumbling to a stop in front of Jack's G.I. Surplus Store. I was almost on him before he saw me. He wheeled and took off again. But this time he didn't get far. He started to cross the street and then cut back and ducked into the barber-college alley. I saw him trip on the sewer grating there and go down on his knees, and that was the end of his run. When I come up, he was humped against the building wall with his mouth hanging open and his eyes rolled back in his head.

"Take your time," I told him. "Catch your breath. Then give me back my key."

He opened his eyes and give me a look.

"I want my key," I said.

He give a kind of moan.

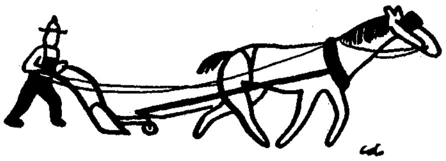
"You heard me," I said.

He shook his head.

"You dirty son," I said. "You took the key to my room. I want it back."

I brought out my knife and opened it up to the pig-sticker blade. "Now do you hear me?" I said.

That seemed to change his mind. He backed away and begun to fumble in his pocket. Then all of a sudden his arm flung up and something small and shiny glistered through the air. It clinked against the further wall and come skittering back across the alley toward the grating. I made a stab to head it off, but too late. It was gone.



Then I heard him running. The dirty tricky little son was trying to make it up the alley. I took a run and a jump and caught him by the arm and give him a poke with my knife. He went spinning backwards into the wall, and I watched him slide down and fall. That son—that dirty son. He took my key and threw it away. God darn him to hell. I felt like giving him a kick. He didn't leave me nothing.

—Berton Roueché

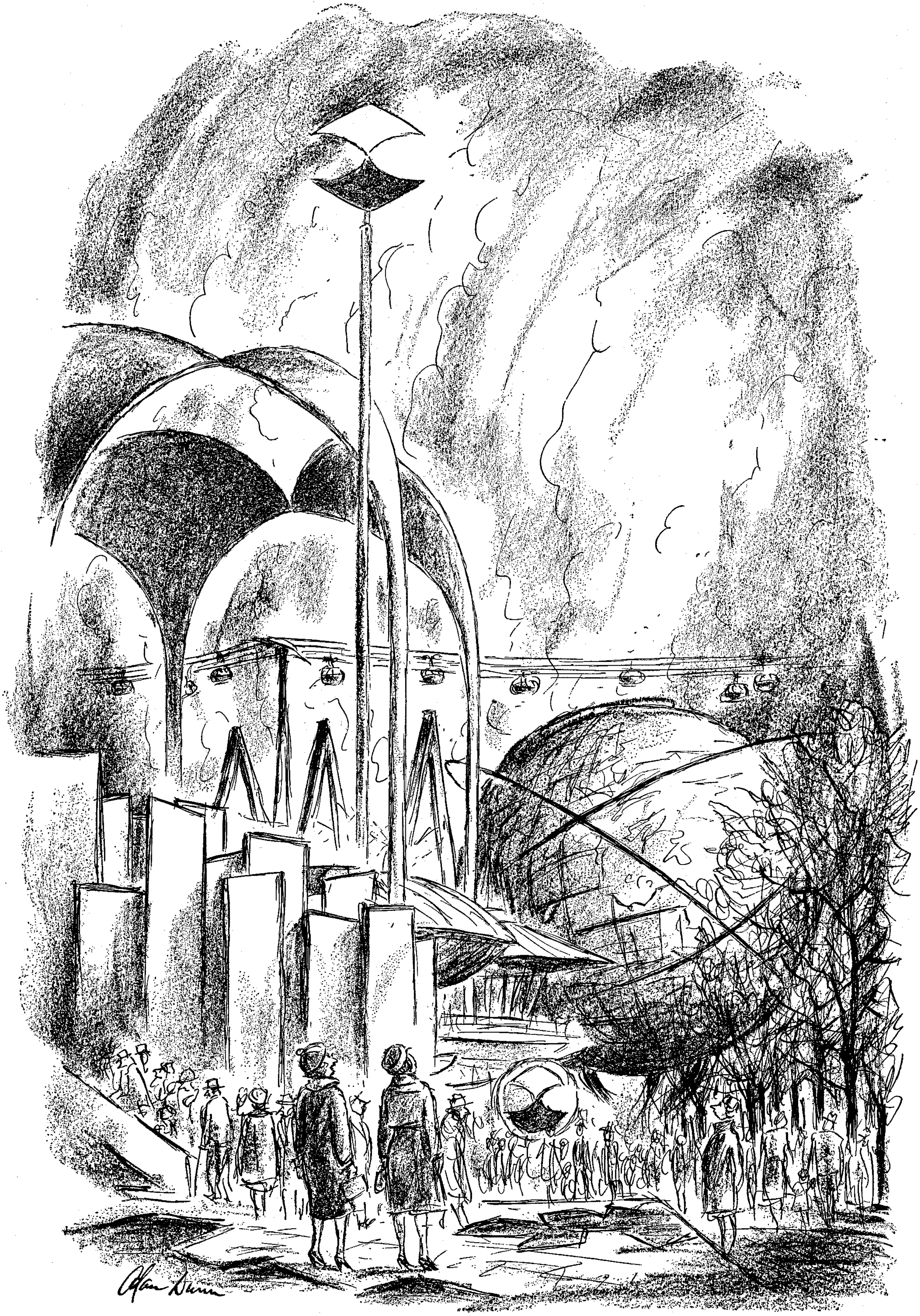
* * *

ONE MORE NEW BOTCHED BEGINNING

Their voices heard, I stumble suddenly.
Choking in undergrowth, I'm torn,
Mouth pressed against the thorns
remembering
Ten years ago here in Geneva—
I walked with Merleau-Ponty by the lake.
Upon his face I saw his intellect.
The energy of the sun-interweaving
Waves, electric, danced on him. His eyes
Watched with their smiling logic through
Black coins thrown down from leaves. He who
Was Merleau-Ponty that day is no more
Irrevocable than the I that day who was
Beside him—though I'm living.

Also that summer
My son stayed up the valley in the mountains.
One day I went to see him, and he stood
Not seeing me, watching some hens.
Doing so, he was absorbed
In their wire-netted world. He danced
On one leg. Leaning forward, he became
A bird-boy. I am there
Still seeing him. To him,
That moment—unself-knowing even then—
Is drowned in the oblivious earliness. . . .
Such pasts
Are not diminished distances, perspective
Vanishing points, but doors
Burst open suddenly by gusts
That seek to blow the heart out.
Today, I see
Three undergraduates standing talking in
A college quad. They show each other poems—
Louis MacNeice, Bernard Spencer, and I.
Louis caught cold in the rain, Bernard fell
From a train door. Both died within ten days.
Their lives are now those poems that were
Pointers to the poems to be their lives.
We read there in the college quad. Each poem
Is still a new beginning. If
They had been finished, though, they would have died
Before they died. Being alive
Is when each moment's a new start, the past
And future shuffled between fingers
For a new game. I'm dealing out
My hand to them, one more new botched beginning
Where we still stand talking in the quad.

—Stephen Spender



"It goes to show you what the human mind is capable of, doesn't it?"

A LONG NIGHT

HENRY SPARROW had been directed to the endmost of the two-seat tables in the dining car; and as it had grown too dark to look out of the window, and dinner was not yet being served, and the young man sitting opposite had not struck him as the kind of fellow-traveller he would enjoy talking to, he resumed the dissatisfied speculations which the notice above the young man's seat had been intermittently arousing in him during a course of years:

PRIERE D'EXIGER UNE NOTE POUR
TOUTE SOMME VERSEE

The French official mind emerges from an unswervingly applied education, which includes (under grammar) verse forms, the caesura, *rimes riches* and *rimes suffisantes*, together with admired passages of declamation to be scanned, analyzed, and learned by heart. So it was natural enough that a notice in a *wagon-restaurant* should open as though it meant to be an Alexandrine. But the author couldn't keep it up; he fell into that torrent of syllables and was swept on, helpless, till he clawed himself back onto the classic manner with his "*versée*"—a preposterous word in the circumstances, thought Henry Sparrow, who had learned during the Medium and Advanced French of his school days to associate it with flowers and tears.

The car had filled up, a man had come round with the basket of rolls, the train had entered the Simplon Tunnel, and Henry, who did not like being beaten by a trifle, applied himself yet once again to rescuing that foundered Alexandrine. A bold, but permissible, expedient would be to treat the opening as a half line:

Prière d'exiger
Une note, Messieurs les Voyageurs . . .

But this only postponed the crisis, besides demanding a larger expanse of public advertising space.

The lights flickered, and went out.

For a moment, no one spoke. The noise of the train grinding up the incline took over, and was portentous. Someone farther down the car clicked a cigarette lighter; someone else struck a match. A voice from across the table exclaimed, "Oh, thank God!"

With more clicking of lighters, striking of matches, everyone began to talk. There was a dawn chorus of cheerful expostulations, and car attendants appeared with little lanterns. Under cover of this, Henry said, "Why? Why 'Thank God'?"—for the voice had sounded so abjectly relieved that curiosity was too much for him.

"I always think I've gone blind. Silly, isn't it?"

In the train journey that took Henry to and from his boarding school there had been a certain tunnel—not long enough to warrant lighting up but long enough to impose that darting panic, that interval of accepting the worst. Even when familiarity had taught him not to be an ass, he still dreaded the tunnel, because, though it could no longer frighten him, it could remind him how horribly frightened he had been. "Most people feel like that, at some time or another," he said. "Especially when they are young. When one is young, one has a great deal of superfluous fear. Young animals—" He was about to instance colts when the lights came on again, and the attendants began serving the first course.

There sat the young man whom Henry had decided he would not enjoy talking to. A weedy specimen: long, thin neck; high, spotty forehead; callow chin beard—everything about him was weedy. With his shabby-jaunty air, and his pale eyes flinching in their dark circles of sleeplessness, he was at once pathetic and unprepossessing. But a contact had flashed between them; conversation must be kept up.

"I suppose it was a fuse," Henry said. "I'm glad they put it right. The tunnel would seem even more interminable if we had to sit in the dark."

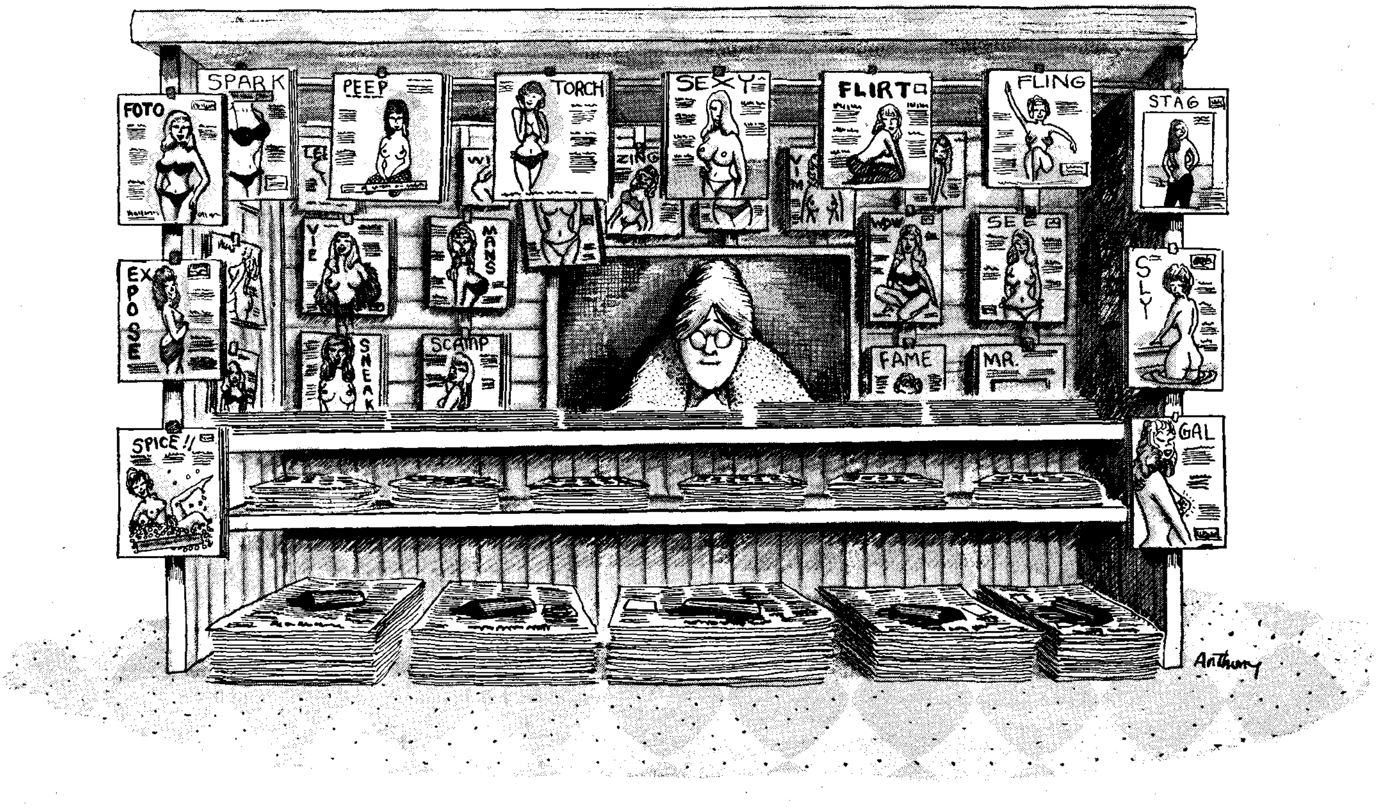
"How long is it?"

"I believe it takes about twenty minutes."

"Twenty minutes? I don't call that much. I've been through a tunnel in Norway that takes thirty-eight minutes."

Henry said, "Really?," and hoped the conversation might now languish.

Presently the young man revived it. "The whole of this journey strikes me as interminable. I loathe these interna-



tionalized trains. They're so artificial. . . . *Garçon! Un Coke.*"

"Have you been travelling long?"

"I haven't had a proper sleep for the last four nights. I don't know if you call that 'long.' "

The train had altered its voice. Like an underground stream, it was hurrying down to the Valley of the Rhône. Henry, knowing that this was not the solicited inquiry, inquired, "Have you much farther to go?"

"Liverpool. What's this mess? Veal, I suppose. It's always veal."

"*A l'Ambassadeur*. In a cream sauce, with mushrooms," said the attendant, in English.

This is insufferable, thought Henry; I shall get out at Sion. . . . And why not? He had long wanted to hear that venerable organ which had snored and tweedled through so many centuries; he was not particularly expected at home; so why not get out at Sion? All that would be required was the strength of mind to discount the cost of his sleeper and the strength of sinew to fight his way along the intervening corridors to collect his suitcase and his passport—a combat he must face sooner or later anyhow. There would be time to finish his veal, which was excellent; then he would assert himself as a freeborn Englishman, rise, pay, and escape from the odious young fellow.

Meanwhile the odious young fellow was talking on. "The only way to travel is on foot. It's the only way you can get to know the real country, the real people. Live with peasants and help with the harvest. Drink the local wines. Stay in little fishing ports, go out in the boats, sing, get to know everybody. When I'm in a place like that, I always make a point of going to church."

"What do you do in Rome?" asked Henry. He knew this would be wasted, and it was.

"Rome? Don't talk to me of Rome. I'd no sooner got into this train than a ghastly slum family was shoved in on top of me—father, mother, three kids, all their earthly belongings in bags and baskets. And they'd come from Rome—they said so. One of the kids is some sort of cripple, and does nothing but whine and fidget. And his dear Mum does nothing but jump up and down, getting this out of one basket and that out of another, to tempt his appetite. I don't know what they're doing on a rapid. They ought to be in a cattle truck."

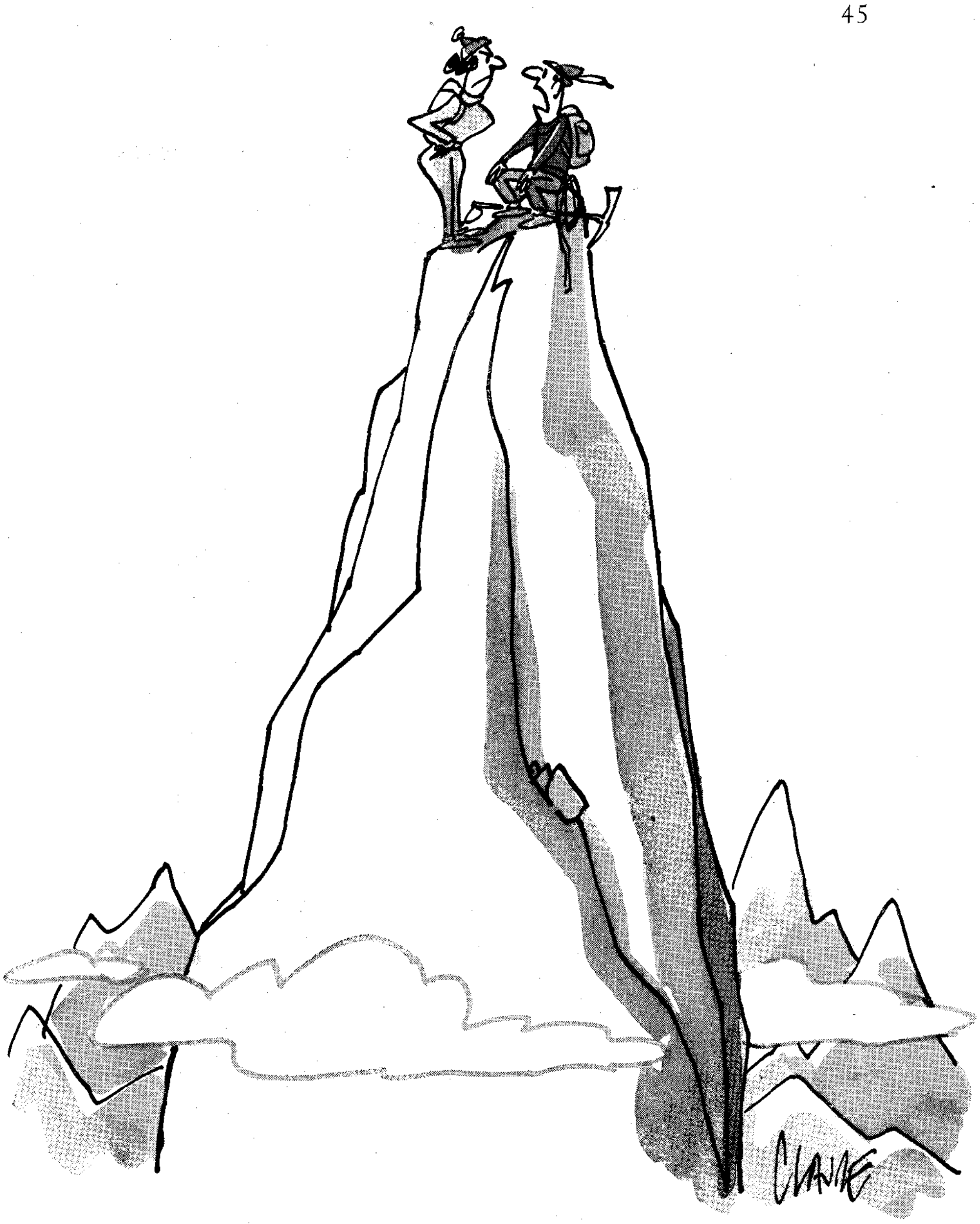
This, too, was overheard by the attendant, who had removed Henry's neat plate and hovered uncertainly over the young man's mauled remains.

"Talking of travelling—yes, take it away, I'm through—I ran into a bit of real life in Turkey. Have you ever been in Turkey?"

"Only on the beaten track."

"The what? Oh, yes, the beaten track. Well, this wasn't the sort of thing you'd find on the beaten track. It was off in the mountains. I'd been walking all day. I'd seen one shepherd in the morning; after that, no one—just a few eagles. And it had got dark suddenly. You know how suddenly it gets dark in Turkey; even on the beaten track you'd notice that. It looked like a case of under-the-stars for me—not the first time, either—when I saw some tall white things: and they were tombstones in a cemetery. And beside it was a broken-down old mosque. Well, I thought, no smoke without fire; where there's dead folks, there's live folks. Sure enough, there was a village. Well, knowing how hospitable these mountain Turks are—hospitality's a sacred duty with them—I knocked at a door. No answer. I knocked at another door. No answer. I called. A dog began howling. That was all. There was a storm coming up, and a perishing wind. So I went back to the mosque and curled up just inside. Last thing I knew was the dog howling. When I woke, it was daylight, and the dog was still howling. And the floor of the mosque was covered with stiffs. I must have picked the one place where there wasn't a stiff. And every one of them had spots. Plague spots! Did I hop it? Just think!" said the young man, leaning over the table. "Just think! If a flea off one of those stiffs had bitten me, I'd have got plague!"

"A near thing," said Henry. It was the best he could do. The story, told by



"I didn't come up here to start an argument!"

• •

old Dr. Protheroe, had made a deep impression on him when he was eight years old and newly allowed to sit up for Sunday supper. In the Protheroe version it was typhus, and there was no dog. The dog was a good touch, and if the young man had supplied it, it did him credit. Otherwise, the stories were identical. *Ars longa*, thought Henry. Two world wars, the Spanish-influenza epidemic, Auschwitz, Hiroshima had gone by and were in process of being forgotten. Old Dr. Protheroe's story was as lively as ever; in time it would certainly be told on the moon. Art is long, and tough, and never loses a tooth. This Ninon de l'Enclos of a narrative was fastened in the very flesh of the poor braggart sitting below *Prière d'exiger*. By dint of telling, it had become his story, happened to him. His neck swelled, his eyes bulged, there was sweat on his forehead; if one had taken his hand, how horribly clammy the palm would be! Now he would dream about it, and cry out in his sleep. But on reflection, the poor wretch would not be in a way for nightmares; he was spending the night in that crowded compartment with the sickly child and the fidgeting mother.

COFFEE was served, the case of liqueurs brought round. Henry had a brandy and offered one to the young man.

"No, thanks. I don't drink alcohol. In any form." Earlier in the conversation, he had been drinking the wine of the country with peasants—but no matter.

Bills were made out and laid on the tables. The head of the service came round with his cashbox. The young man glanced at his bill, pulled out his wallet, put down a couple of notes. The head of the service, a stout, Father-Christmasly Swiss, shook his head. "These are lira notes, Monsieur. The charge is in francs."

When the bill had been settled, the young man said to Henry with a limping smile, "That's done for my breakfast." It was the first unfeigned remark he had made since his "Oh, thank God!," and Henry was completely at a loss how to answer it. "Unless they'll take these." With a flourish, the young man threw some Turkish notes on the table and looked at Henry as much as to say, "There! Now do you believe me?"

Henry was prepared to believe the young man had been in Turkey; he had a vivid mind's-eye picture of him going for a walk beyond a bus stop, trembling at every dog, kite, and skin eruption. He knew he ought to ask appropriate questions. He also knew that he ought to offer to change the notes. If he had been asked to, he would have done it willingly enough. However, he was glad he had not been asked, as then he would have put himself under an obligation (for every obligation is two-sided, the one who obliges being tied by the acceptance of the one obliged) and he did not want to be under an obligation to this boasting, flinching mongrel, whom he was now quite inordinately disliking. Besides, it was too late. He had thought about it. Such acts are only possible if one does them suddenly, and Henry was not a person who did things suddenly.

DOGGIE Boutique
DOGGIE Boutique
GROOMING

A moment later, the suddenness of his action was as surprising as though a rocket had exploded off his lips. He had said, "You'll go to pieces if you don't get a night's sleep. I'm going to put you in my sleeper."

"In your sleeper? Very kind of you, I'm sure. But I'm afraid it's out of the question. I'd really rather not." The refusal, beginning haughtily, ended coyly. It was clear that he had no doubt of Henry's intentions, and that the coyness was a cautious acceptance of them.

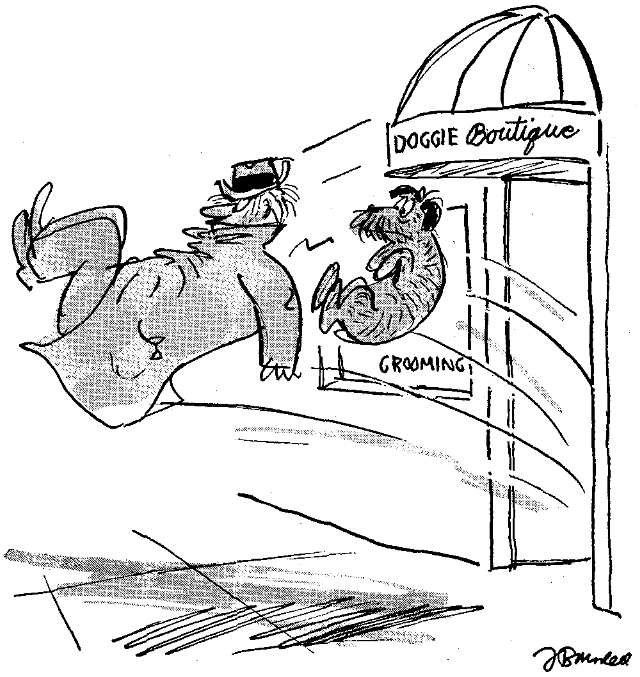
"Where's your compartment?" said Henry. "Two cars down? Good! Then you can pick up your traps on the way. Come on!"

Watching from the corridor, he saw the look of alarm on the mother's face, and the sadness of her gesture as she woke the child, who had stretched out into the vacated seat, gathered him to her and settled his feet on a bundle. The young man jerked down a suitcase from the rack, stumbled over the bundle, stumbled against the man who sat in the inner corner nursing a fiddle case, and came away, exclaiming, "My God, what a pigsty!"

"Come on," said Henry once more. His rage was now sabled with gloom. Not only was he about to put this young cad into his sleeper, he would also have to explain the transfer to the *wagon-lit* attendant. It would probably turn out to be against the regulations. In which case he would— He really did not know what he would do, except that nothing on earth should prevent him from doing a thing he would do with the utmost ill-willingness.

The attendant was sitting in his small apartment, looking monkish. He was an immensely tall man, with an inured expression. When he stood up, he did it with a functional agility, as though he were an expanding ladder and part of the equipment. Henry, concentrating on the matter-of-course aspect of thus disposing of a sleeper, almost forgot whom he was proposing to put into it, till, with the words "this gentleman here," he glanced back at the young man standing behind him. Dirty, hangdog, apprehensive, the young man looked like a criminal hauled before yet another official person who would presently find him out. Inflamed by that chivalry towards oppressed criminals by which a law-abiding Englishman compounds his law-abidingness, Henry prepared to give battle. However, the attendant shrugged his shoulders and said he must have the gentleman's passport and ticket. The young man produced them with the affable air of one who has again diddled the authorities, and was conducted to the sleeper.

Henry stood in the corridor waiting to tip. The attendant reappeared. "I'm afraid I can't offer Monsieur another sleeper," he said. "And the train is very full tonight. However, some people may be getting out at Lausanne. You might find a seat then. It is possible." His voice had a skin of solicitude over a granite disapprobation. Scratch a Frenchman and you'll find a schoolmistress, thought Henry, quite unfairly. Deciding that he would go back to the restaurant car for another brandy, he began to walk



through the train. In the corridor of a first-class, a man had pulled down a window and was leaning out. He was so absorbed that he made no attempt to move out of the way, so Henry paused and looked out, too. The train slowed down; then, with the eccentricity of night expresses, it came massively to a halt. The black mountain silhouette remained fixedly against the sky, the improbable sparkles of light on its flanks settled into a social pattern. He could hear the noise of a waterfall. If he had got out at Sion, he would have spared himself all this shame of false kindness and futile rage—besides having a bed to look forward to. The train began to move, a woman's voice said, "For God's sake, Winthrop," the man went into his compartment. Henry walked on. Almost unawares, he recognized the compartment the young man had quitted.

THERE they were, the man nursing the fiddle case, the stout man sitting opposite, the family beyond. The two little girls had fallen asleep, clasped together and moving as one body with the sway of the train. Beyond them, the father drowsed. The boy seemed to be asleep, too; at any rate his eyes were shut in his pained, twitching face. Only the mother sat erect and wakeful, supporting the boy's head on her lap. Her face was hidden by the folds of the dull black kerchief tied under her chin, but Henry knew by her attitude that she had composed herself to wakefulness as others compose themselves to sleep. Just as her sad gesture had moved him before, her attitude moved him now. She was small, thin, meanly built; but she was one of those beings whose movements and postures have the infallible aristocracy of a long lineage of labor, hardship, and duty. She could no more go wrong with a gesture, he thought, than she could go wrong paring a potato. The boy stirred. She turned her head to look down at him. Her glance went on to the two little girls, to the packages in the rack, to Henry looking in. She leaned forward, careful not to disturb the boy, and touched her husband's knee. Instantly, he came out of his drowse. She said something, and glanced again to the door, and extended her hand palm uppermost over the space between the boy and the stout man in the corner. Henry shook his head, but at the same moment the husband spoke to the stout man, who pulled open the door, saying, "The Signora says that if you are looking for a seat, there is one here."

"It is most kind of the Signora," said Henry. "But I could not think of disturbing her. I shall certainly find a seat farther on."

"For that matter," said the man with the fiddle case, "if you don't mind waiting a little longer, I shall be getting out at Lausanne, and you can have my seat without disturbing anybody."

They all did her bidding, as though she were a queen.

Just before Lausanne, the man with the fiddle case came into the corridor, touched Henry's shoulder, and said, "You can go in now." He obeyed, and sat down beside the two little girls. The woman looked across at him. Her grave, unsmiling face was momentarily expressive of a grave contentment; then she looked away and the black drapery hooded her face.

No one spoke. From time to time, the boy twitched and moaned. The stout man snored quietly. Then the elder of the little girls, who had woken up, said with a look of delight, "He's like the sea!"

The mother's finger went up to her lips, but the stout man snored on, and presently the father said to Henry, "It is natural. Our home is by the sea. Besides, I am a fisherman."

"A hard life," said Henry.

"Yes, you are right; a hard life, and a poor livelihood. But it has compensations. One can pick up driftwood on the beach. Sometimes we even find coal. But it does not burn well; the sea has got into it."

"Once I picked up a toothbrush," said the little girl.

She was easier to understand than her father, who turned to her when he was at a loss for the Italian for some dialect word. Clasping her sister and swaying in unison with her, she interpreted, and helped on the conversation with comments of her own. They were Sardinians; none of them except the father had been off the island till now, when they were all going to London in England—except Rocco and the hens. Rocco had been coming, too, but Uncle Dante said that the English customs officers would put him in a prison called the Quarantina; though he had never bitten anybody and had very few fleas.

"The boy's dog, you understand," said the father. "A pet. It is because of my poor boy that we are going to London. There is a hospital in London that can cure such children, so my wife's brother says. He and his family live in London. He keeps a tavern—"

"A restaurant," corrected the little girl.

"—a restaurant, and students from that hospital go there, and he spoke to one of them about our Gianpaolo. And in the end, suddenly, we heard that all was arranged—the doctor, the bed in the hospital, our permits, our journey. Dante is paying for it all. There is even to be a cabin on the boat. A cabin!" He shook with laughter at the joke of a fisherman going to sea in a cabin.

"Your brother is a good friend."

"Oh, yes, Dante is good, very good. And he is rich. He has done very well; he makes a great deal of money."

The mother, who till now had been silent, looked full at Henry. "You, too, are good," she said in a stern voice. "You gave up your place in the train to that young man. I saw what was happening. I understood."

He lowered his eyes. He did not know how to answer. If he was silent, he would appear to concur. He certainly could not enter into the truth; and the usual "Not at all, it was nothing" would not serve, since there had been an implied reception in her words, so that to belittle his merit would be to slight her approval. He was deciding, rather romantically, that the only offering he could make to this remarkable woman would be to leave her her illusion when, raising his eyes, he saw that no answer was called for. Having paid him his due, she had dismissed him from her mind and was offering the child a biscuit.

He wished he could dismiss himself from his own mind. He had felt a glow of pleasure when the stern voice addressed him. The discovery that he had been noticed, pondered on—that he had become a person to her, been received—would have been delightful, if it had not depended on that mistaken word "good." After the malice with which he had listened to the young man, and probably envy, too, since he would not have felt such animated dislike for someone nearer his own age; after the arrogant, wealthy man's offer of the sleeper, made on an impulse that couldn't have had a spark of kindness in it (since when it was read as an improper advance he was merely glad of another reason for disliking); after the inertia of not getting out at Sion and so retreating with some remnants of self-respect, it was not easy to submit to an imputation of goodness. Yet by degrees it became easier. Her mistake was in no way his doing; it was not even the total condemnation his middle-class conscience felt it to be—a conscience rating goodness at rarity value and shaped from nursery onward by such estimating phrases as "good as gold." These people had a different, perhaps unworldly, outlook on goodness, and apparently did not find it more surprising than, say, rain. A torrential rain comes to be acknowledged as the flood of such or such a year; a torrential goodness comes to be acknowledged as a saint, but apart from extremes, goodness and rain are something naturally to be expected. So the father had agreed that Dante was good, very good; but it was Dante's enabling riches he dwelt on, the riches that dug the irrigating ditch, that were conveying the family to London and Gianpaolo to the hospital. Such an outlook, at once practical and discerning, was very probably quite a common one—at any rate among people who seldom hear the term "philanthropy" and do not daily receive printed appeals on behalf of the blind, the starving, the homeless, the underprivileged, the unconverted to this religion or that. Very likely the stout man sitting opposite also enjoyed this outlook—which was why he was able to snore so peacefully. The little girl was quite right: he snored like the sea.

The train rushed on through the darkness, and in the darkness waves fell on the beach, broke against the cliffs, and the sea closed and relaxed its embrace of the island. A traveller by air would look down and say, "I suppose that's Sardinia." Which way (for one was free to decide) should the plane be travelling—east or west? Henry was nosing his way into sleep when the flash and roar of a train running counter to theirs recalled him to where he was, and why. He realized that it might be possible for him to redeem his imputed goodness. His riches enabled him to command porters.

"I hope there will be someone meeting you at Victoria," he said to the father.

"Victoria? I don't know about Victoria. Dante will know. He is meeting us at the port of Calais."

The mother nodded, her face glittering with excitement, as though it were a rock dashed with a sudden spray. If Dante resembled his sister, thought Henry, their meeting would be a sight worth seeing. Dante, indeed, was the answer to everything. By asking the address of Dante's restaurant it would be possible to see these people again; perhaps, at last, be of some use to them; at any rate, see them. Meanwhile, he had entered the restaurant, where Dante was walking about with a peacock under his arm, feeding it with grapes. Coming up to Henry's table, he said, "Have you brought my sister's hat? If she is going to be Queen of Scotland, she will need several hats." Looking at the peacock, Henry remarked, "I suppose that is the Papal Blessing." Even in his dream, he felt pleased with this perspicacity; not every Englishman would have known it. So, in a light slumber, he went

THE MAY DAY DANCING

The kindergarten children first come forth
In couples dressed as little brides and grooms.
By dancing in, by dancing round and out,
They braid the Maypole with a double thread;
Keep time, keep faith, is what the music says.

The corporal piano now leads out
Successively the older boys and girls,
Grade after grade, all for the dancing paired,
All dressed in the fashion of forgotten folk;
Those nymphs and shepherds, maybe, never were.

And all the parents standing in a ring,
With cameras some, and some with only eyes,
Attend to the dancing's measurable rule,
Bemused, or hypnotized, so that they see
Not seven classes of children, but only one—

One class of children, seven times again,
That ever enters on the dancing floor
One year advanced in its compliant skill,
To patterns ever with more varied styles
Clothing the naked order of the bass.

Some here relate the May with wanton rites,
Some with the Haymarket Riot, some with nothing
Beyond the present scene and circumstance,
Which, by the camera's thin, incisive blade,
They hope to take a frozen section of,

Keeping their child with one foot on the ground
And one foot off, and with a solemn face
Or one bewildered between grin and tears,
As many times repeating time and faith
He follows the compulsions of the dance

Around the brilliant morning with the sun—
The dance that leads him out to bring him home,
The May Day dance that tramples down the grass
To raise the dust, that braids a double thread
Around the pole, in the great room of the sun.

—HOWARD NEMEROV

• •

"Caveat emptor!"

• •

lightly from one dream to another, conscious in another region of his mind that the dreams were gay and harmless and that he would come to no harm among them. From time to time, he woke more completely and saw the wakeful mother, sitting composedly, her hooded head erect and sleek like a bird's. Not since his childhood, when the wind blew in the chimney and the black cat lay under the scarlet eiderdown, had he slept so confidently.

Somewhere in the middle of this strange night without time or locality, he was nudged awake to share in a meal of bread and stony-hard sausage and rough sweet wine. The stout man had been awakened, too. He was a motor salesman. Hearing Henry's English accent, he told how his cousin, a prisoner in England and working for a farmer, had slashed his leg with a billhook, and how the farmer's wife, leaving all else, had driven him to the doctor for an anti-tetanus injection. If there was so much science and good will even in a rough country place, there was no saying what a London doctor would not be able to do for the little boy—and should this fail, there was Lourdes.

At the mention of Lourdes, the father's face hardened. Seeing that he had said the wrong thing, the motor salesman offered peppermints all round, and then produced a very clean handkerchief, which he knotted into a conjurer's rabbit. The rabbit frisked about among the children, tickling them with its ears and pulling peppermints and ten-lira bits out of pockets and hair ribbons. "Look out, look out! He'll be after your biscuit. . . . Oho, what has he found now?" A coin fell on the floor. The little girls made a dive for it. The boy, escaping from his mother's hold, leaned down, lost his balance, and fell. Screaming with pain and terror, he lay writhing among their feet. When his father tried to lift him up, he squirmed away, hideously agile, hauling himself along on his elbows with his useless legs trailing after him, striking his head against whoever's hand came near him.

"Fool!" said Henry to the motor salesman.

The motor salesman's horrified, crimsoned face did not alter; probably he had not heard, because of the noise the child was making. No one else uttered a word of blame. The mother knelt down beside the child; she made no attempt to touch him, but kept up a wordless noise of condolence. Half grunt, half creak, it was more like a tree's voice than a woman's. The boy turned his head and spat at her. Instantly, she had her arms round him and in the same flow of movement had lifted him back onto the seat. "Brute! Brutes!" he said between sobs.

"*Ciao!*" The father spoke under his breath, with a lifetime of accepted endurance in his voice.

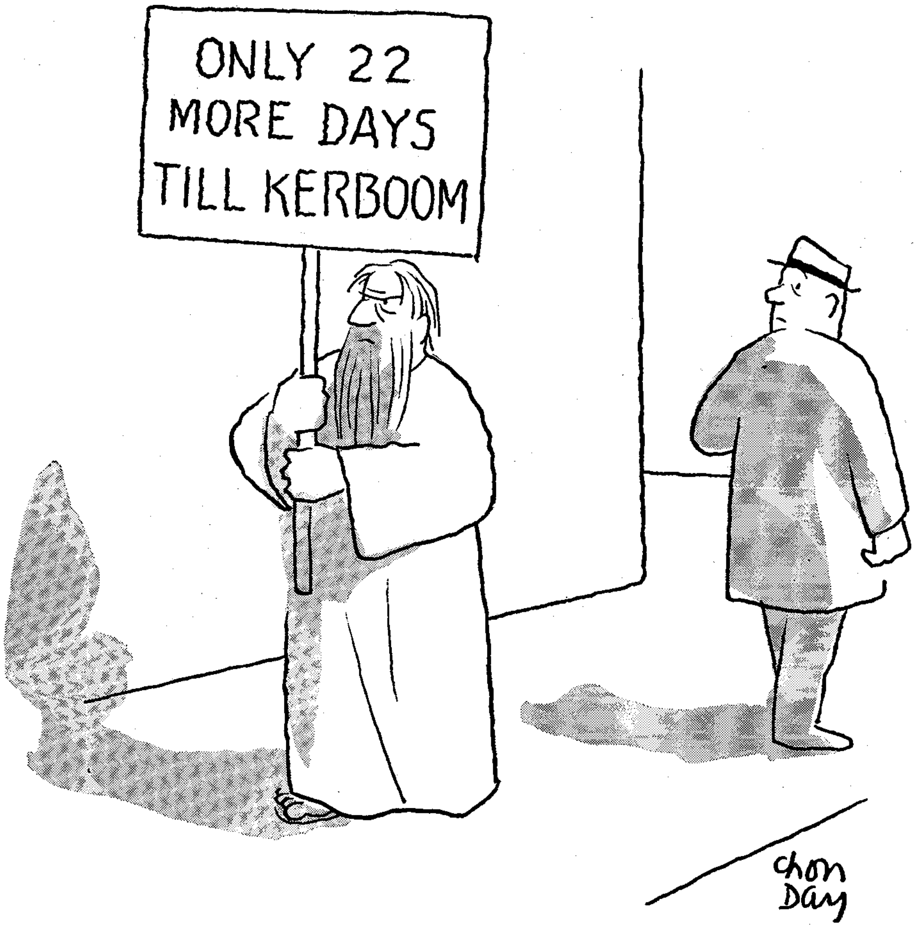
Presently, like reflections in a shaken pond, they settled again, were the same family travelling to London with a sick child, the same pair of well-meaning outsiders. The mother's kerchief, loosened in the struggle, had fallen back. Tears of fatigue ran down her unshielded face. Sleep was mastering her, harsh as death in its oncoming. Twice she reeled forward, twice she jerked herself awake and erect again. Henry got up, saying to the motor salesman that they should move to the corridor. The father misunderstood, and began to apologize for the disturbance.

"The Signora must lie down. She is worn out. You must take the boy from her," said Henry, and to his amazement he found himself lifting the sleeping child and planting him on the father's lap. As the child's weight was taken away, she put out a groping hand. The elder little girl took hold of it, patted it, and laid it gently back on her breast. She was dead asleep before they had settled her at full length, with a bundle under her head and her feet decently covered with a shawl. Even then, the father made a last attempt at hospitality, pointing out that the two little girls took up no more room than one person, so that with the boy held on his knee there would still be places for the two gentlemen.

Constrained together by what they had been through, Henry and the motor salesman stood in the corridor, keeping up a desultory conversation. Dijon had been left behind; the muteness of the first light was like a reproach to human activities. "Why go further?" it seemed to say. "Why all these purposes?" The motor salesman remarked that it would have been better to try Lourdes before London; whatever a person's opinions might be, there was no harm in showing a little civility; and there was no reason to think that the child of Communist parents would not stand as good a chance as any other—even a better chance, as it would be a more beautiful miracle. Henry felt the familiar squirming of inquiry always aroused in him by religious remarks, but he had learned from experience that only Dissenters like to have their religious remarks followed up. He praised the behavior of the two little girls. The motor salesman agreed. Presently they parted.

I shall never see her again, Henry thought, for I can't go back now and ask the name of Dante's restaurant. They would not think it odd. But I should. . . . For a quiet man who minded his own business, he had performed a sufficiency of odd acts during the course of this long night. Since entering Switzerland, he had thrust a young man into his sleeper because he loathed him, prepared himself to fight a *wagon-lit* attendant, compelled a motor salesman out of his corner seat, and fallen in love with a fisherman's wife—who had addressed exactly one remark to him, and that on a false assumption. He had fallen in love with her, and almost immediately had fallen asleep in her presence—as contentedly, as reposefully, as though the physical act of love had taken place between them. A long night!—unquestioned, violent, and inconsequential as a dream. Even now, the sun had not risen, and the mists were sleeping in the woodlands, and the odious young man was sleeping in his sleeper.

As he watched, the sky opened like a wound and a glaring tinsel streaked the horizon. Before midday, they would be safe in Dante's keeping. It was too ambitious, it was almost blasphemous, to hope that their breakfast would have escaped Dante's consideration; for all that, he would ask about it after leaving Paris, where the breakfast car came on. The brief glare of sunrising waned and went out; daylight showed a low ceiling of cloud. In Paris it would be raining.

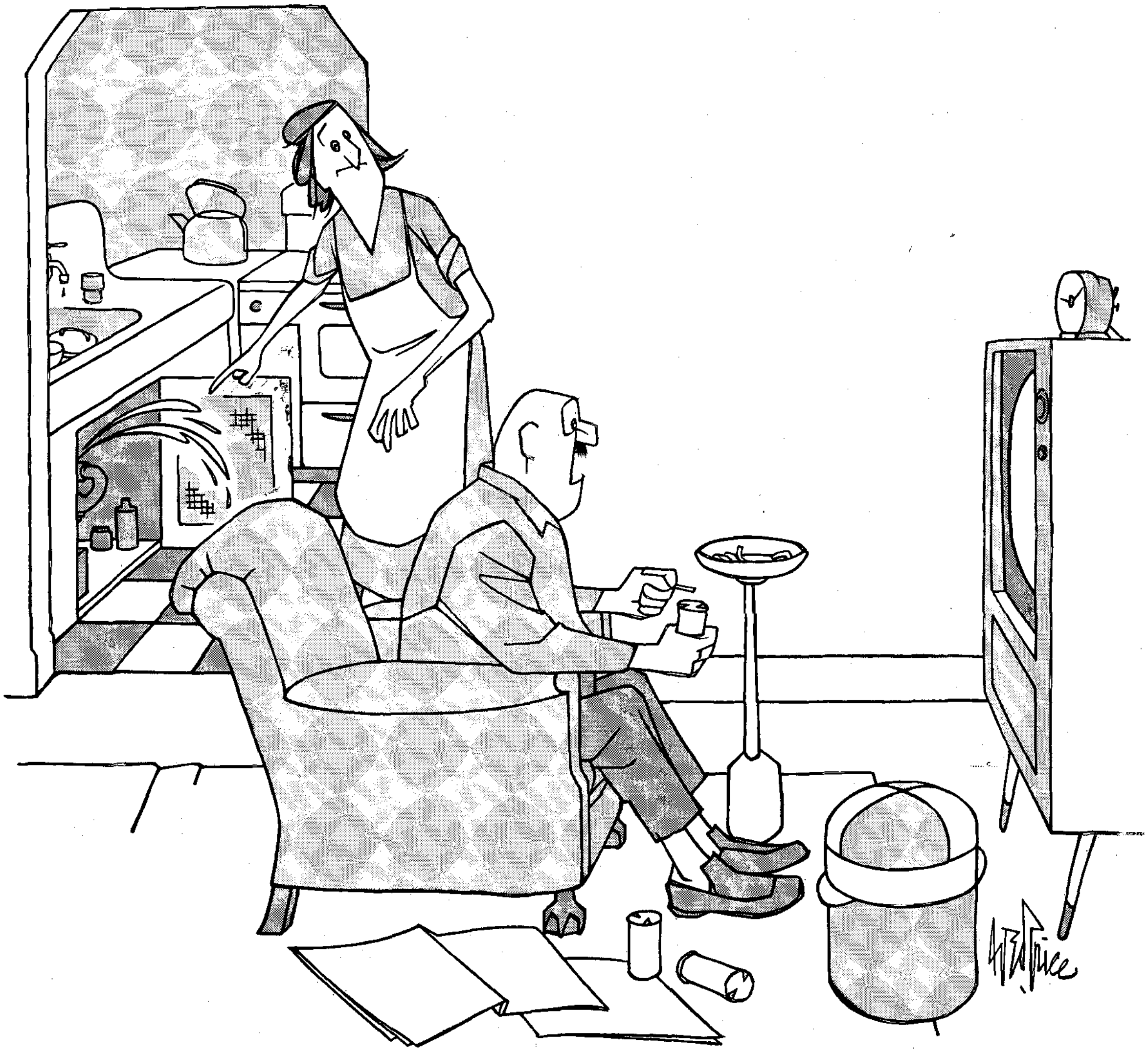


IN Paris it was raining. Yellow mackintoshes, white mackintoshes, black mackintoshes emerged from suburban trains and disappeared like a flitting of butterflies. Long dead, and grown quite respectable and undebatable, the French Impressionists continue to paint Paris. The canvases of the Gare du Nord replaced the canvases of the Gare de Lyon. Presently the hand bell would be rung down the corridor. Though he was rumpled and unshaven, he would have breakfast before he faced the odious young man, the disapproving attendant.

The noise of the hand bell approached, its associations so compelling that the smell of coffee seemed to be approaching with it. On the heels of the ringer came a man carrying a breakfast tray. The clatter of crockery ceased, a door was opened, there was an acclaim of voices. The little girls led it, but everyone was talking, and they all sounded happy and unconstrained—as they would be, of course, now that his formalizing presence was removed. So Henry went and ate his solitary breakfast, and prolonged the solitude as long as his self-respect would allow him to. When he came to walk past the compartment that was Sardinia, he allowed himself to glance in. The mother was replaiting the younger daughter's hair, the father was rolling a cigarette. No one saw him. There seemed to be a great deal more hand baggage than during the night, but that was because much of it had been taken down from the rack and opened to get things out. When an adventure is over, it is over. Only the adventure's grudging begetter remained—the young man but for whose inability to recognize a peasant family when he met it Henry would not have entered the Sardinian compartment. No doubt he also had been unpacking and expanding. If he starts being grateful to me, thought Henry; if he has the effrontery to utter a word of thanks— However, this did not seem very likely.

The *wagon-lit* attendant was in his cell, bundling sheets into a laundry sack. "Your sleeper's ready for you," he said. "I expect you'll be glad to be back in it, and to have it to yourself." Having watched the first arrow quiver in the outer ring, he aimed the second at the bull's-eye. "Your friend has left the train, you know. He collected his passport and his ticket to London, and got out at the Gare de Lyon." Barely glancing at the effect of his words, he showed Henry into his tidied, passionless sleeper and left him to think it over. Postponing emotion, Henry shaved.

Shaving was a thing that Henry did very well, but shave as he might, he was not able to dispel his bristling uneasiness. The event was so exactly what he would have wished that he could not feel satisfied with it. There must be a catch in it somewhere. The young man would reappear, having got out to buy a paper, or hoping to change his Turkish notes, and got in further along the train. But if so, why did he take his suitcase with him? Suppose he had killed himself in a lavatory?—with a revolver taken from the suitcase? This disposed of the suitcase but not of the young man. His body would be found, the attendant would testify that Henry had put him in the sleeper, a guilty association would be manifest to all, and by the time Henry had extricated himself from the processes of French law, dozens of starving relations would have sprung up in Liverpool. There would be a widowed mother—he was the kind of young man who has "widowed mother" stamped on his brow. Henry had noticed it, along with the pimples, beneath *Prière d'exiger* when the lights came on again in the dining car. "*Prière d'exiger*" . . . ominous words. It was going to be one of those transactions you don't get out of till the uttermost farthing has been accounted for. All ill-considered kind actions end calamitously—at any rate, most of Henry's did. One should learn to leave kind actions to the young, who are not endangered by them since they rarely perform them.



"I've told you! Don't bother me during prime evening time!"

• •

Calmed by these general reflections, Henry began to think on broader lines. He thought he would go to sleep. He settled himself, and closed his eyes. They hadn't closed comfortably. He opened them again and saw that the sleeper wasn't quite what it had been. Something was missing. What was missing was the slow wag of his overcoat on its hanger. So that was it! The odious young man had left the train because it was a safe and simple way of stealing a good overcoat. Warm in a good overcoat, he would wait till the next train, and then continue his journey. Henry heaved a sigh of relief. His mind was at rest. He need never give another thought to that odious young man, and when he got to London he would buy a new overcoat.

There was a knock; the door opened. The attendant came in, and he held the overcoat. He had observed, he said with specious tact, that Monsieur's friend had dropped cigarette ash on it. To avert any further mishap, he had taken it away.

The coat was put on the hanger, and resumed its faintly mesmerizing wag. It was a good coat, and Henry was attached to it; and under different circumstances he would have been glad to see it again. But now it came as a monitor, and told him he was not done with that young man after all. He would not reappear, he would not be found dead in a lavatory—these silly fancies had gathered up their improbably trailing skirts and fled like ghosts at sunrise. What remained was the real young man, who had left the train with his shabby suitcase, and no good solid overcoat, and no apparent reason. There he stood on the platform, hunching his narrow shoulders against the wet, wolfish cold. No overcoat, no breakfast, no reason. No real reason. No possible reason at all that Henry could see, except a reason which irresistibly imposed itself on his mind, forcing him to admit its validity, its tit-for-tat symmetricality. For if the odious young man had felt a reciprocal dislike, and had nursed it all night, tossing in luxury on a bed he had been forced into, and in the morning had realized that he would be expected to put up some show of thanks to the odious old fellow who at any moment would reappear with his chilblained civility, he might very well have had the courage of his animosity and got out in Paris—as Henry had failed to do at Sion.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

•

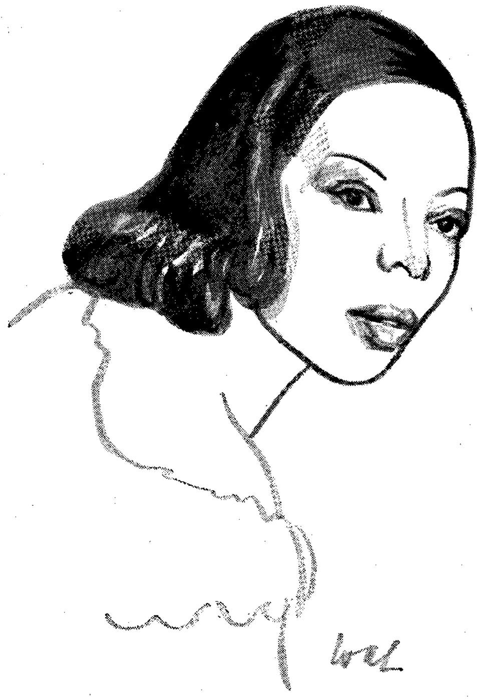
REPORTS WE NEVER FINISHED READING

[*From "The Measurement of Savings and Loan Savings," by Professor F. E. Balderston, consultant to the Division of Savings and Loan, State of California*]

The least elaborate approach is merely, say, in a regression equation in which saving is a dependent variable and income, economic demographic variables and attitudinal variables are the independent variables, to add a string of these expectational-motivational determinants and seek to test whether their addition assists in the explanation of, say, the savings rate. . . .

PROFILES

OUT HERE AGAIN



Mary Lou Williams

THE house of jazz is full of ghosts. Harried by the winds of economics, the nomad demands of their work, a swiftly changing music, and public fickleness, jazz musicians appear and disappear with bewildering frequency. Probably the most celebrated of these elusive spirits is Mary Lou Williams, the unique pianist, arranger, and composer. Some weeks ago, when, after a decade and a half of semi-obscurity, she miraculously materialized at the Hickory House, on West Fifty-second Street, I went to hear her It was soon after her opening, and when I arrived she was at a grand piano, with a bassist and a drummer behind her, and was playing "My Blue Heaven." Dressed in a black sleeveless gown, cut low in the back, she looked even prettier than the last time I had seen her, many years before. Her black hair was arranged in a loose helmet, and on her right arm she had a watch with a wide gold strap. She sat very straight, her body motionless and her elbows brushing her sides, as if she were pouring tea. Her head and her face, however, were in steady, graceful motion. Sometimes she shut her eyes and tilted her chin up, so that the light from a spot bounced off her high, prominent cheekbones, giving her a regal appearance. Sometimes, her eyes still shut, she moved her head counterclockwise in an intense, halting manner, punctuated with rhythmic downward jabs. When she was pleased by something her bassist or her drummer did, she rocked gently back and forth, partly opened her eyes, and smiled. She never looked at her long, thin fingers, which lay almost flat on the keys. Various blues and such numbers as "Caravan," "It Ain't Necessarily So," and "The Man I Love" sailed effortlessly by; she sounded marvellous.

The triumph of Miss Williams' style, I realized as I listened, is that she has no style. She is not an eclectic or an anthologist or a copyist; she is a gifted and delicate appreciator who distills what affects her in the work of other pianists into clear, cool, highly individual synopses. The grapes are others', the result is her own. In the late twenties and early thirties, echoes of Jelly Roll Morton and Fats Waller and Earl Hines hurried through her work. The mountainous shadow of Art Tatum passed over around 1940, and by 1945 she had become an expert bebop pianist. Since jazz piano—the otherworldly convolutions of Cecil Taylor aside—has not moved very far since then, she is now a post-bebop performer, her chords and single-note melodic lines applauding such juniors as Bill Evans and Red Garland. But while discreetly judging her peers she often scoops them. In the forties, she advanced certain dissonant chords that became part of Thelonious Monk's permanent furniture. She also outlined the sort of Debussy impressionism that no modern pianist confronted by a number like "Polka Dots and Moonbeams" would be caught without. In the thirties, she perfected an airy, slightly joshing form of boogie-woogie that pointed a way out of the mechanized morass that that singular music had sunk into, but she was too late. Miss Williams' present work, I discovered at the Hickory House, is an instructive history of jazz piano—a kind of one-woman retrospective of an entire movement. Her technique is faultless, and she has Art Tatum's touch. Fragments of boogie-woogie basses—in six-eight, rather than four-four or four-eight, time—frequently appear in her introductions. These are relieved by muted left-hand figures and right-hand chords that abstract the melody. Spare single-note lines surface in the right hand; their arpeggios are mere serifs, and they include generous rests. These melodic lines, strung between the chords of the tune like telephone wire, soon thicken, and she moves on to intense chords, often in double time or placed off the beat. Things begin to rock insistently and lightly, and after a few cloudlike melodic statements she returns to the six-eight introduction. Along the way, a Waller stride bass or an Ellington dissonance drifts by; a Basie aphorism is struck; big-interval Hines chords leap up and down the keyboard; a serpentine Bud Powell figure is carefully unspooled. But uppermost are a delicacy and wit and lofty invention that imply absolute knowledge. Rarely conscious of tempo, one is simply carried along at speeds that suggest wings and plenty of space.

At this point in my ruminations, the music stopped. Miss Williams, having announced the intermission pianist, got down from the stand, which is enclosed in a long, ovaloid bar, and, after speaking a few words to a group of well-wishers, retired to an empty booth at the rear of the room. I went over and introduced myself, and she asked me to sit down. A waiter brought her some coffee.

"I never could drink," she said. "When I was with the Andy Kirk band, back in the thirties, the boys had what they called the Hot Corn Club—named for the corn liquor they bought—and they were always trying to get me to drink. Backstage during a tonk game, somebody would make me a drink and I'd take one sip, and when I wasn't looking they would refill the glass, so I always thought I hadn't had but a taste. Once I was back at the piano, it would go right to my head, and I'd almost faint, and sit there woozy, saying 'Oh, my heart! Oh, my heart!,' and that broke the boys up." Miss Williams laughed—a low, tumbling, girlish chuckle in the quick flow of her talk—and lit a cigarette. The smoke closed her eyes, which are brown and slanted and heavy-lidded.

I told her how much I had enjoyed her playing

"I was off yesterday and I'm as stiff as a board," she said. "My fingers get stuck in the cracks. And that bass player of mine—if he'd only play jazz! He plays the bass like a guitar, with all those slurs, and he runs high notes when I'm trying to play funk. He's not with me, and it makes me mad. I'm going to call him tomorrow and nail his foot right to the floor and tell him he should go with the symphony." She shook her head, and laughed again.

I said she looked anything but unhappy on the stand.

"The madder I am, the more I smile," she assured me. "And when I stomp my foot on the beat, it means nothing is happening. I'm dry. When I stop, it's like Erroll Garner said—'When Mary keeps her leg still, look out. Something is starting to *build*.' But all I've been doing tonight is bang my foot. Sometimes you get cold, you freeze up, but you just play until the inspiration comes. You play what you know, and play it as well as you can, and then the feeling starts. A bad audience or a waiter dropping a tray can take your inspiration. If you have a dead rhythm section, you shut it out of your mind, and you learn this the hard way. If you make a mistake, you work something good out of that mistake. We were doing 'How High the Moon' a while ago, and I hit a wrong note in a chord, and what I did was go off immediately on a different tack and work that wrong note into a pattern that fitted. It sounded way out, but it was all right. You have to be on your tiptoes every minute. No one can put a style on me. I've learned from many people. I change all the time. I experiment to keep up with what is going on, to hear what everybody else is doing. I even keep a little ahead of them, like a mirror that shows what will happen next. One reason I came out here again is the sounds I hear in modern jazz. They're disturbed and crazy. They're neurotic, as if the Negro was pulling away from his heritage in music. You have to love when you play. Lord, I've talked talked talked music to young musicians, but they don't listen. So I've decided to show them, make them *hear* the soul." Miss Williams ground out her cigarette and took a sip of coffee. "Young musicians—and old ones, too—are coming in every night, and they're listening," she said.

With flawless timing, Thad Jones, Bobby Brookmeyer, and Mel Lewis walked in and stood at the bar. They were members of Gerry Mulligan's band, which was appearing around the corner at Birdland.

"Too many young musicians learn from records, and copy wrong chords and wrong notes and don't know it," she continued. "I can hear them, because I have perfect pitch. I'm going to stay out here and teach them."

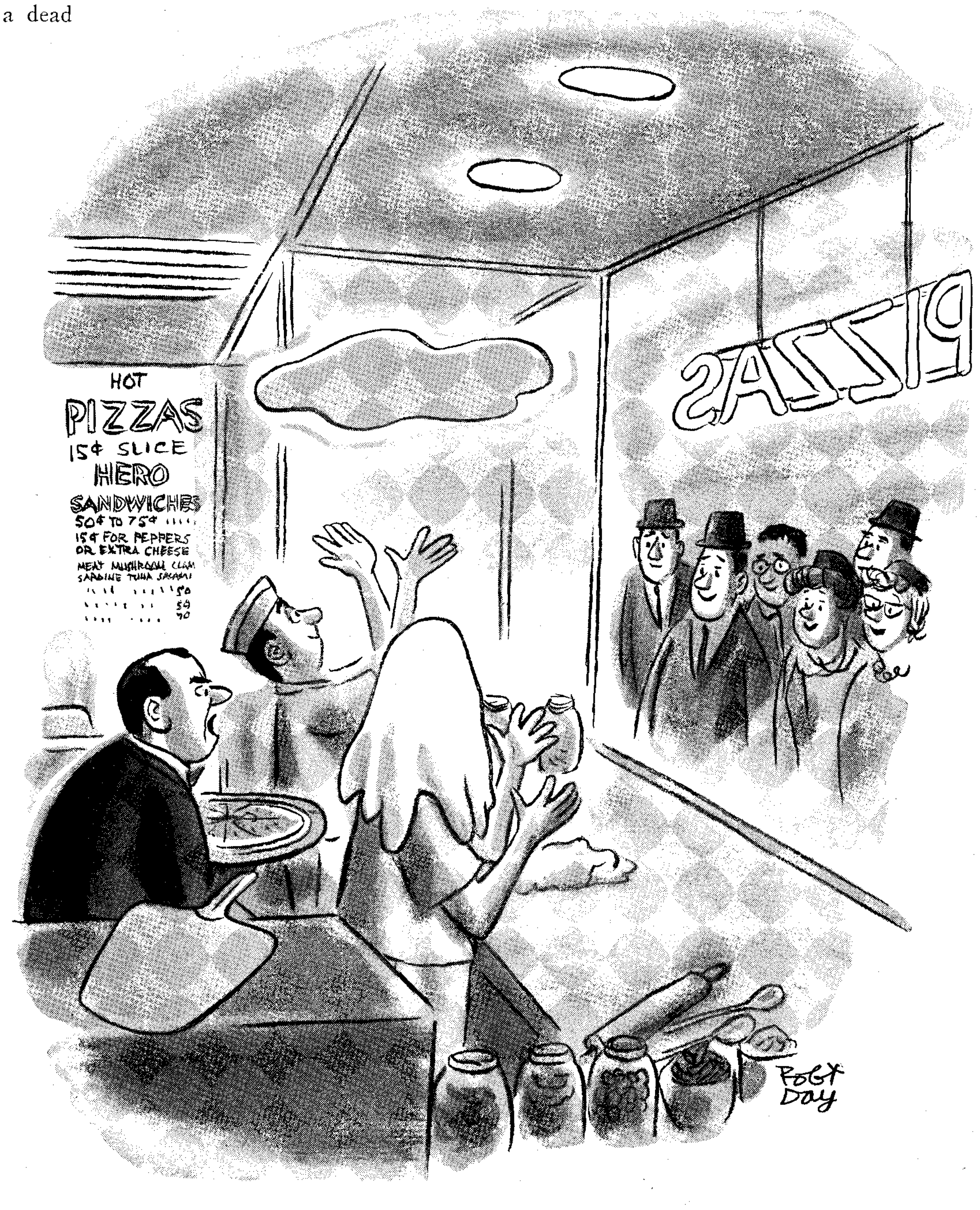
Miss Williams looked at her watch and rose, and I asked her to join me during the next intermission.

"I've got to talk to my stepbrother," she said. "He's due in now. But why don't you come with me to Elmsford tomorrow to my dressmaker? She moved up there recently from New York. I've grown fat since I last played, and I have to have all my dresses let out. Joe Wells—he owns Wells' Restaurant, up on Seventh Avenue—is going to drive me. You be at my house about ten o'clock."

I said I'd be delighted.

When I left, several sets later, Miss Williams' bassist was running high notes, she was smiling, and I could see from the posting motions of her skirt that she was banging her foot.

Mary Lou Williams is the only first-rate female musician in an unsentimental and peculiarly male music. There is little about the life of a jazz musician to attract women. The hours are long and topsy-turvy, the living conditions on the road are strikingly uncongenial for the traditional feminine pursuits, and most women lack the physical equipment—



"Harris, you're fired!"

NO. 6
NO. 6
WEBER

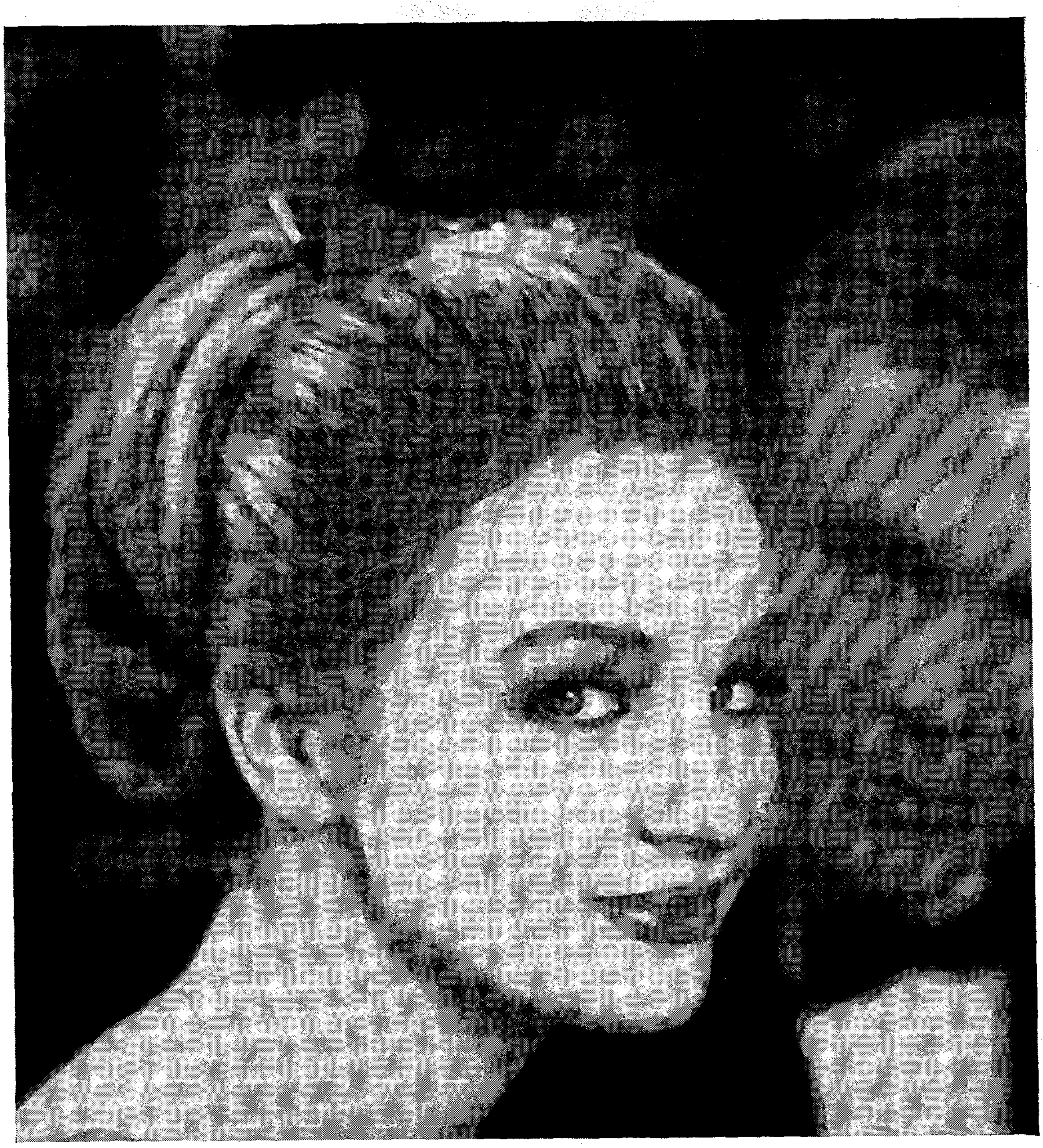
"Now! I want each of you to turn to the person on your right and say, 'Hi, Neighbor!'"

• •

to say nothing of the poise—for blowing trumpets and trombones, slapping bass fiddles, or beating drums. Those female instrumentalists who have cropped up in jazz in the past thirty or forty years have decorated pianos, harps, guitars, or vibraphones, and, in the main, they have dropped quickly out of sight. (Since jazz is predominantly an instrumental music, the great female jazz singers, like Bessie Smith and Billie Holiday, form a separate conclave.) But Miss Williams has survived. She is also one of the few jazz musicians, male or female, who have survived the swing era, which she graced as a pianist, arranger, and composer with the Andy Kirk band.

Taken together, the big swing bands resembled an iceberg. In plain view were the Goodmans, Shaws, Jameses, and Hermans; partly above water were the Basies and Ellingtons and Lancefords; and below were countless unknown, though often excellent, groups. A considerable number of these subsurface bands came from the Midwest and the Southwest, including, among others, those of Kirk, Jay McShann, Harlan Leonard, Jap Allen, Troy Floyd, and Jeter-Pillars. They formed, along with Count Basie's band, the so-called Kansas City school of jazz, playing a loose, easy, blues-based music that, through such graduates as Lester Young and Charlie Christian, assisted at the birth of bebop in New York in the early forties. In some ways, the Kirk band was better than the Basie band; its personnel remained almost unchanged throughout the twelve years Miss Williams was with it, and it had a casual precision that Basie's band, with its stellar iconoclasts, often lacked. Moreover, the Kirk band had a calmness and obliqueness that set it apart from the Kansas City bands; it implied what its peers shouted. Part of this was due to its best soloists—Miss Williams, Dick Wilson, Shorty Baker, and Ted Donnelly—and to its drummer, Ben Thigpen. Donnelly was a serene, thoughtful trombonist in the style of Benny Morton, and Wilson was a subtle, big-toned tenor saxophonist who had the fleetness of Chu Berry but none of his garrulity, and who also shared Lester Young's adventurous harmonies and rhythms. Baker was an economical and legato trumpeter, whose solos had a lyric slow-motion quality. Miss Williams' own solos—she was distilling Hines and Tatum much of the time—were graceful and meditative. Ben Thigpen (the father of the drummer Ed Thigpen) had a light, flexible touch and perfect time, and certain of his methods presaged modern drumming. Part of the Kirk band's unforced assurance also came from Miss Williams' arrangements, which were uncluttered and advanced. She used clarinet trios to spell out her attractive blues melodies; she opened and closed numbers simply, with a soloist and the rhythm section; her improvised-sounding saxophone passages suggested the creamy writing of Benny Carter; and there were odd, beautifully constructed background harmonies, often played by the saxophones and trombones. Her best arrangements had a small-band compactness. They also had an almost schoolmarm purpose, and unfailingly pointed up both the tunes and the frequent solos.

Miss Williams left Kirk in 1942 (the band petered out several years later) and joined the remarkable collection of singers, instrumentalists, dancers, and



The "Miss Monteil" look

Miss Monteil wears "Cat's-Eye Green Eye Shadow" on her eyes—"Navy Pink" on her lips—and a handsome man wherever she goes!

Germaine Monteil

comedians that travelled back and forth between Café Society Downtown and Café Society Uptown during the Second World War. This informal repertory company was brought together by Barney Josephson, who owned both night clubs, and at various times it consisted of the bands of Teddy Wilson, James P. Johnson, Frankie Newton, Edmond Hall, Red Allen, and Eddie Heywood; comedians like Imogene Coca, Zero Mostel, and Jimmy Savo; the Kraft Sisters, who were dancers; such singers as the Golden Gate Quartet, Joe Turner, Mildred Bailey, Billie Holiday, and Josh White; and pianists such as Mary Lou Williams, Meade Lux Lewis, Albert Ammons, Pete Johnson, and Hazel Scott. Miss Williams worked this attractive circuit until 1947, and then, having been visible for the greater part of seventeen years, abruptly became a ghost. Jazz itself had turned transparent. The big bands had been replaced by esoteric small groups that played bebop or cool jazz. Dancing—and the musicians who played for it—had been obliterated by a thirty-per-cent wartime cabaret tax. Fifty-second Street, which had cradled jazz since the thirties, was being taken over by office buildings. Jazz musicians—particularly those weaned on swing—had not felt so put upon since the early days of the depression. Miss Williams played at occasional concerts and in night clubs, and in 1952 she went to Europe for two years. She found things pretty much the same on her return, and, with the exception of a recording date, she lay low. Then, in 1957, the reasons for her disappearance changed; she was received into the Catholic Church, and entered a period of religious fervor. Rumor had it that she had quit music for good. Her admirers, long accustomed to her jack-in-the-box ways, mourned but waited.

Miss Williams lives alone in a two-and-a-half-room apartment on the second floor of a yellow brick building on Sugar Hill, near 144th Street and St. Nicholas Avenue. When I rang her doorbell, a minute or two past ten, I was greeted by a short, solid, nattily dressed man wearing horn-rimmed glasses and smoking a cigar.

"*Entrez*," he said. "Joe Wells. I been hurrying Mary along, and she's about ready."

I found myself in a narrow hall facing a small, cheerful kitchen. To my right, the hall ended in a living room, crowded with an upright piano, a sofa, a couple of cabinets, a portable phonograph, an aluminum worktable, and a

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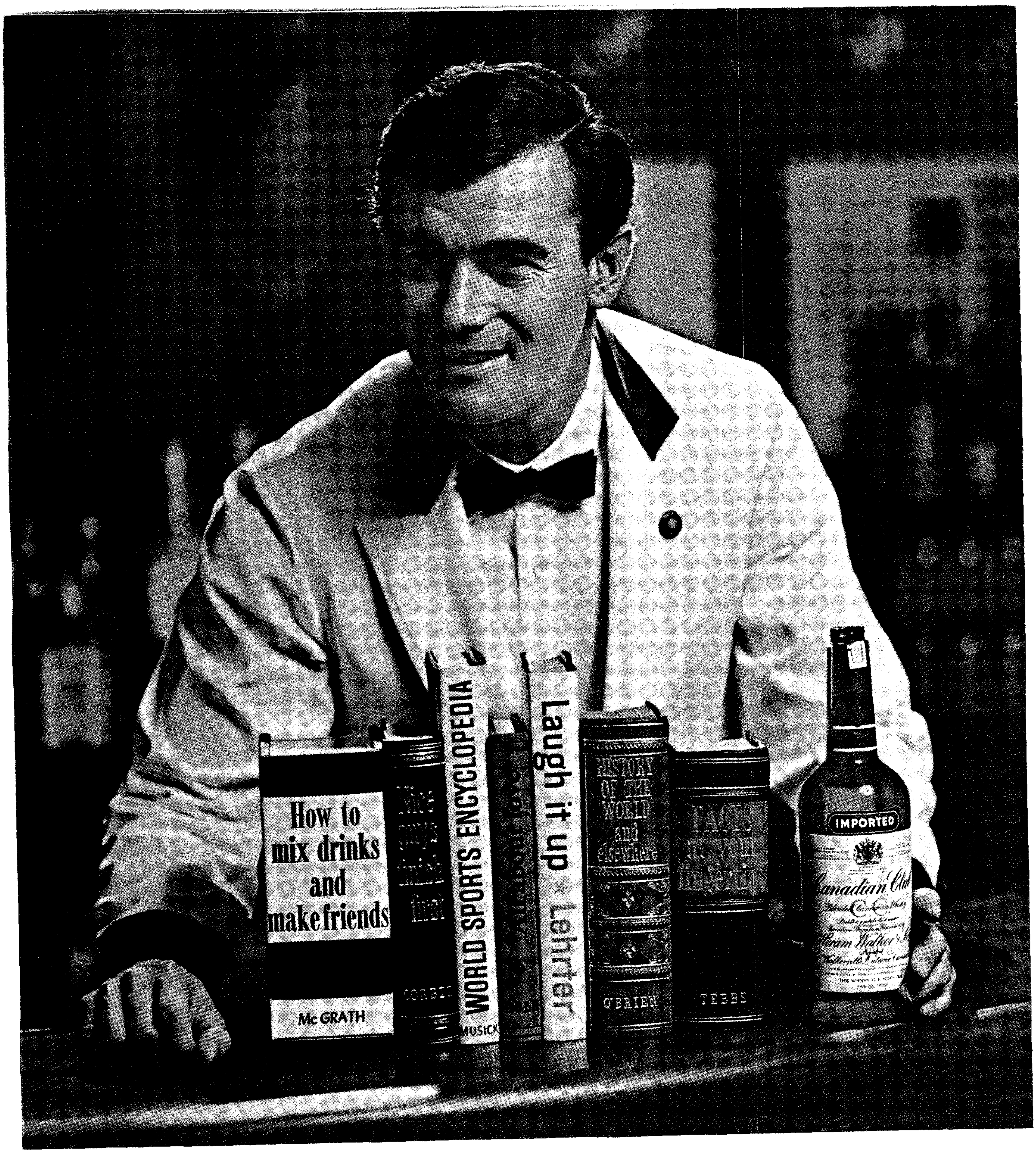
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glass-topped coffee table. The top of the piano was covered with religious statues. There were three bright windows. Miss Williams appeared from the darkness at the other end of the hall, carrying a shopping bag filled with clothes. She had on a brown nutria coat, a brown woollen dress, and tan leather boots. Her hair was in mild disarray, and her eyes were puffy with sleep.

"Mornin'," she said.

"My, my. You ready?" Wells asked.

She replied by opening the front door. Wells and I trooped downstairs after her. "We used to have a doorman years ago," she said to me as we passed through the foyer. "But he wouldn't let *anybody* in, so we got rid of him."

It was raining outside, and Wells' car, a new tan Buick, was pebbled with water. "You two get in back," Wells ordered. "No sense us all jamming the front. Now, where's this Elmisford, Mary?"

"Elmsford," Miss Williams said. "Elmsford, New York." She pulled a slip of paper from her pocket. "Get on the Major Deegan and the Thruway, and get off at Exit 8. Then I'll tell you where."

Wells crossed the 149th Street bridge and worked his way onto the Deegan through the Bronx Terminal Market.

"How far is this Elmisford?" he asked.

"She said about twenty-five miles. A half hour."

"Lord! I've got a twelve-o'clock appointment—with a lady. And I make it a rule never to keep a lady waiting."

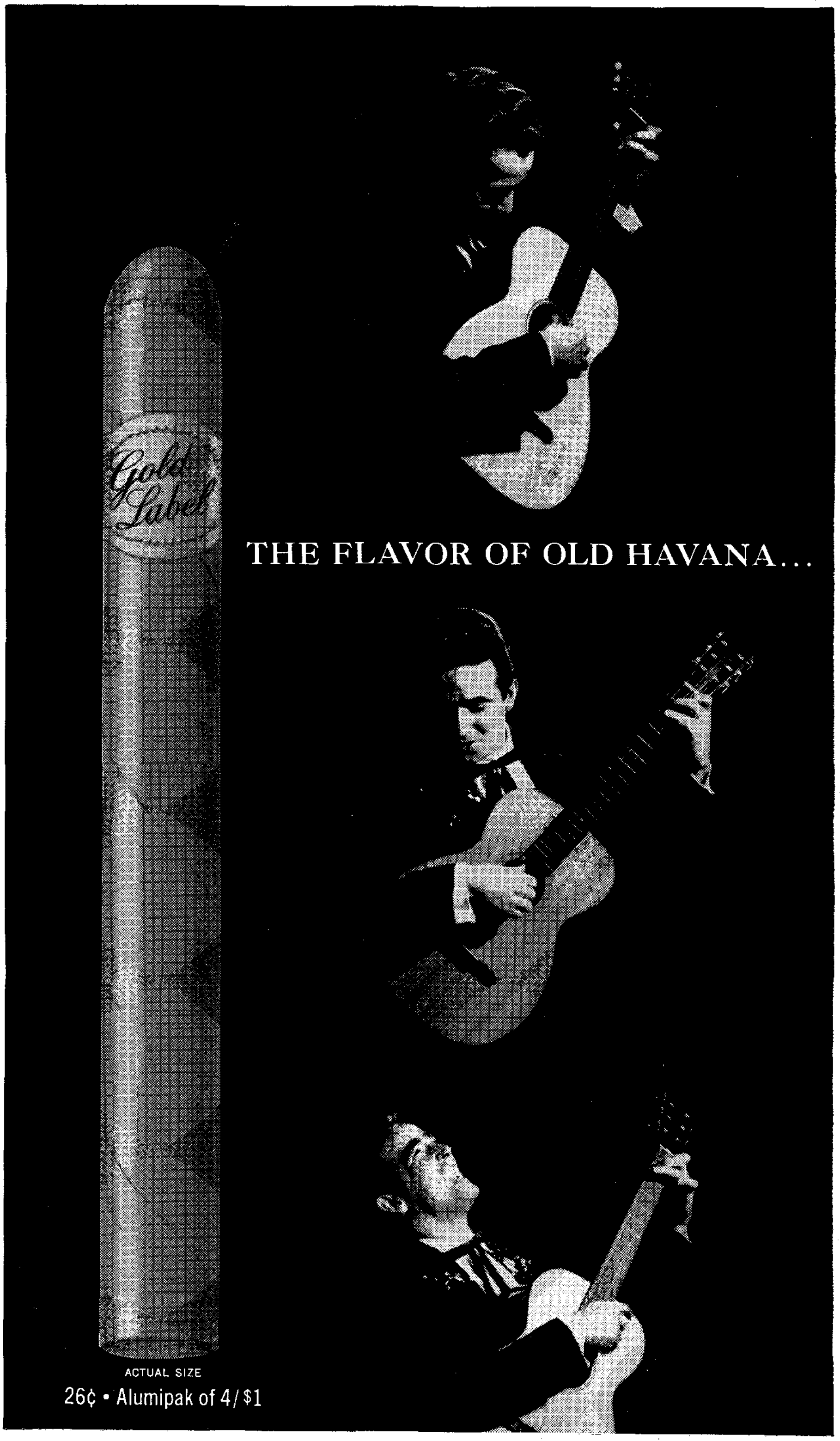
"You kept me waiting plenty of times. Get over in the middle lane, Mr. Wells."

"Cool and easy. I've never had an accident in my life."

"Well, I've had two. It's the people who have had the accidents are the good drivers. It gives them mother wit on the road."

Rain, wiping at us from all sides, erased conversation, and no one spoke for several minutes.

"I've been driving since I was twelve," Miss Williams said eventually. "When I was eighteen, I was driving one of the cars the Kirk band travelled in. My first husband, John Williams, who played alto and baritone, had been with Kirk about six months—the band was still led by T. Holder then—and I'd been jobbing around Memphis waiting for him to send for me. I wasn't playing regularly with the band yet. I'd wait outside ballrooms in the car, and if things went bad and people weren't



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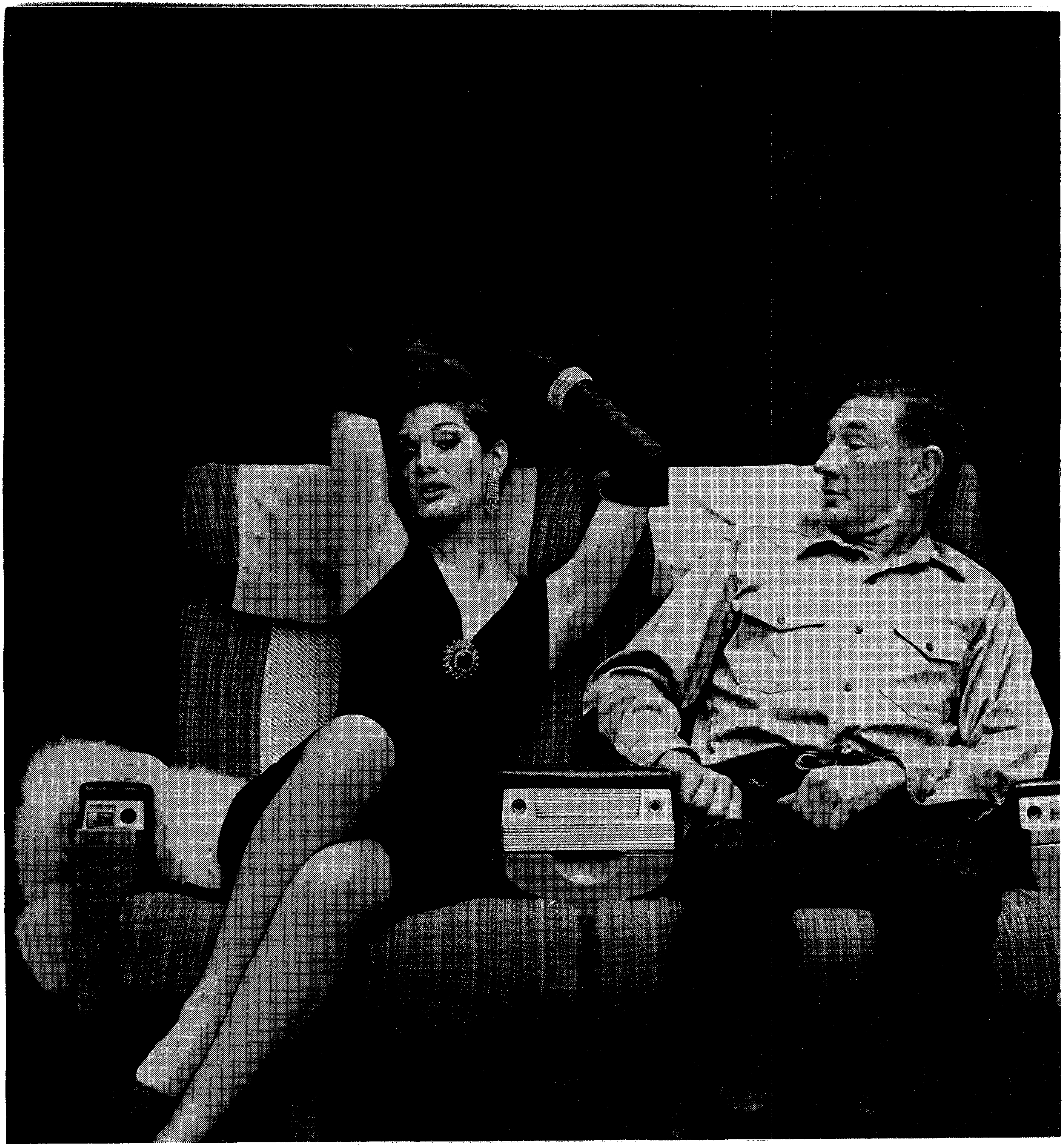

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dancing, they would send somebody to get me and I'd go in and play 'Froggy Bottom,' or some other boogie-woogie number, and things would jump. The regular pianist, Marion Jackson, was a wanderer, and I replaced him around 1930. My, what a band that was! It was a happy band, a good-looking band, an educated band. We had love for each other. There was a lot of love among musicians in the thirties—not like it is now, with everyone out for himself. We had the type of boys that even if a woman they met didn't respect herself, they did. I was never allowed to go around by myself. My husband or two or three of the boys were always with me. I was well sheltered. But we had a hard, hard time at first. We were stranded all over—in Buffalo and Chicago and Cincinnati and Greeley, Colorado. When Kirk came backstage after a job with his head down, we'd know he hadn't been paid, and one of the trumpet players would take out his horn and play the 'Worried Blues,' and we'd all laugh. I made a little extra by manicuring the boys' nails. They paid me a nickel, and I'd take it out of the money they made from cards, which I held for them. In Greeley, we stayed next to a cornfield, and I ate corn right up to the farmer's back door. The boys played a little semi-professional baseball there. It was hot summertime, and I carried water for them. Stumpy Brady, the trombonist, nearly got himself killed chasing balls he couldn't see. It seems you've got to starve a little before you can get on. Else you get that swelled head. My husband never let me get one. He trained me. Once, I developed an introduction I liked so much that I played it and played it until he finally knocked me right off the piano stool: 'You don't play the piano that way. Just because you did that "Twinklin' " '—that was another of my numbers—'you think you're something.' He said unbelievable things to me, but they worked. I was learning to arrange all this time. Don Redman was my model. I could hear my chords in my head but didn't know how to write them. Kirk helped me—he was a good musician—and I learned. I was very high-strung and sensitive. When the boys fooled around at rehearsals with what I wrote, I got mad and snatched the music off their stands and began to cry and went home to bed. I'd discovered I had perfect pitch, and I couldn't stand hearing wrong notes, any more than I can now. But I could expand with that band, and try all sorts of things. We played everything—ballads, jump tunes, novelties,

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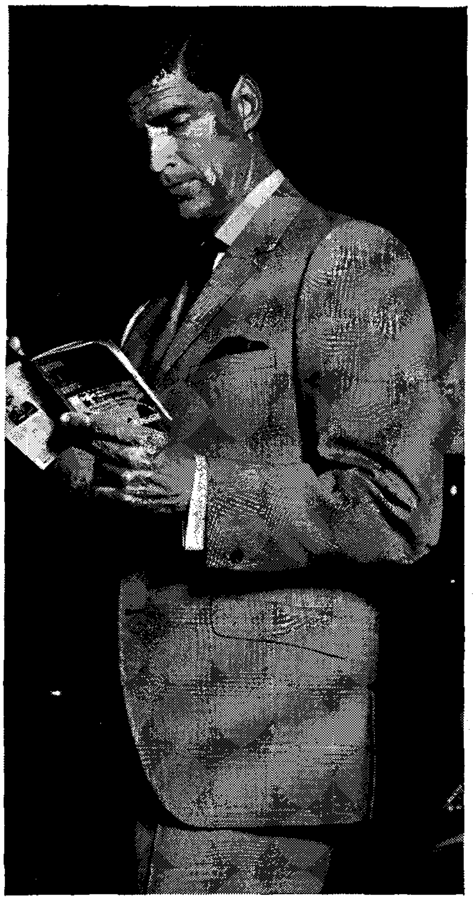
slow blues, fast blues—and they were all different."

I said I had a recording of a 1937 Kirk broadcast from Cleveland in which the saxophone section sounded like Guy Lombardo's.

Miss Williams chuckled and rubbed her nose. "That's right. I extracted things from Lombardo records for ofay college dances. Exit 4, Mr. Wells."

"I see it, Mary."

"When we weren't on the road, we spent most of our time around Kansas City, and there were after-hours sessions every night. They were something else. A good one went right through the next day. Style didn't matter. What mattered was to keep the thing going. I'd stop in at a session after work, and they would be doing 'Sweet Georgia Brown.' I'd go home and take a bath and change my dress, and when I got back—an hour or more later—they'd still be on 'Georgia Brown.' Ben Webster came and threw some gravel on the window screen one night and woke me and my husband up and asked my husband if I could come to a session, because they were out of piano players. I went down, and Coleman Hawkins was there—Fletcher Henderson was in town—and he was having a bad time. He was down to his undershirt, and sweating and battling for his life against Lester Young and Herschel Evans and Ben, too. But they weren't cutting sessions. I recall Chu Berry sitting out front at a session and listening and not moving. When he got on the stand, he repeated note for note the last chorus the man before him had played—just to show how much he admired it—and then he went into his own bag. Whenever we were in Cleveland, I stayed close to Art Tatum, who worked there—he came from Toledo—when he wasn't in New York. When I had a day or two off, we played pinball in the afternoons, and at night we went to Val's, a little after-hours place, where we sometimes stayed until eleven in the morning. Tatum played, and they gave him fifty dollars. Then I played—usually some boogie—and they gave me five dollars. Tatum taught me how to hit my notes, how to control them without using pedals. And he showed me how to keep my fingers flat on the keys to get that clean tone. Of course, he didn't *show* me anything. He just said, 'Mary, you listen.' But once I showed *him* something. Buck Washington—of Buck and Bubbles—had given me a little run in Pittsburgh, which I used one night at Val's. Tatum said, 'What's that run, Mary? Where'd you get that? Play it for me again, please.' I did, and



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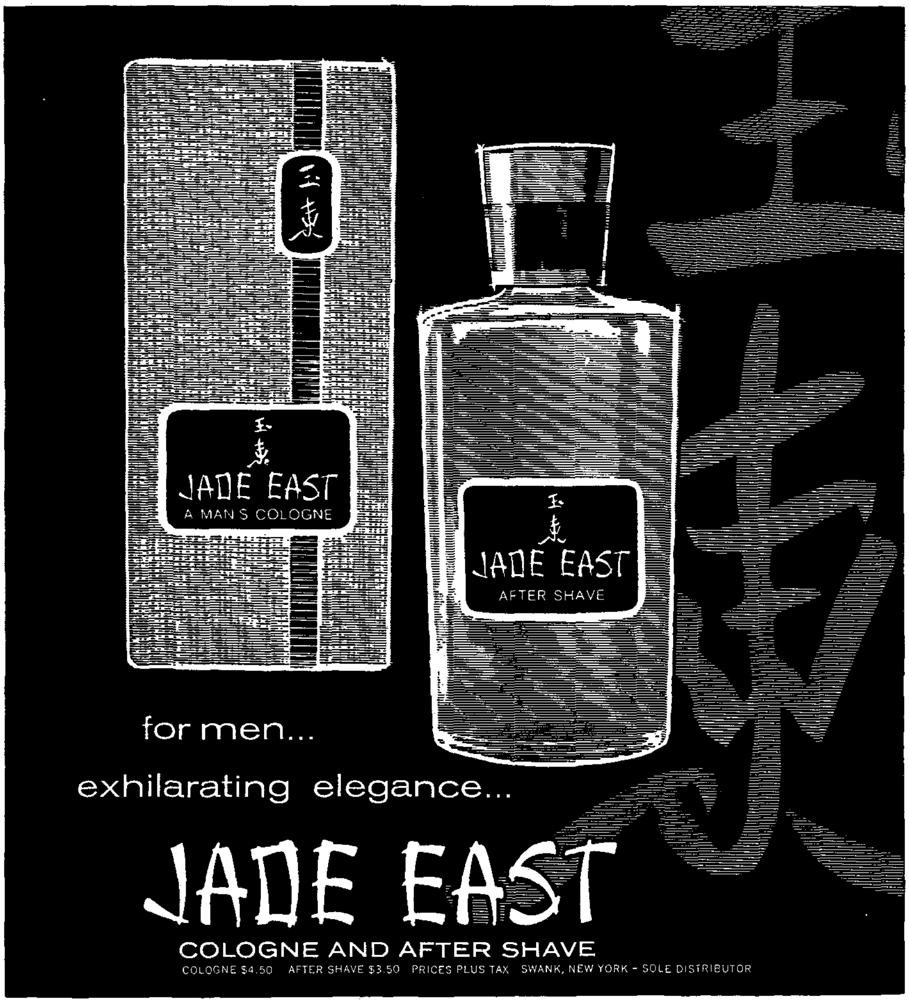
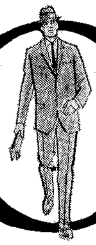


he developed that run—it covered just about the whole keyboard—and used it until the end of his life. Around 1940, something went wrong between me and the Kirk band. I don't think it was jealousy—or I don't like to think it was, anyway. He had hired several new people, and maybe I wasn't getting as much attention as I used to, and little things upset me—untuned pianos, pianos with nine or ten keys that didn't work. I began to feel my time was up, and one night, in Washington, D.C., I just left. God must have got the ball rolling to move me somewhere else. Exit 6, Mr. Wells."

The rain was heavier, and it had got chilly. Dark escarpments on both sides of the road turned the air gray. Miss Williams shivered, and hunched down in her coat.

"You have a little heat, Mr. Wells? I'm cold. I was so upset when I left Kirk I decided to leave music, and I went home to my mother's, in Pittsburgh. But Art Blakey kept coming over to the house and pestering me to form a group. So I finally did. We worked a park in Cleveland, and then went into Kelly's Stable, on Fifty-second Street. Shorty Baker—he was my second husband—had left Kirk by this time, and he came with us. Then John Hammond persuaded me to go to Café Society. We were kind of a family there, and Barney Josephson thought of us that way. Josh White was around a lot, and I loved to hear him laugh. He had one of those laughs that come right from the stomach. I was feeling low after work one night, and I didn't want any more of the teasing that was always going around. So I flounced out with some dresses I had to get cleaned. Josh said, 'Where you going, Pussycat?'—which is what they called me. 'We'll take you home.' I said, 'I'm going home by myself. I'm tired of all this mess,' and went and got a cab. About halfway up the West Side Drive, we had a flat tire. It was near zero and blowing hard, and after a while I stepped out and saw another cab coming. It slowed down, and it looked like Josh and some of the others in it. I hollered with all my might, and it must have sounded like '*josSSHHhh*' as they went by. The cab stopped, and somebody got out and walked back. It was Josh. 'Is that *you*, Pussycat?' he said. He started laughing, and he laughed so hard he fell down on the road and lay there, hawing and holding himself. I used to be very quiet in those days—a zombie. When people talked to me, I looked at them and nodded, but in my mind I was writing an arrangement or going over a new



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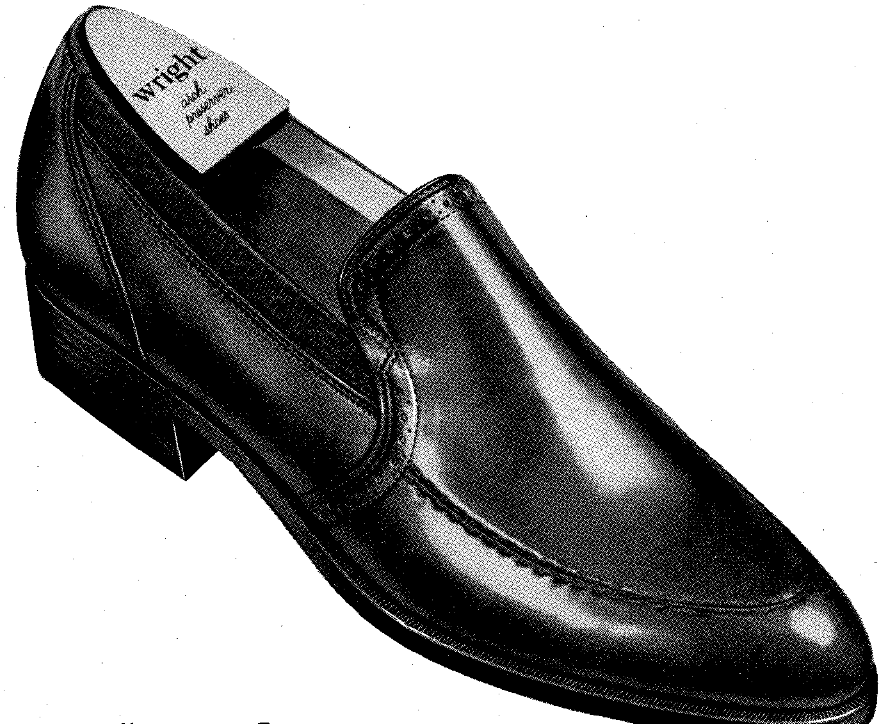

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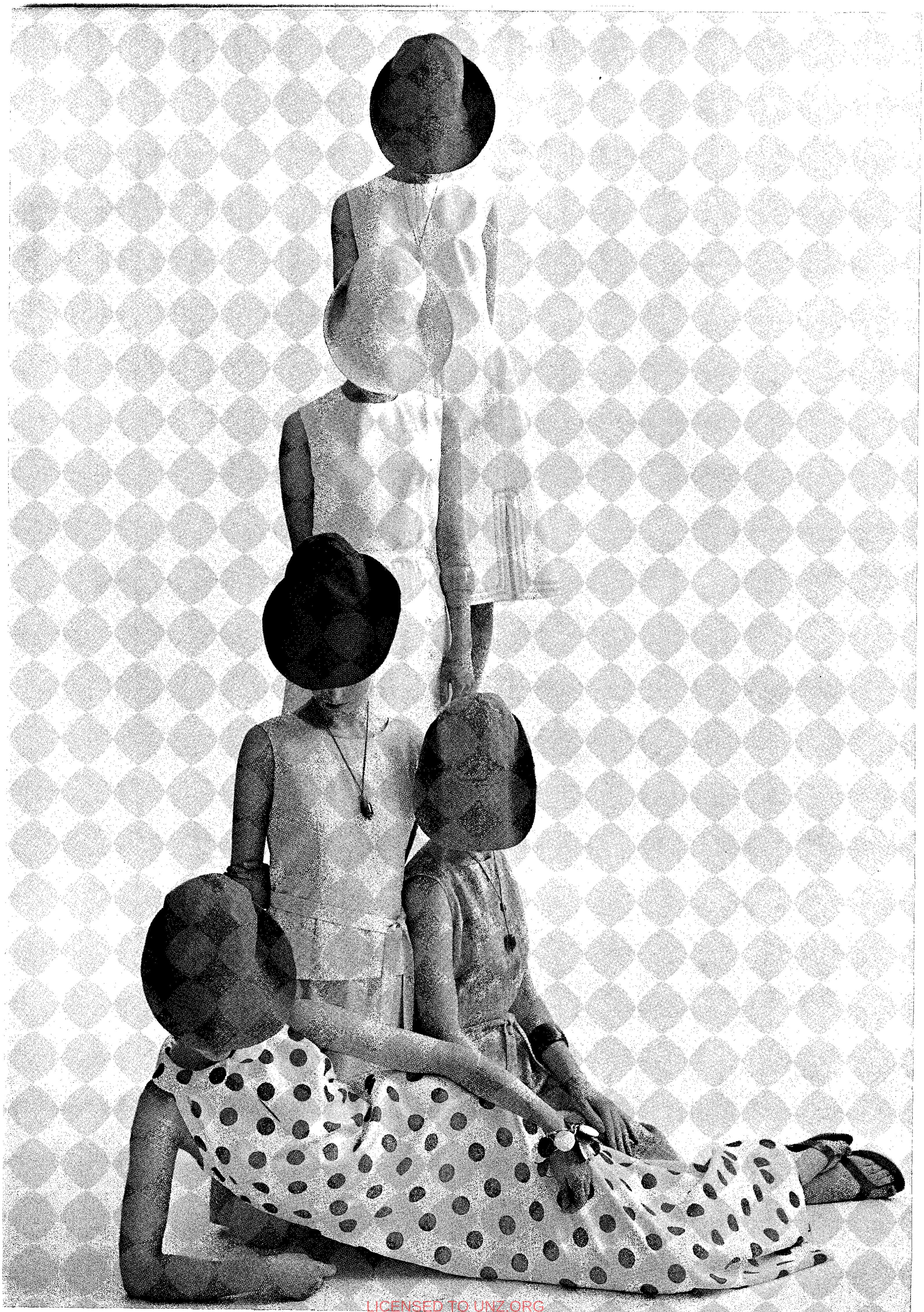

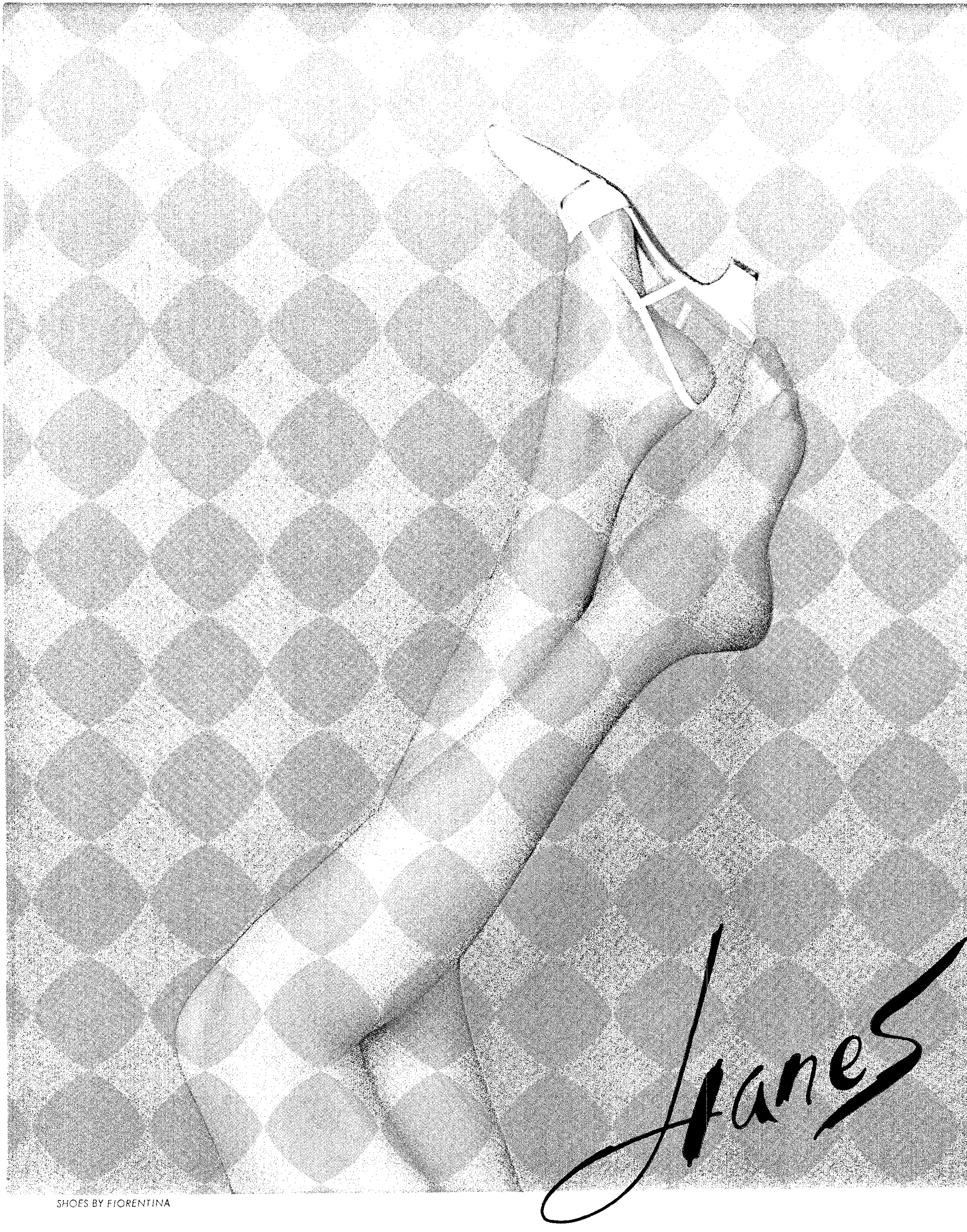

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tune or thinking about something I had played the last set. And I never smiled while I was playing, so Josh would stick his head out of the curtain backstage and make a face, and that would break me up, and I'd smile. I came closest to getting a swelled head at this time. People would tell me, 'Mary, you're the greatest girl pianist in the world,' and 'Mary, you're the greatest *pianist* in the world,' and for a while I believed it. But I remembered what John Williams used to tell me. So I discarded those compliments, and it's never happened since. After I left Café Society Downtown, I worked on Fifty-second Street with Mildred Bailey. She was a wonderful, big, salty person. She always had dachshunds, and she'd walk from her living room to her kitchen to get a drink, rock, rock, rock"—Miss Williams swung stiffly from side to side and tramped with her boots in time—"with these little dogs all around her, and back into the living room, rock, rock, rock, the dogs still there. She joked all the time. People said you couldn't get along with Mildred, but I got along with her fine. All during this time, my house was kind of a headquarters for young musicians. I'd even leave the door open for them if I was out. Tadd Dameron would come to write, when he was out of inspiration, and Monk did several of his pieces there. Bud Powell's brother, Richie, who also played piano, learned how to improvise at my house. And everybody came or called for advice. Charlie Parker would ask what did I think about him putting a group with strings together, or Miles Davis would ask about his group with the tuba—the one that had John Lewis and Gerry Mulligan and Max Roach and J. J. Johnson in it. It was still like the thirties—musicians helped each other, and didn't just think of themselves. Exit 8, Mr. Wells."

Miss Williams fished her instructions from her pocket. "First light, turn left, go past Robert Hall. Turn left on Payne Street. It's the yellow house at the top of the hill."

Robert Hall swung by, and Payne Street appeared, on our right.

"Payne Street, Mary," Wells said. "She said it was on the left. Maybe that's it down the road by that garage."

Wells obligingly drove down a narrow, winding road through a rubbish-filled field.

"Now, isn't this disappointing?" Miss Williams said. "I was expecting a nice house with a view. That's how she described it."

The road ended in a mountain of old

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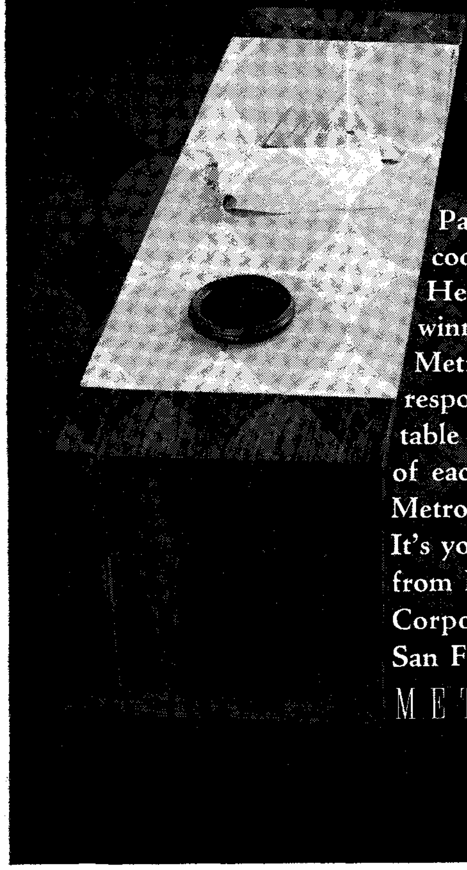

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tires, and Wells turned around. "Let's go back and try the other Payne, dollin'," he said. "Somebody's mixed up."

The other Payne went up a steep hill, and near the top was a small yellow house. A tall woman in a sweatshirt and blue jeans greeted us at the door, with two miniature white poodles dancing around her feet.

Miss Williams apologized for being late.

"That's all right, honey," the dressmaker said. "There's nobody here at the moment. You come in and we'll get right to work. You gentlemen make yourselves comfortable in the living room. We won't be too long."

Wells and I sat down on wrought-iron love seats on opposite sides of the living room. A dining alcove with more wrought-iron furniture was at one end of the room and a giant picture window at the other. The walls and ceiling were soft violet. A clump of plastic lilies and a stand containing brass fire irons flanked a raised fireplace. A photograph of a handsome young woman, done in the peekaboo mode of décolleté eighteenth-century portraits, hung over the mantel. A Pollock-type abstraction, full of racing reds and blacks, faced it.

Wells crossed his legs and lit a fresh cigar, and looked out at the rain. "Eleven-fifteen," he said. "I'll never make my twelve-o'clock. And I have an appointment at one, and another at two-twenty. I get very upset when I miss appointments. It tightens my stomach. But I'll do anything for Mary. I've known her since the early forties, and we've had little deals off and on through the years. Right now I'm pushing that record she just made—'St. Martin de Porres,' about the Negro saint. It has a chorus of voices, and she plays. Very lovely. She's the most brilliant woman I know. A little nervous, maybe, but brilliant."

A steady hum of talk came from the next room, and Wells, occasionally jumping up to flick ashes into the fireplace, delivered a discourse on the restaurant business, which, he said, was very good. Then it was noon, and Miss Williams appeared.

"He talk your head off?" she asked me, and chuckled. She looked wide-awake and pleased, as if she were already in one of her altered dresses.

WELLS drove back to the Thruway hunched over, the minutes ticking away almost audibly in his head.

Miss Williams began chanting in time

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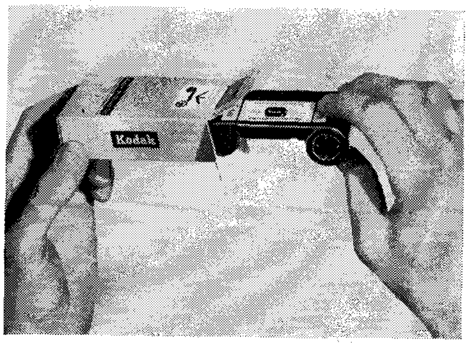

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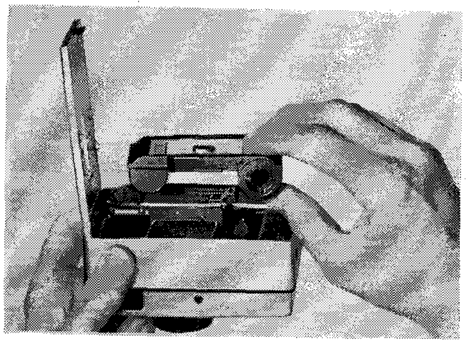

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to the windshield wipers: "Watch out. Watch out. Watch out. Da de-da, da de-da," and hummed a little tune, using the same rhythm. "This weather reminds me of the time I got stranded about fifteen miles outside of Pittsburgh. I wasn't more than twelve, and I'd played a job with a union band, and when it was over they wouldn't pay us. We walked all the way home. We moved to Pittsburgh from Atlanta, where I was born, when I was five or six. I've had a lot of names. I was born Mary Elfrieda Scruggs, and later I was Mary Lou Winn and Mary Lou Burley, after stepfathers. I don't know where the Lou came from, but I got the Williams when I was married. I don't remember seeing my father until twelve years ago, when I went to Atlanta. I said to him, 'I bet you don't know who I am,' and all he could say was 'What have you brought me?' I said, 'You have the nerve, after all these years of doing nothing for your children!' But my mother was a good person. She worked most of the time, and my sister, Mamie, and my stepbrother, Willie, took care of me. My mother told my sister she'd kill her if anything happened to me. Of course, things did. I swallowed a pin once, and another time a Great Dane who was rabid bit me and they took me to the hospital for those shots. We had a cousin who could dance, and he and my sister dared me to jump over a box with a lighted candle on top. I did, and I tripped and broke my arm. I was so scared of what my mother would think that I crawled under my bed, with that broken arm, and stayed there for over an hour, until I finally came out crying. People shouldn't say things like 'I'll kill you' to their children. I used to stutter—I still do when I get upset—but I broke myself of the habit. My mother's almost eighty now, and has a heart condition, but she does the Twist, holding her hand over her heart and laughing. She played the organ, and she used to hold me on her lap when I was three, and I'd play. She wouldn't allow for a music teacher to come into the house, but she invited different musicians, and I'd listen. By the time I was six or seven, I was playing the piano in neighbors' houses all afternoon and evening—my cousin or sister taking me—and sometimes I came home with twenty or thirty dollars wrapped in a handkerchief. All I bought was shoes. My mother was a size two and a half, and I was already a five. Up to then, I used to wear her shoes to school, and they hurt so much I had to walk home barefooted. I got to be known all over

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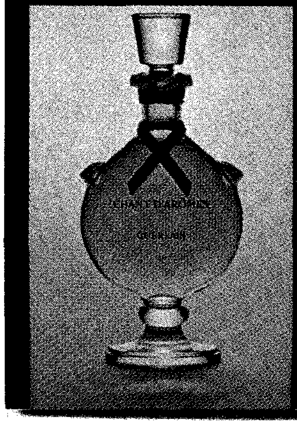

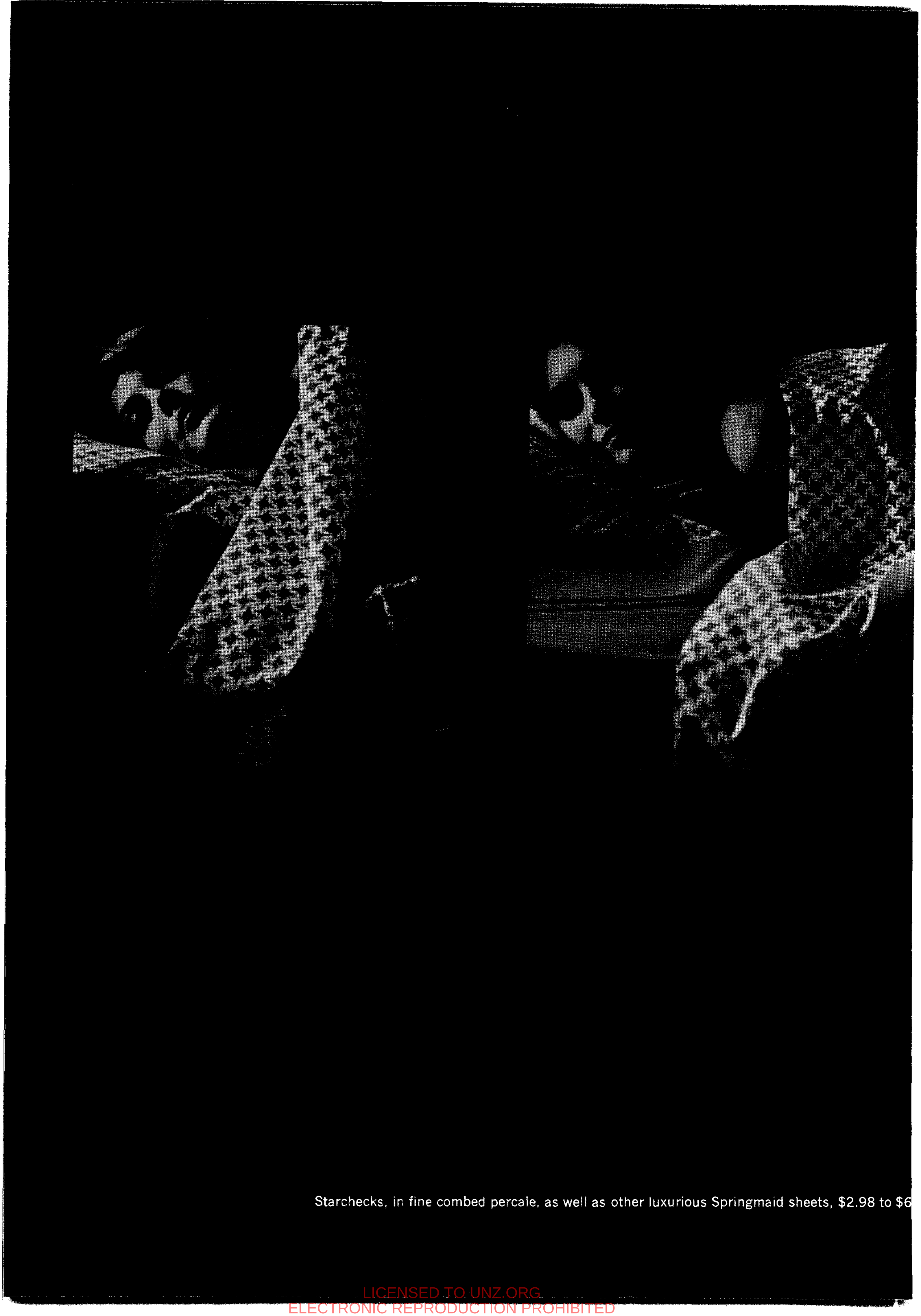

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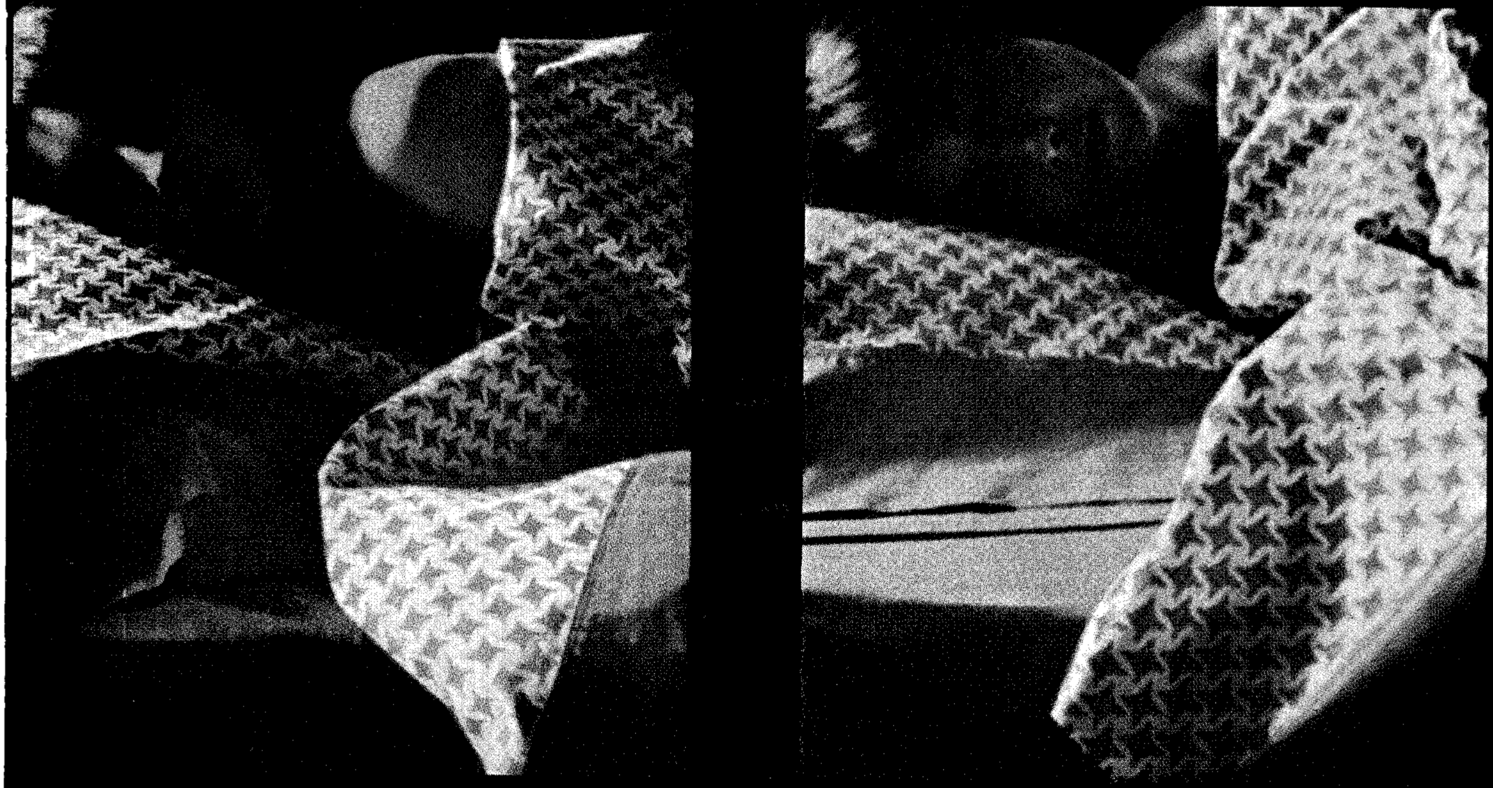

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An Irishman will try to sweet talk you, fast talk you, charm you, put you on, pull your leg, tell you a lot of outrageous tales. But you can expect an honest count at the cashier's cage.

Bring a grain of salt when you come to Ireland.

For, it's been said, we're a people of desperate imagination. If, for example, should you be walking the wild ten mile stretch from Glengariff to Adrigole, between the fat Caha Mountains and glinty Bantry Bay, and should you ask, "How much further?", we may, to keep your heart up, take a mile or two off the distance.

And an Irish mile is "a mile and a bit". And the bit is as long as the mile.

And if you should say hello to a farmer going to Tipperary Town to sell his sheep, you may, by the time you say goodbye, *think* he is going to Killarney to buy a cow. (If he thinks you're a tax collector, you may not learn even that much.) In encounters of this sort, you may be exaggerated to, even misled a bit. But in the important matters, the dealing of one man with another, the Irish imagination disappears.

When the time comes for the money to actually change hands, even if you don't know a Salmon (an Irish coin worth two shillings) from a Hen With A Brood (one worth a penny), the Irish tradesman, clerk and innkeep will give you an honest count.

This is a matter of some pride with us. As a testimony to it, we boast some of the emptiest jails in the world. (As further testimony, even the Gaelic name for the Civic Guard, "Garda Siochana," translates literally as "Guardians of Tranquility".) And those of us who do enjoy the hospitality of the Garda Siochana from time to time may be there solely because of an understandable affection for Irish whiskey. Which, by the way, can be had for a mere 32¢, nicely tumblered, and on the rocks, at the Long Hall pub in Dublin. (And at 50,000 other pubs about.)

Very different from the public-house pleasures of the Long Hall pub are the private-house pleasures of the long-walled Castle Dromoland. Here, if you've $40.00 to spend for a day, and the right attitude, you can live cosseted and cozy as an Irish lord, with a thousand acres for front yard and back yard. Here you can fish in a lake where Lord Inchiquin fished after he inherited the castle from the O'Briens. And breakfast cozily in bed in a stone-walled bedroom where an O'Brien once bedded. (An O'Brien descended directly from our brave Brian-Boru, who, in 1014, beat the Danes out of Dublin.)

But if $40.00 a day seems a bit much, $20.00 a day will take care of all your expenses, including hotel, on a trip through western Ireland packaged by the Shannon tourist people. It includes a fifteenth century banquet at Bunratty Castle, where you'll listen to medieval minstrelry and dine on such as Vegetable Brose, pull'd fowl, Salamagundy and Everlasting Syllabubs.

Not too far away, you might find a little old Irish lady, who thinks a body should never go out without an inch of cable-knit wool between him and the wind, to knit you a great polar bear of a sweater for about $14.00. In the States, if you could find a little old lady with enough patience to knit you such a sweater, it would cost you at least $45.00. Not to be outdone, there's a little old man at T. Barry & Sons, Dublin, who thinks a body should never put his feet to earth without their being covered by handmade shoes, which he will earnestly make to your measure for $29.50.

Do remember though, that there is more to Ireland than Blarney and Bargains. As Irish author John D. Sheridan has said, "To see us at our happiest and best, meet us when the day's work is done and we are sitting on the bridge at the end of town. This is when the talk is tinged with poetry. It is at this, at the quietest moment of the day—and not only when we are changing your cheques or selling you petrol—that we would like you to join us and to judge us."

Would you like a sweet-talking booklet about Ireland?

A colorful 44-page booklet which describes all you need to know to plan your holiday in Ireland is yours free if you'll write the Irish Tourist Board at any of the following addresses: *

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our part of Pittsburgh. Miss Milholland, the principal of the Lincoln School, took me to afternoon teas at Carnegie Tech, where I played light-classical things. She also took me to the opera, but I guess I was too young, because I still don't like it. I played a home-talent show in an old theatre out in East Liberty, and did all this clowning with my elbows on the keys. One time, the Mellon family sent their chauffeur in a big car into our district looking for a Negro pianist for one of their parties. Somebody told him about me, and that night he drove me and a friend to this mansion, and I played the party. They gave me a check for a hundred dollars. My mother was very upset, and called to see if there was a mistake, but there wasn't. The first pianist who made an impression on me was Jack Howard. He played boogie so heavy he splintered the keys. I also heard a woman pianist in a theatre I went to with my brother-in-law. I can't recall her name. She sat sidewise at the keyboard with her legs crossed and a cigarette in her mouth, and she was wonderful. Earl Hines was a Pittsburgh boy, and, of course, I listened to him every chance I got."

A truck slammed past us, throwing up a curtain of water that landed with a thump on the windshield. Some of it flew in at Wells' window and sprayed Miss Williams.

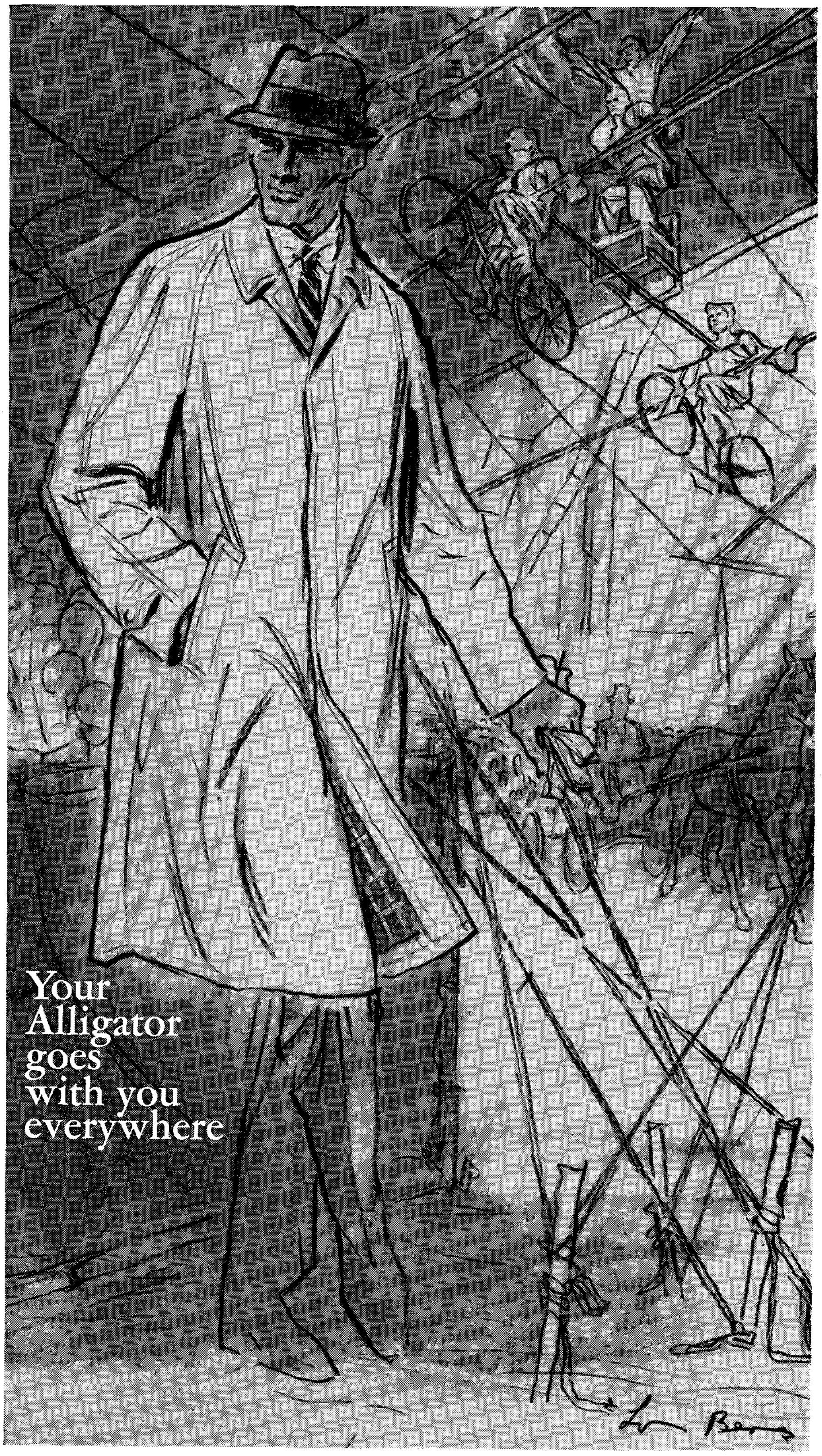
"That went right on me," she said, and dabbed at her face with a sleeve. "Close your window, please, Mr. Wells, and I'll open mine a crack."

"You open yours a crack and you'll give me a crick," Wells replied.

Miss Williams laughed. "That's what an old man gets for driving around on a day like this," she said.

"Listen, dollin'. I'm just thinking about getting myself engaged. Old man!" said Wells.

Miss Williams laughed again. The rain was letting up, and there was blue sky over a hump of woods. "My first real professional job was with the union band I got stranded with," she said. "My next was with a vaudeville group, The Hottentots. They had a pianist who was an addict, which in those days was about as familiar as going to the moon. He disappeared, and they sent someone to find me. I was playing hopscotch in the yard. When this man saw me, he said, 'Oh, man! Why did they send me all the way out here? This a *baby!*' We went inside, and he hummed a couple of tunes, and I played them back perfectly. I joined the show for the summer. I was about twelve or thirteen, and a friend came with me. We toured



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PROGRESS REPORT TO U.S. INDUSTRY FROM THE COMMONWEALTH OF PUERTO RICO:

1946 This photograph, taken in 1946, shows a slum in the heart of San Juan. Old tires served as stepping-stones.

1964 Public Housing projects, like the one at right, have replaced many of Puerto Rico's slums. They're found all over the Commonwealth—are now housing 125,000 people.

Look what's happened to the Caribbean's "stricken land" since it became a Commonwealth

TODAY, Puerto Rico is a flourishing Commonwealth.

Yet, 20 years ago, Puerto Rico was called a stricken land with problems beyond solution. One out of three Puerto Ricans lived under conditions similar to those in the small photograph above.

His home was a shack without electricity or running water. He existed on roughly 31 cents a day. And, with luck, he could expect to live 46 years.

Most economic planners who visited Puerto Rico said that poverty and disease were inevitable. Their reasons: too many people, too few natural resources.

One resource that most of these men failed to recognize was the determination of the Puerto Rican people.

For it was the *people* of Puerto Rico who launched "Operation Bootstrap"—an all-out crusade against the disease and poverty that plagued them.

Slums were torn down. Dumps were cleared away. And community improvement projects sprouted all over the island.

Government's role

To create jobs and generate income, the Commonwealth Government offered manufacturers special tax incentives. It opened 12 vocational schools to train skilled workers. It developed power and water resources.

Today, you see the results of this massive self-help program everywhere. Nearly 1,000 new factories are humming away—providing jobs and high new hopes for 120,000 people. New plants continue to open at the remarkable rate of three a week.

How are the people of Puerto Rico using their new prosperity? Drive along some of the Commonwealth's 3,000 miles of paved road and you'll see neat, clean public housing projects like the one in the large photograph at right. You'll see row after row of handsomely landscaped private homes. You'll see busy shopping centers. Inviting new parks, plazas and playgrounds.

Of course, you can still see slums in Puerto Rico. *But, the all-out crusade continues.* In fact, Puerto Rico has become one of the world's healthiest places to live.

Chances are your plant could thrive in this atmosphere, too.

This is one in a series of reports to U.S. industry on the economic development of the Commonwealth of Puerto Rico. Manufacturers: Write for illustrated progress report on productivity, profits and special incentives. The address: Commonwealth of Puerto Rico, Dept. 105C, 666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10019.

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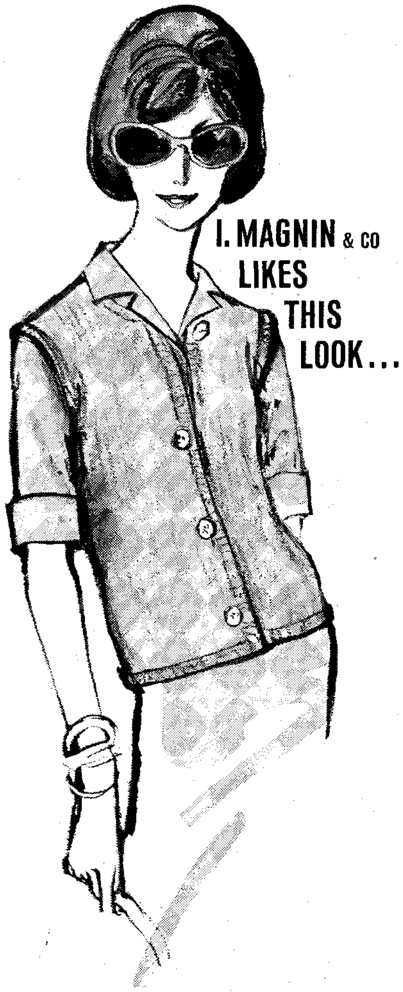

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carnivals and such, and it was an animal life. The *worst* kinds of people. I was a good student, but I quit high school in my first year and went with another vaudeville group, Seymour and Jeannette. I was in the band, and so was John Williams. They had a trombonist who worked his slide with his foot, or danced the Charleston when he played. After Seymour died, we came to New York, and I sat in for a week with Ellington's Washingtonians in a theatre pit. I remember Sonny Greer and Tricky Sam Nanton. Tricky Sam drank whiskey out of a big jug held over one shoulder. I met Fats Waller at that time—that was about 1926—and I played for him, and he picked me up and threw me in the air. I didn't weigh more than eighty or ninety pounds. He played organ for the movies at Lincoln Theatre, and people screamed, he was so good. Then John Williams formed a group, and we gigged around the Midwest until he joined T. Holder. I took over the band after he left. One of the people I hired was Jimmie Lunceford. I had some rough times with gangsters, and the like, and in a roadhouse I worked near Memphis without the band, this white farmer from Mississippi came in every night and sat out front and stared at me. It shook me. Then the cook told me the farmer said he'd give him fifty dollars if he helped him take me to his farm in Mississippi. When I heard that, I never went back."

We were rolling along beside the Harlem River, and the sun had come out.

"You want to go back to your house, Mary?" Wells asked.

"Take me down to my thrift shop, please, Mr. Wells. I got to pay the rent. It's on Twenty-ninth Street, right near Bellevue."

Wells shook his head. "I'm going to miss my one-o'clock, too."

"I started this thrift shop to help get my Bel Canto Foundation going," Miss Williams said. "The idea for the Bel Canto came to me in 1957. It's a plan to help jazz musicians in trouble with drugs or alcohol. If I ever raise the money, I'll buy a house in the country. I'll only take a small number of patients, and I'll have doctors and nurses and soundproof rooms where the musicians can meditate and play. But they'll work, too—hard physical work. I'm not an organizer, but I *know* musicians. I've worked with them all through the years. Almost everybody has come to me at one time or another. I put the worst cases in a room down

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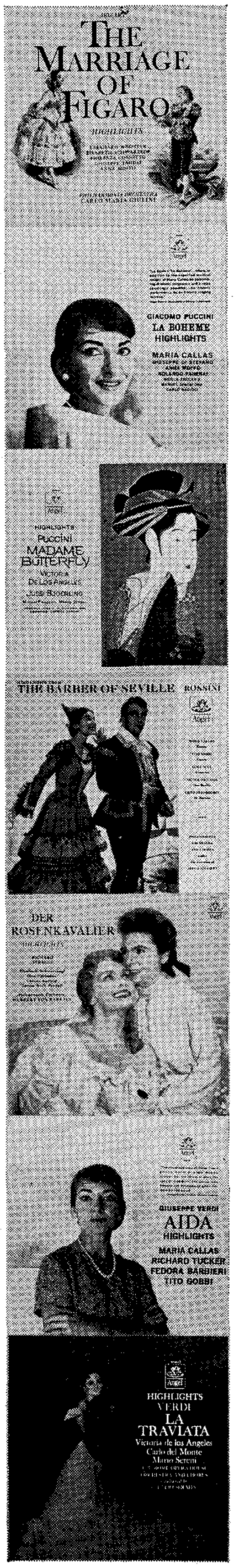
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the hall from my place I rent cheap from a neighbor. They stay a couple of weeks, and I talk to them and pray with them and help them get a job. But I can be very hard in my charity, and sometimes I tell them, 'You've got to be a *man.* Stand up and go downtown and get a job. No use lying around Harlem and feeling sorry for yourself.' Sometimes they come back in worse shape and ask for money, and sometimes they get on their feet. One boy I've been helping has a job at Gimbels, and he's doing just fine. I've also sent musicians to the Graymoor Monastery, near Garrison. Brother Mario there has been a lot of help to me. I gave a benefit concert at Carnegie Hall to get the Bel Canto started, but it used up more money than it made. Then I tramped all over downtown until I found this place for a thrift shop. I fixed it up, and people in and out of music sent thousand-dollar coats and expensive dresses. I worked twelve hours a day collecting stuff and running the shop. In the evening, I went over to Bellevue to visit with musicians who were there. I raised money, but it went to rent and musicians I was helping. I was living mostly on royalty checks from records and arrangements, and then in 1960 *I* ran out of money and had to go to work at the Embers. I couldn't find anybody I could trust to run the shop. It's been closed off and on almost a year now, but I'm still working on money for the foundation. Some club ladies in Pittsburgh are very interested."

We turned into Twenty-ninth Street and pulled up in front of a modest store.

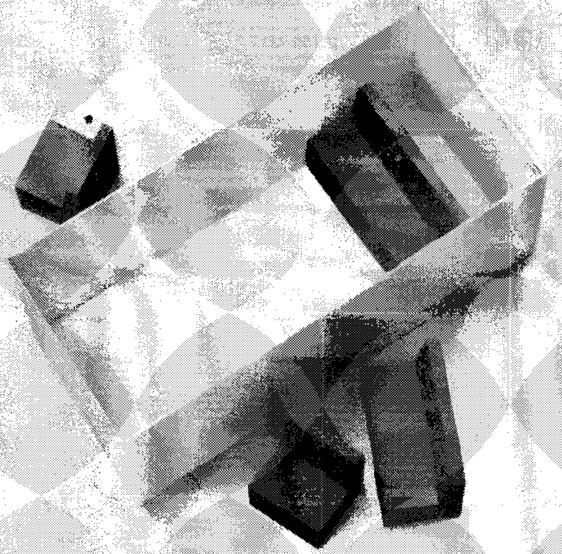
"I won't be long, Mr. Wells."

Wells turned around, his eyes wide, and said, "Mary dollin', I've already missed *two* appointments. You take a cab home, please."

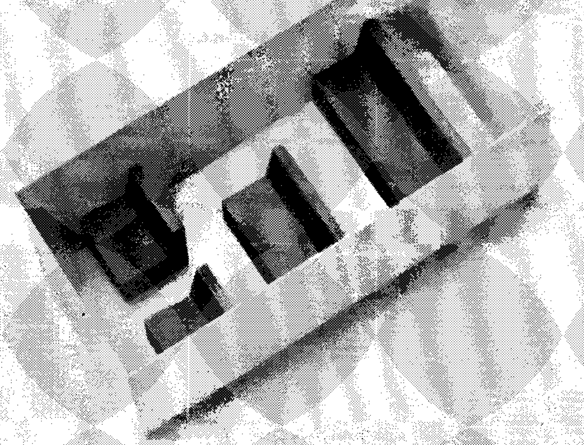
"O.K., and thank you," Miss Williams said.

THE two of us got out, and the car roared away. Miss Williams unlocked the shop door. "You go in," she said. "I have to give the rent to a man in the next building." On the floor were a couple of Con Edison bills and a letter addressed to Miss Williams. I put them on a table. The walls were covered with paintings by amateurs, whose enthusiasms ranged from Grandma Moses to Picasso. Two handsome evening dresses hung in the windows, and around the shop were odd pieces of china, a sewing machine, a butcher's mallet, a rack of clothes covered with a plastic sheet, a cue stick encased in a fancy scabbard, serving trays, a tin lunchbox, rows and rows of shoes, assorted lamps, vases, and

Got a lot to carry? Get a box.

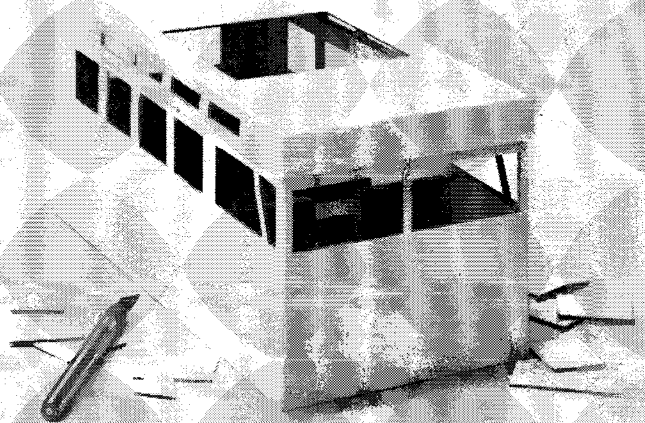


Now add a few seats. Say 8.

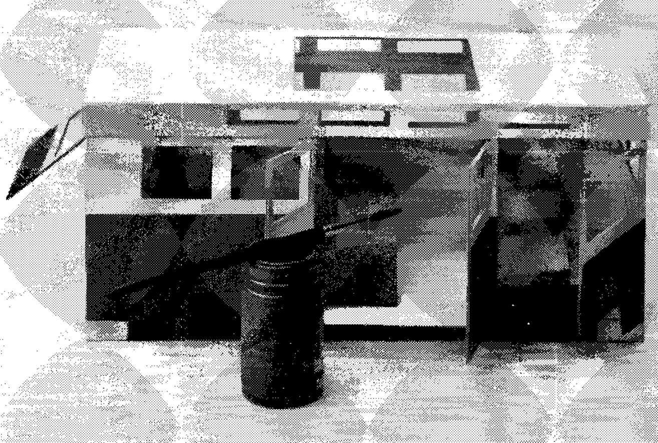


Make an aisle so you can walk to the back.

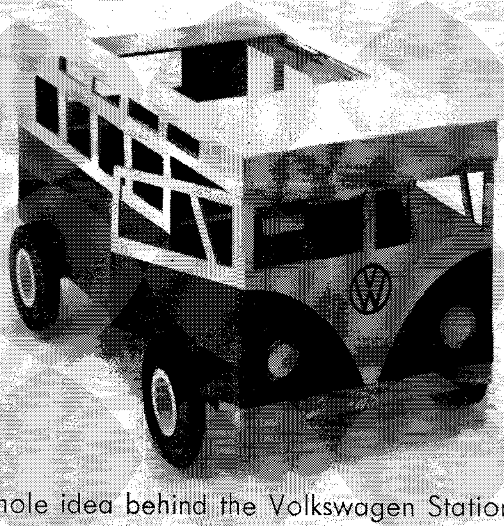
Cut a hole in the roof to let the sun in.



Windows? At least 21. Doors? 5 should do.



Paint it up and what have you got?



The whole idea behind the Volkswagen Station Wagon.

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pitchers, and a cut-glass bowl. In the back, behind a partition, were piles of books and records, and two automobile tires in good condition. Everything was peppered with New York grit.

Miss Williams knocked on the door, and I let her in. "Lord, this place is dirty," she said. "I've got to come down next Monday and clean." She pointed to a pair of new-looking moccasins. "From Duke Ellington—and this alpine hat, too. Here's a drawerful of shirts from Louis Armstrong, and those dresses are from Lorraine Gillespie, Dizzy's wife."

I handed Miss Williams her mail, and she opened the letter. "It's from a convict upstate—I don't know him," she said. "He says he's about to get out, and wants to know if I can help him get a job. He saw a piece in the *Christian Science Monitor* about Bel Canto. I'll write him and tell him to pray and call me when he gets here. I receive letters like this all the time."

Miss Williams put her Con Edison bills in her bag, and I asked if I could take her out to lunch.

"Thank you, but I'm tired," she said. "I only slept four or five hours last night. There's a kosher butcher around the corner who has the best ground beef in New York. I'll cook us a hamburger at home."

Miss Williams bought the meat and, at a fish market across the street, picked up a filet of sole for her supper. I hailed a cab. It was after two-thirty when we reached her apartment. We ate lunch, which was delicious, at a tiny kitchen table, and took our coffee into the living room.

"I'm not used to running around like this," Miss Williams said. "If I didn't have my prayers, they'd have to put me in a straitjacket." She laughed, and lit a cigarette. "My life turned when I was in Europe. I played in England for eleven months, and spent money as fast as I made it. But I was distracted and depressed. At a party given by Gerald Lascelles—he's an English jazz writer and a member of royalty—I met this G.I. He noticed something was wrong, and he said, 'You should read the Ninety-first Psalm.' I went home and I read *all* the Psalms. They cooled me and made me feel protected. Then I went to France, and played theatres and clubs, but I still didn't feel right. Dave Pochonet, a French musician, asked me to his grandmother's place in the country to rest. I stayed there six months, and I just slept and ate and read the Psalms and prayed."

The living room had settled into twi-

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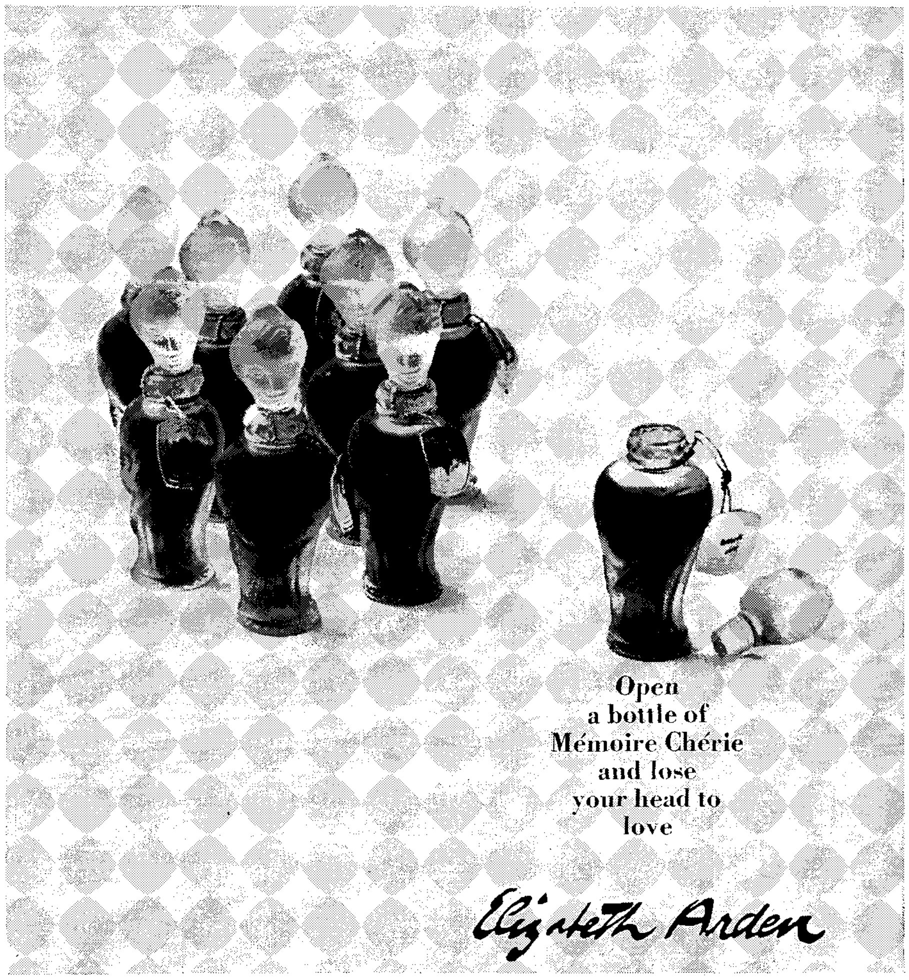

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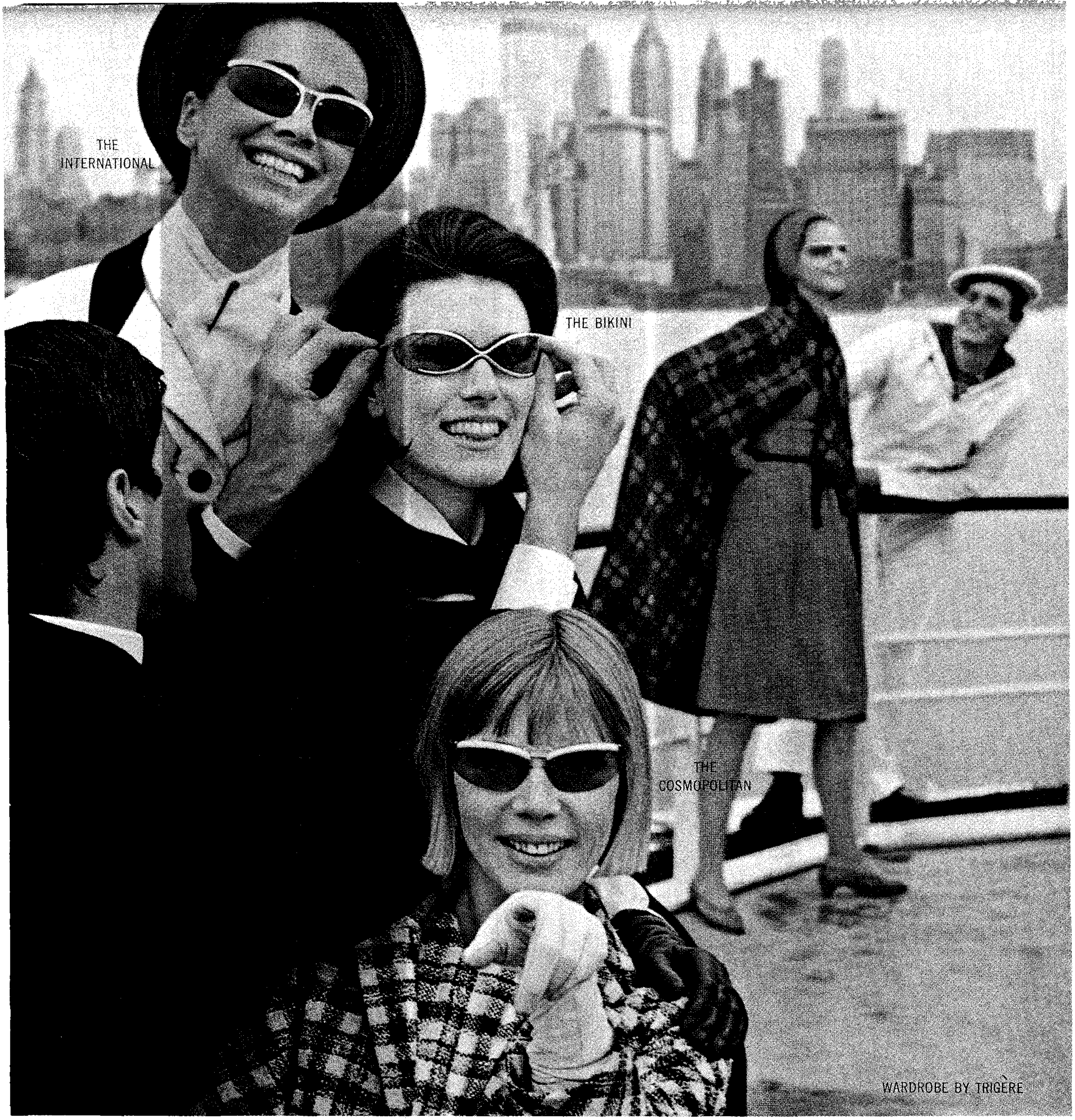

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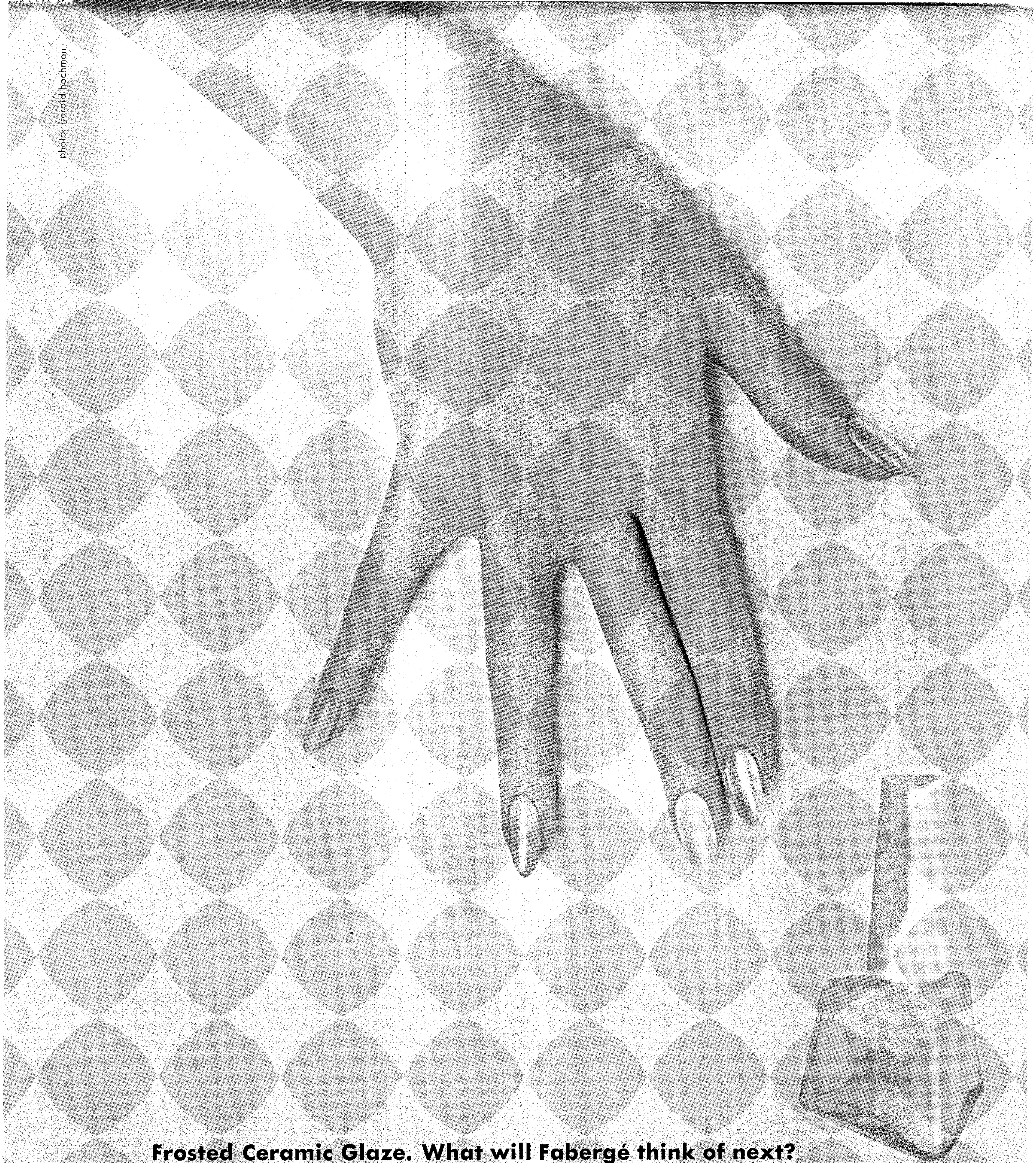
photo: gerald hochman



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light. Miss Williams' face was indistinct. She stood up and stretched. Then she knelt on the sofa and, cupping her chin in her hand, looked out the window at St. Nicholas Avenue. It was a little girl's position. "When I came back from Europe, I decided not to play anymore," she said. "I was raised Protestant, but I lost my religion when I was about twelve. I joined Adam Powell's church. I went there on Sunday, and during the week I sat in Our Lady of Lourdes, a Catholic church over on a Hundred and Forty-second Street. I just sat there and meditated. All kinds of people came in—needy ones and cripples—and I brought them here and gave them food and talked to them and gave them money. Music had left my head, and I hardly remembered playing. Then Father Anthony Woods—he's a Jesuit—gave Lorraine Gillespie and me instruction, and we were taken into the Church in May of 1957. I became a kind of fanatic for a while. I'd live on apples and water for nine days at a time. I stopped smoking. I shut myself up here like a monk. Father Woods got worried, and he told me, 'Mary, you're an artist. You belong at the piano and writing music. It's *my* business to help people through the Church and *your* business to help people through music.' He got me playing again. The night before I opened at the Hickory House, I had a dream, and it was filled with dead musicians, all friends of mine. Oscar Pettiford was in it, and Pha Terrell and Dick Wilson from Kirk's band. They were all rejoicing on this kind of stage, and there was a line of showgirls dancing and singing. Oscar was very happy because I was coming out again. It was a good sign."

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

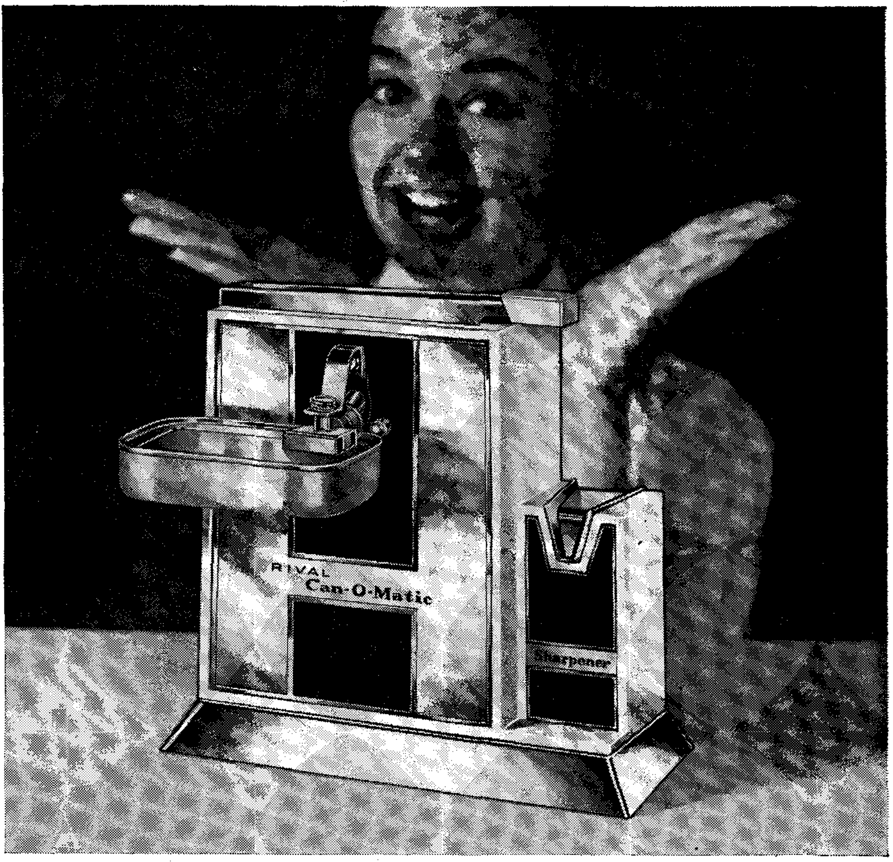
THE CLUBMAN'S HOUR OF AGONY

[*From a report of the Faculty Club of Brown University*]

Despite several changes this past year, the Club still provides more than 20 current periodicals and newspapers for the benefit of its members. Some subscriptions arrive on time; most arrive late; but all eventually are there for the edification and delight of all Club members.—The biggest controversy of the year was the heated debate as to which subscription magazine we should drop.—*T.V. Guide* or *The London Journal.* This was a hot issue at several Board meetings. However, since we are an educational institution, and since most of our magazines and periodicals are eventually passed along to the John Hay Library for its use, we finally decided to drop *The London Journal.*

ELMER BLISTEIN
Chairman

Look, no hands!



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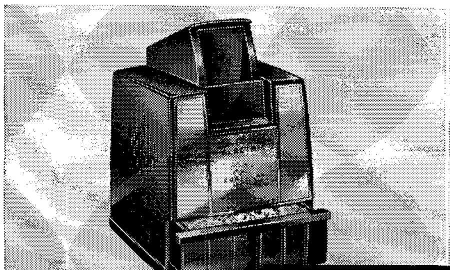
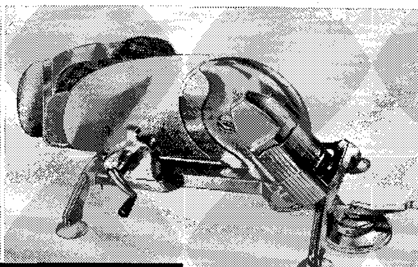

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Confidence

Chiswick, Middlesex. A morning like any other. A brick-fronted, many-windowed house on the bank of the Thames. In the basement of the house, a doctor's office. A bustling char arrives to do the office. She stumbles upon the body of a dying man. Blood trickles from a fresh bullet wound in his left temple. Who is he? Why has he shot himself? He *has* shot himself, hasn't he? One means to say, dash it, that it couldn't by any chance be a case of murder and not suicide? Murder? In *Chiswick*? In that delightful old house? My dear fellow, surely you're not serious! *I was never more serious in my life.*

In such a setting, and with one's imagination prompted by it to undertake both sides of such a dialogue, a movie called "The Third Secret" begins to cast the spell of the conventional English thriller; almost at once, however, it turns out to be seeking something more ambitious than mere thrills. The author of the screenplay, Robert L. Joseph (who is also the producer of the picture), has cobbled up a moderately dexterous plot, complete with false leads, shadowy attics and cellars, judges' chambers, madness, a pretty girl, and Scotland Yard, and I'd have been perfectly content to let his mystifications comb themselves out in the usual mindless climax, but, alas, he has made other plans for me. I am not to use his movie as an escape into fantasy; on the contrary, I am to be made to think by it, and my thoughts are going to have to be Big Ones, because Mr. Joseph, a born pedagogue, has filled the script with what amounts to potted medical and philosophical lectures on How Things Really Are, Way Down Deep. He is able to do this because the dying man in the opening scene is Dr. Leo Whitset, a world-famous psychoanalyst, and in the course of meeting Whitset's colleagues, his four radically diverse patients, his fourteen-year-old daughter, his sister, and his brother-in-law—any one of whom could have killed him, if, indeed, he didn't kill himself—we work our way as far into the dark continent of the mind as any Rosicrucian or cocktail-party Freud could hope to penetrate. Nevertheless, we are out of sorts. The trip is a failure, in part because we'd intended to take an altogether different one and have turned peevish with disappointment, and in part because Mr. Joseph has grossly misjudged the nature of the thriller form. It is purposely a very leaky vessel, and much of the pleasure it gives us springs from the preposterousness of its being able to float at all; require it to bear the least weight of the troubled thoughts of the real world and down it goes, sunk without a trace.

In the cast of "The Third Secret," which was directed by Charles Crichton and wonderfully photographed by Douglas Slocombe, are Stephen Boyd, Diane Cilento, Pamela Franklin, Jack Hawkins, and Richard Attenborough. The last two bring a good deal more life to their small roles than the roles deserve.

Paris. An evening like any other. A stone-fronted, many-windowed apartment house not far from the Seine. Through a window we see a nurse preparing an injection for a patient. The patient is a handsome middle-aged man. He and the nurse exchange smiles. Perhaps they are lovers. Yes, almost certainly they are lovers. She gives him the injection, and at once he begins to die. The nurse rushes into the next room to telephone a doctor. The dying man's wife arrives, looking very self-possessed. On the table near the bed lies the ampule of medicine that the nurse injected into the patient. What forbidden substance must the ampule have contained? And who put it there? The nurse? The wife? Or the wife's lover, not yet present but sure to turn up sooner or later?

These are among the questions prompted by the suave commingling of love and death in the opening scene of a French thriller called "Don't Tempt the Devil," and again I'd have been satisfied to follow to its last unwinding the stout main thread of the plot—a prolonged cat-and-mouse game between a celebrated, venal criminal lawyer and a virtuous examining magistrate—but by an unlucky coincidence the authors of the screenplay (Henri Jeanson and Umberto Orsini) have made exactly the same mistake as Mr. Joseph. Lacking confidence in the value of their melodrama, they quietly shift their attention from a crime and its consequences to an examination of the nature of justice. In the end, we are invited to observe that evil triumphs and virtue suffers and the

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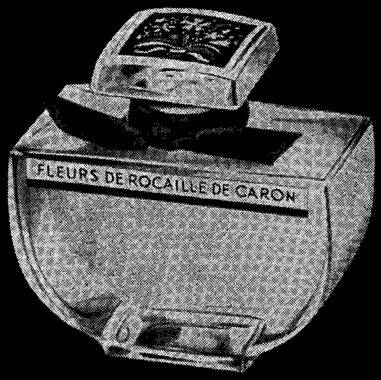
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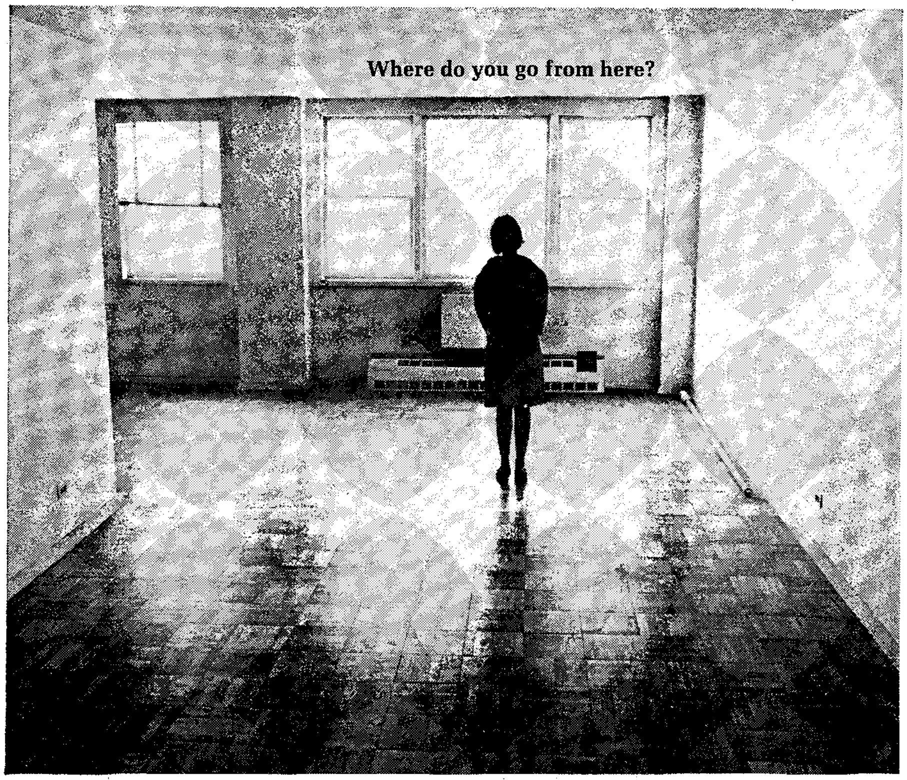

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world spins on, but these observations are fatally incompatible with the thriller form; in the thriller, evil must be punished and virtue rewarded, because the story it tells is intrinsically false and requires the neatest possible false ending.

Bourvil is marvellous as the magistrate, despite the fact that his part dwindles away to nothing, and Pierre Brasseur is admirably corrupt as the lawyer. The two chief ladies in the cast are Marina Vlady and Virna Lisi. The director was Christian-Jaque, who, like Bourvil, lacks a first name but who enjoys the homely comfort of a hyphen.

OUR third example this week of the low estate of thrillers is "The Pink Panther," which makes heavy-handed fun of the old-fashioned, serious suspense movie. David Niven, Peter Sellers, Robert Wagner, Capucine (another mono-cognomen), and Claudia Cardinale are among those present, but only Sellers, as a hapless French detective, made me laugh. The titles feature an animated-cartoon panther, who is easily the best thing in the picture. The cleverness of titles nowadays must be making actors awfully nervous.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

ONE WORLD DEPARTMENT

[*Brochure from the Aldine Publishing Co., Chicago*]

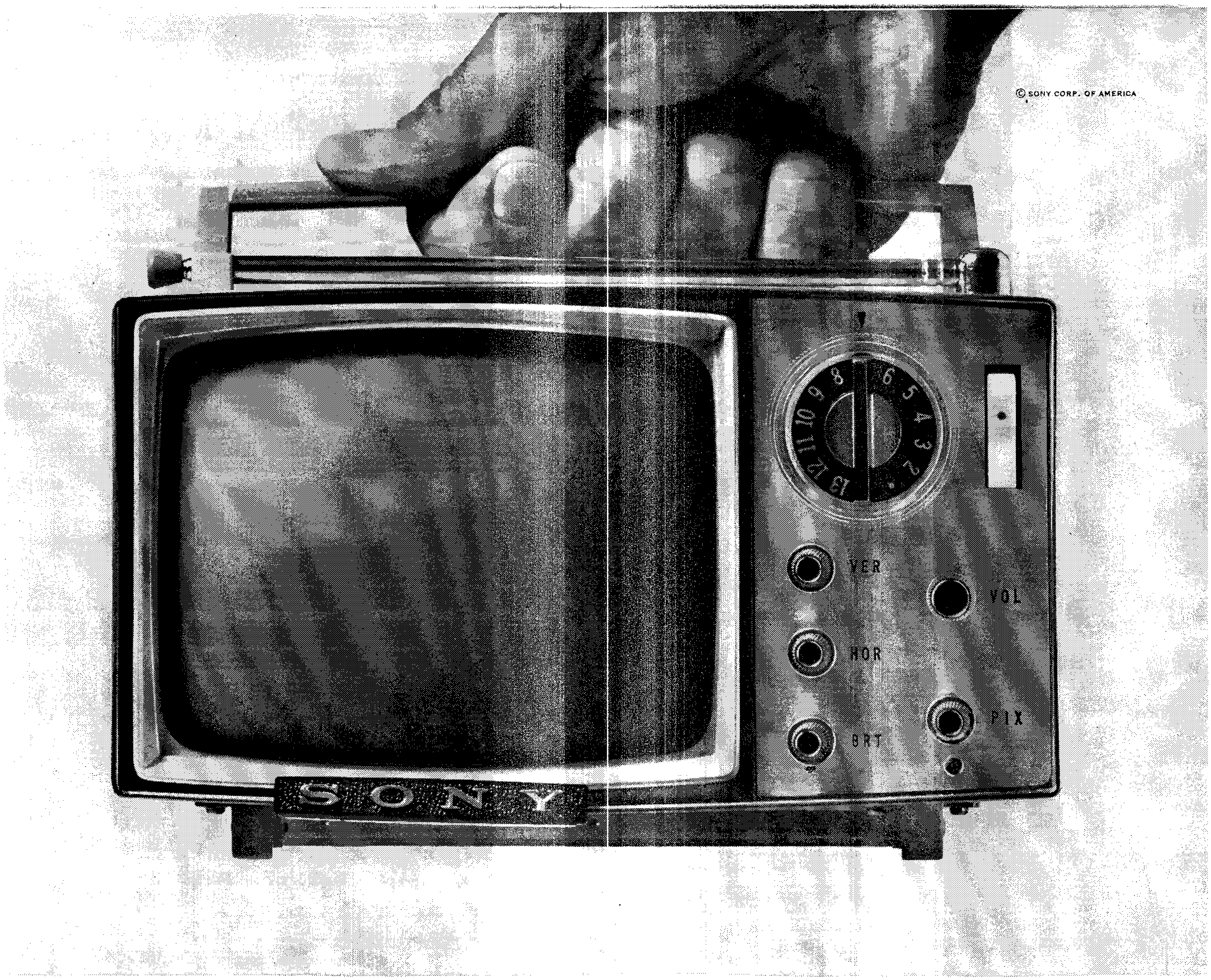
It has been observed that the highly acquisitive and competitive society of the United States has engendered a remarkable amount of work on hoarding by rats, while our studies of social behavior have displayed an excessive preoccupation with relationships of dominance and subordination. Meanwhile, the study of "instinct" has flowered in the conservative lands of Western Europe, at first involving a neglect of ontogeny and an unwarranted assumption of rigidity in behavior. It is reassuring for the history of ethology that all these different attitudes to research have been fruitful. Now the divisions of outlook and method among the different schools are disappearing. *This has made possible the writing of this comprehensive, comparative study. The RAT: A Study in Behavior* belongs to no school; it admits the work of all schools—American, British, European.

•

Oklahoma Congr. Belcher, introduced as "a great fighter for conservatism and a staunch supporter of Sen. Barry Goldwater, urged voters to support Goldwater—"a real conservative and not a middle-of-the-road liberal." He also noted that "although he (Goldwater) sometimes gets both feet in his mouth, you always know where he stands on an issue."

—*Orlando (Fla.) Sentinel.*

Stands on his tongue.



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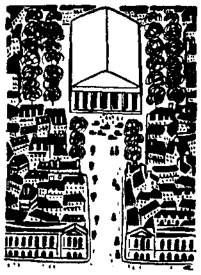
LETTER FROM PARIS

April 23

THE preliminary rumors, then the belated government announcement on Friday of last week that President de Gaulle, at his time of life, had been hospitalized and operated on had a certain spectral quality for the French, because of earlier tragic news and rumors about other world leaders—the assassination of President Kennedy, then the recent West German radio mixup reporting the death of Premier Khrushchev. Among de Gaulle's phenomenalities would now appear to be the possession of super-normal mental and physical detachment from personal events and fatigues. For it is known that at eleven-thirty Thursday morning he taped his memorized fifteen-minute television speech, with careful characteristic gestures, to be broadcast to the nation that night; at eight in the evening, with millions of the rest of us, he watched himself on TV; and at eight-fifty, according to schedule, he left his Palais d'Elysée for the Hôpital Cochin. To many of us TV viewers, he looked in better mien that night than on his last appearance, in January—an improvement reportedly the result of a more robust facial makeup. At the hospital, in explanation of the mystery surrounding the important newcomer for whom a six-room suite had been cleared, the personnel were told that he was probably the King of Cambodia—apparently a humorous invention of de Gaulle himself. According to his own previously laid plans, it was not until three o'clock Friday afternoon, seven hours after the operation, that the event was first officially announced—and not to the nation and the French people but, oddly, to the Parliament, for which General de Gaulle has long shown such disdain. At the opening of its Friday session, the presiding officer of the day, Deputy Marcel Massot—ironically, a member of an opposition group, the Rassemblement Démocratique—gave the news, adding politely, "Certainly the Assembly will be unanimous in addressing to the President of the Republic its wishes for his prompt and complete restoration to health."



On Saturday, further interesting news emerged from the Cochin Hospital. It seems the General had been given rooms in a section that had been selected by his entourage two years ago—after the Petit-Clamart attempt on his life—as the most up-to-date place to put him, in case. His suite was in the modern Pavillon Ollier, on an inner court that was easy for his "gorillas"—as his plainclothes bodyguards are called—to guard. Two of them, disguised in hospital attendants' white suits, had watched by his door the night before he was taken to the operating amphitheatre. His anesthetist-reanimator, as the profession is called in French, was an Algerian, as was his chief surgeon, Dr. Pierre Albouker, professor of urology at the Paris Faculté de Médecine, also noted for his practice in psychosomatic medicine, and also a member of a remarkable family (including his father, brothers, and cousins) of six Albouker doctors now practicing in Paris. Their ancestors were Spanish Jews who took up residence in Algeria several hundred years ago.

As a means of reassuring its readers about the usual good prognosis for such ablation surgery, one afternoon newspaper ran a cheery little historical piece headed, "After his prostate operation, President Clemenceau"—then seventy-three, in 1914—"won the war." The rest of the Paris papers were not so easily distracted. The anti-Gaullist, bourgeois *Figaro* was especially incensed because "it was only at seven-fifteen Friday evening that the news of the hospitalization and operation of General de Gaulle was confirmed by an official communiqué from the Présidence de la République." It added, "We can only deplore the extent to which this government regards as negligible the manifest effort of the press to give honest, rapid, and scrupulous information." The other papers' main worry was the same as that of the French people—indeed, of people all over the world. This worry was, of course, who would succeed him if he were suddenly to die in office. It is known that he arbitrarily and candidly sees his regime as "an elective monarchy," and during the dangerous O.A.S. period of the Algerian war, with its subversive generals, plastic bombs, and wild assassination plots (by coincidence, the Petit-Clamart plotters' trial has only recently ended, with verdicts of guilty and long prison sentences), he actually made a statement about his succession. He said, "I shall designate the one who seems the most capable to carry on what I have begun. I shall tell the French people, 'This is the one I recommend. He is the best.' " The one who would constitutionally and pro-

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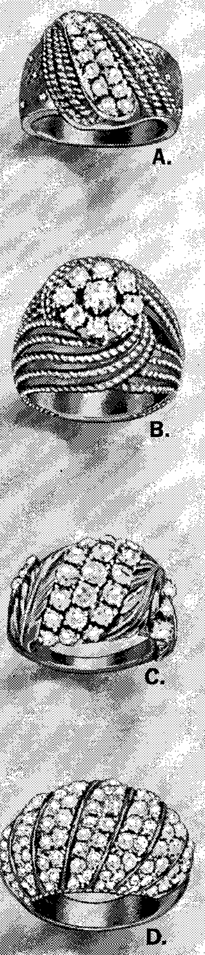

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visionally succeed him right now would be the very worst, in his opinion—the President of the Senate, Gaston Monnerville, the noted colonial Negro politician, so carping and bitter an enemy of the Gaullist regime that the General does not even speak to him anymore, exiling him, as it were, to silence. It is now supposed that in de Gaulle's meticulous, secretive, dovetailed preparations for his hospitalization and absence from power he signed a delegation of his powers to Prime Minister Pompidou, since it was he who took the President's chair at yesterday's Council of Ministers. The function of presiding there is almost symbolic of the state's chief office, derived by the Presidents of the Third and Fourth Republics from the French parliamentary kings of the early nineteenth century.

Already the General is reported to be eating his breakfast comfortably, walking a little around his room, and demanding to know what is contained in each injection and pill that the doctors give him. He is recovering rapidly. So far, so good. Many of the humbler French have believed ever since the Liberation that in any situation he bears a charmed life. Yet, as *Le Monde* legitimately points out, "The weight and the fragility of the great ones of this earth—the assassination of Kennedy, the false news of the death of Khrushchev, the illness of de Gaulle, which all loosed waves of emotion and disquietude that instantly spread from one end of the universe to the other—prove that not the least paradox of modern times is the fact that the increasingly complex management of modern society seems to rest more and more on one man alone."

Mme. Marguerite Duras, internationally appreciated for her scenario of the film "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" of a few years ago, is also valued in literary circles here as one of the best women writers, and more—as one of the best writers of either sex among French novelists today. In her new novel, "Le Ravissement de Lol V. Stein," she writes brilliantly, strongly, and even specifically of characters who might have been observed in a mist on a seascape of quicksand. She intimately pursues and presents the entity and adventures of the mysterious young Lola Valérie Stein and the so-called ravishing of her hopes. Yet, by a curious technique, the sum total of Lol, as she is nicknamed, is achieved by Mme. Duras through subtraction, not addition—through her showing what the half-mad

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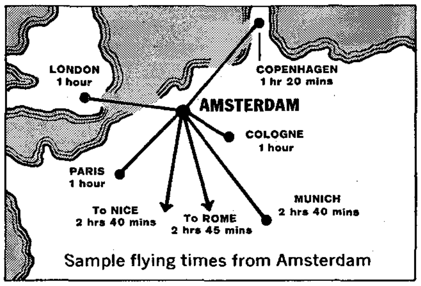

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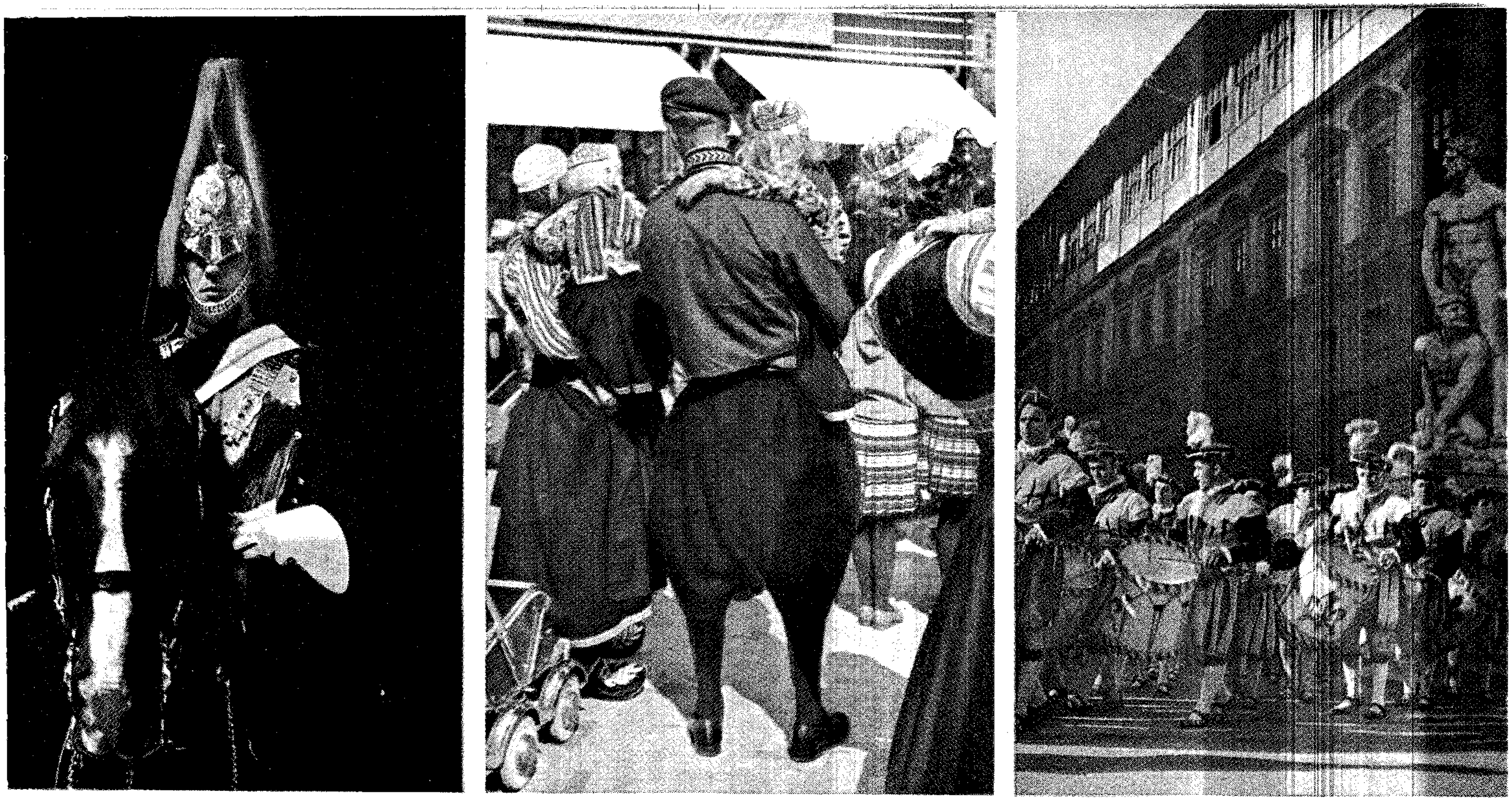

London [left], Marken, Holland [center], Florence [right]. See them on a KLM bargain tour. Clip coupon.

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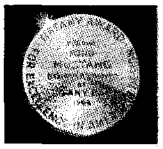

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Lol is not, rather than what she is. A method of portraiture like grisaille painting in its uncertainty of outline, it results in a stimulating poetic ambiguity of features—so that Jacques, the young doctor and narrator of the story, can say, almost with triumph, "It seemed to me that one could know still less—could know less and less—about Lol V. Stein," and thus really know her more completely. Oddly, the reader can tell exactly what the plot of the novel is about, though not what country it takes place in; perhaps it is even France, although the ocean beaches have distorted, outlandish English names. It is a banal story of rebuffed love and its consequences—of romantic, bourgeois Lola, eighteen years old, whose fiancé abandons her at a beach-hotel ball for an older woman, with whom he disappears, leaving the girl with her friend Tatiana, whom she never sees again until ten years later, on returning to the same scene with her husband, a musician. The drama proceeds savagely, erotically, and it is with Tatiana's lover, the young doctor, that Lol's story ends, after a night of love with him during which, in a transfer of identity, she thinks she has become Tatiana—perhaps in an effort to review, through her friend's personality and observation, that long-past night of tragedy that had shrouded her. The Duras language and writing throughout the book shine like crystal. As a novel, it is not facile but is fascinating reading, even in its thoughtful obscurities, which preserve the story from the comfort of the commonplace in life—a novel of an emotiveness and a literary richness rare for the New Wave fiction group to which Mme. Duras belongs. It was in her novel "Moderato Cantabile" that she began turning away, with imaginative distaste, from mere reality in narration. But it was in "The Square," written years before, which was as real as a picture postcard and had dialogue as true to life as if taken down on a phonograph record, that she wrote what remains the perfect, classic French short story of the postwar literary generation.

As one French critic recently remarked, "*L'aliénation est à la mode*"—"Derangement is in style." One more proof is "Les Jouets," the bitter, funny comedy newly opened at the grubby old Théâtre Gramont—the first play by Georges Michel, a Paris clock mender with social ideas, who was discovered by Jean-Paul Sartre and apparently encouraged by him to write

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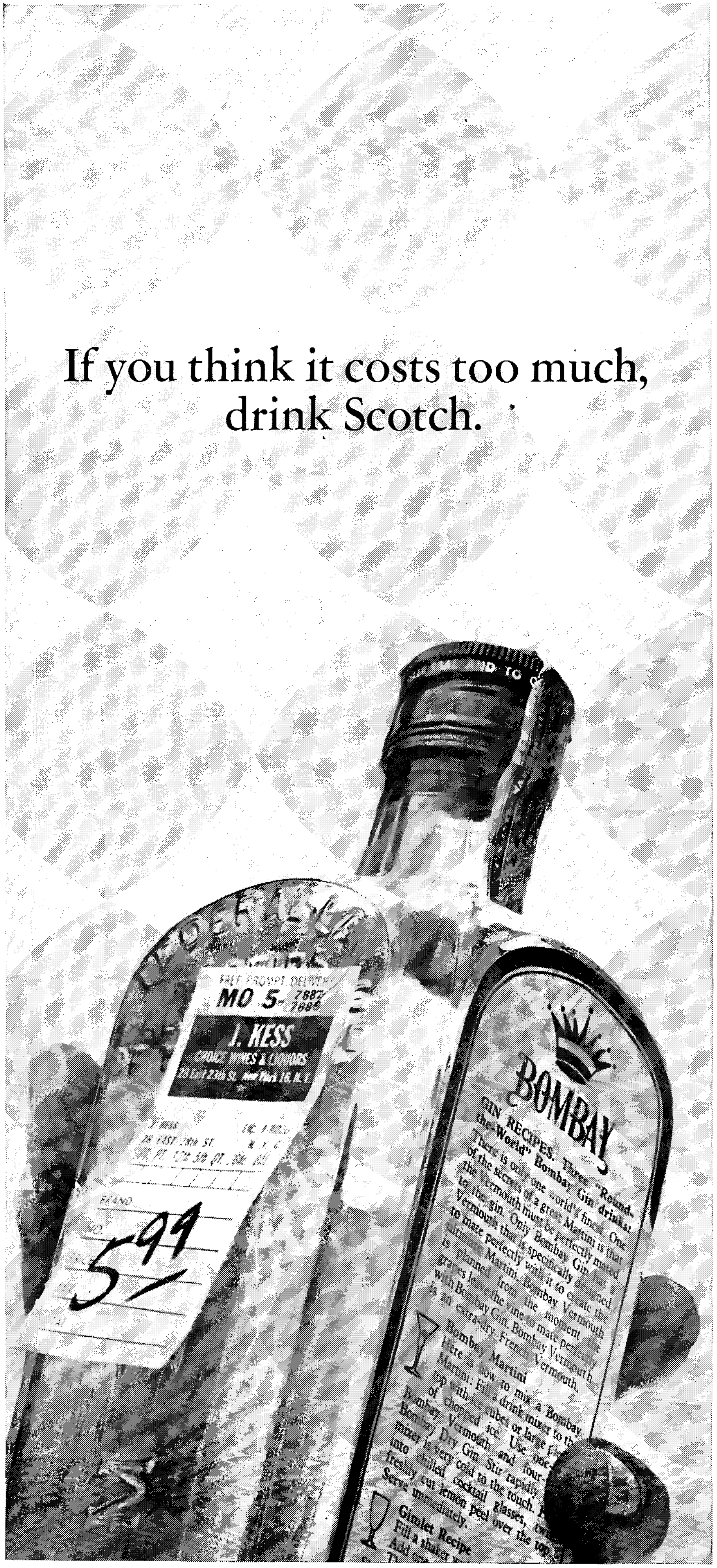
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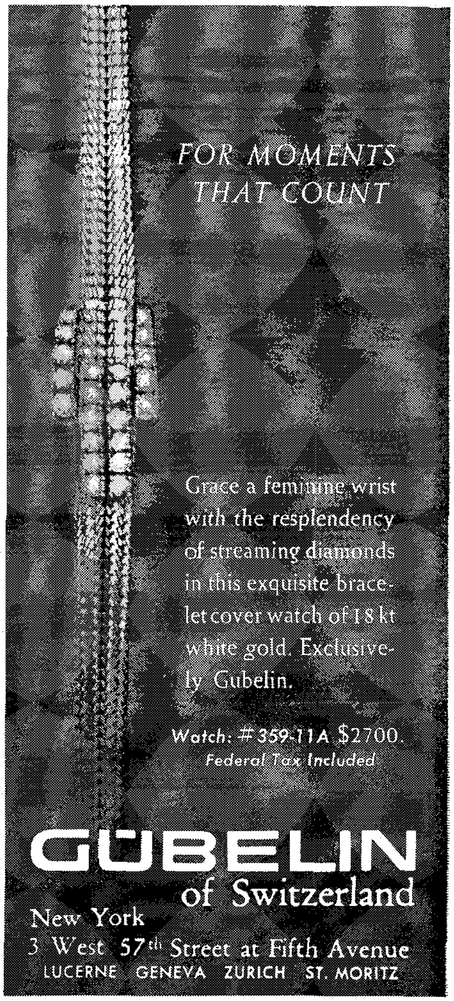
the present play. The French regard it as a variation on Vance Packard's book "The Hidden Persuaders," which was read in translation here with avidity, horror, and appreciation of the American tragedy of prosperity, publicity, noise, and mental homelessness, into which Parisians realized their own civilization was slipping. The toys of the play are such gadgets or children's playthings as plush poodles, a dart board, or any noisemaking contraption, which the non-hero, young M. Moullard, cannot resist buying and bringing home to his new flat, where, with her radio going full blast, his wife cooks and cleans all day amid electric household appliances that she, too, cannot resist buying from the salesmen who frequent their front door. Devoid of friends, in an attempt at social relations each of them produces, in turn, a series of married couples—found heaven knows where—to call upon them in the evening on the promise of ice cream and wine. The joke in the play is that what are supposedly four different visiting couples, numbered One, Two, Three, and Four in the program, turn out to be the same pair of players in different clothes, who each time repeat the same old joke (about the patient who tells his psychiatrist he is suffering from an inferiority complex, and receives the reply "But you *are* inferior"), eat and drink everything in sight, and go away, never to return. Moullard frantically does extra bookkeeping at home at night to earn enough money to pay the bills for their continuing purchases, the bill collector being their only regular visitor. The husband becomes increasingly irascible, they quarrel increasingly, both can hear every sound of plumbing from every other apartment, plus violent *musique concrète*, played offstage on a record to symbolize the exacerbating effect of noise on the frayed ears, souls, and brains of a typical young married city pair, living like acquisitive pack rats in a rented contemporary rattrap. Probably to make clear that there is no end to this kind of modern living, there is no proper finale to the play. Because of its sordid, critical, and often comical material, "Les Jouets" has been dubbed avant-garde. It is probably only very up to date.

THERE is complete relief from reality and ugly sound in the Russian movie in color of Tchaikovsky's celebrated old ballet "La Belle au Bois Dormant," danced by the Leningrad Kirov troupe, with its stars Alla Sizova as La Princesse, Youri Soloviev as



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Prince Désiré, and Natalie Doudinskaia as the wicked Fée Carabosse. It has just opened at the French Communist Party's handsome big Kinopanorama, which shows nothing but Russian films, is equipped with a triple screen, and is situated out by the Motte-Picquet-Grenelle Métro station, way behind the Eiffel Tower. It was worth the trip to see. It is an astonishing spectacle in graceful cinematic gigantism, the dancers, as they leap forward toward the spectator, being more than six feet high on the screen, and their speed, pirouettes, and choreographic convolutions having new elements of seemingly dangerous intimacy, as if the spectator were being attacked by oversized grace, far bigger than life and appropriate to the exaggerated personifications of a fairy story. Using wide-angle lenses, the photographer has achieved spectacular effects in an endless variety of sets, such as the Princess's palace; the forest landscape where, beneath falling leaves, the Prince leaps and roams; snow scenes; spring scenes, with orchards in bloom; and lakes and waterfalls. Naturally, none of the three star dancers has the supremacy in artistry and characterization of an Ulanova or the troubling poetry in motion of a Nureyev. But the Leningrad technique is nevertheless formidable. Her legs stretched as wide apart as arms, Mlle. Sizova circles and leaps with a speed and elevation fantastic for a female. Soloviev seems airborne in his effortless heights. Mlle. Doudinskaia concentrates on an artful tiptoe wickedness as Carabosse. The Leningrad corps de ballet looks somewhat provincial in its obedient steadfastness in keeping time without being rhythmic and its lack of *élan* of body and facial sophistication. The costumes are theatrically rich and extravagantly elaborate. Indeed, there was only one major flaw. The ballet cut the famous Bluebird pas de deux, and even its music, though there the two dancers were, in their unmistakable azure feathers, in the last rollicking round of the opus. The Tchaikovsky score, as played by the Leningrad Orchestra, was only so-so, but it sounded off fine with its woodwinds. All in all, the whole thing was a treat.

THE uglification of Paris, the most famously beautiful city of Europe, goes on apace, and more is being carefully planned. Already, one of the enormous square blocks of skyscraper office buildings on the Boulevard de Vaugirard, which forms the first part of a huge complex of modern build-

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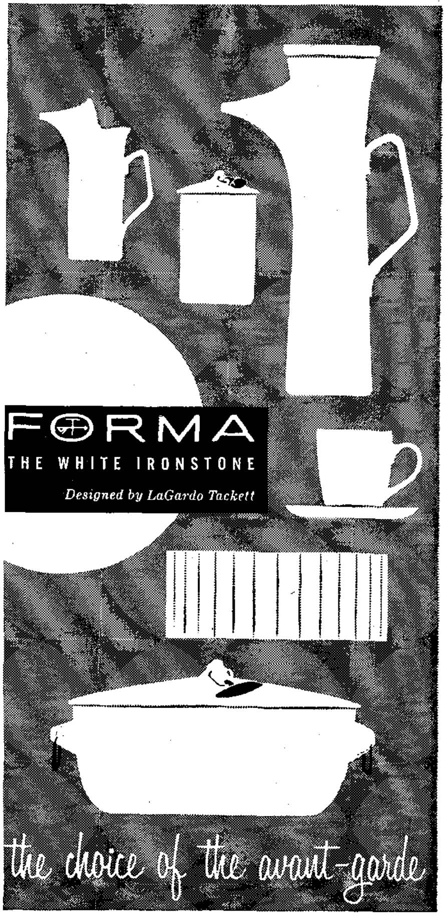

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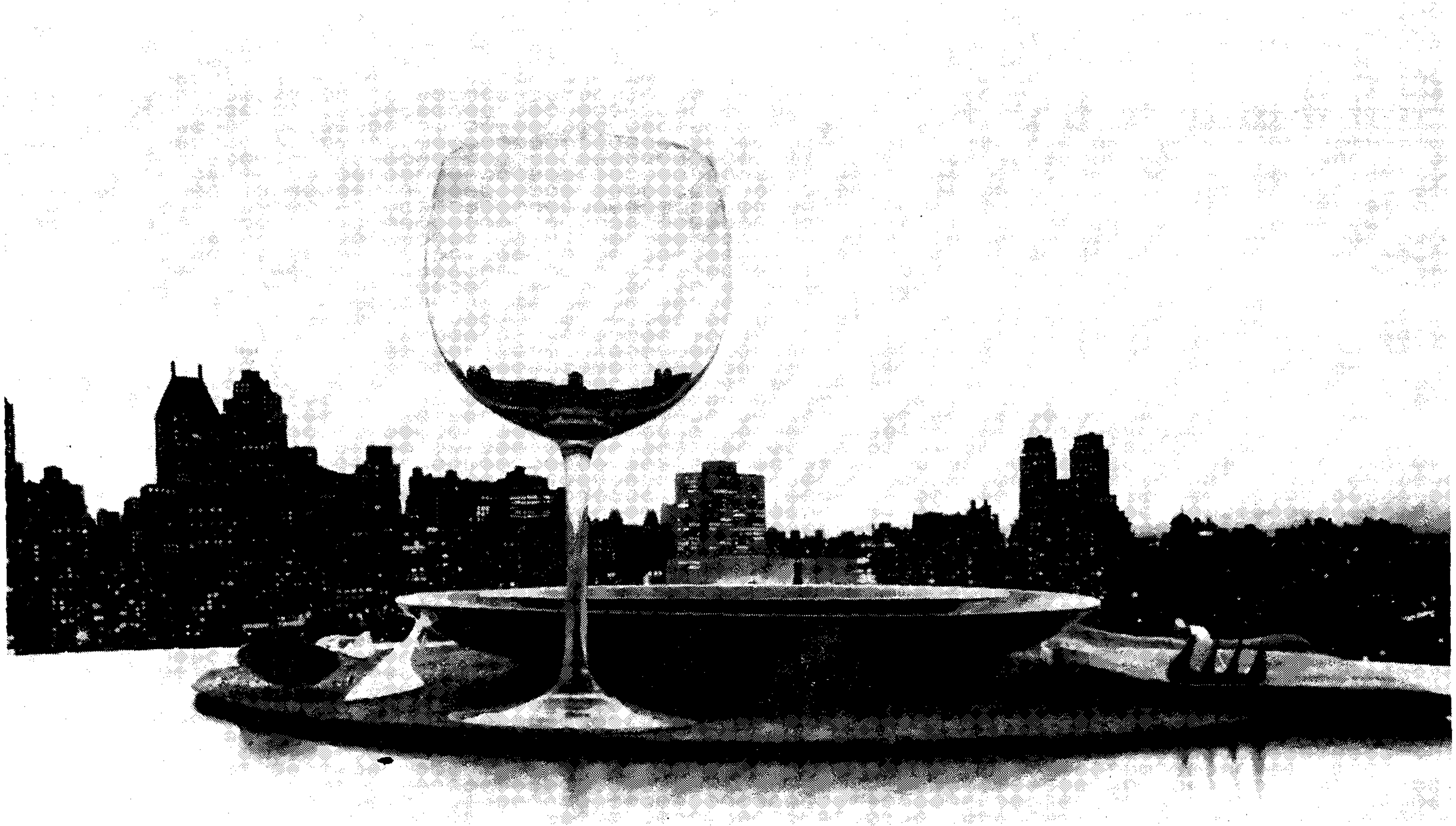
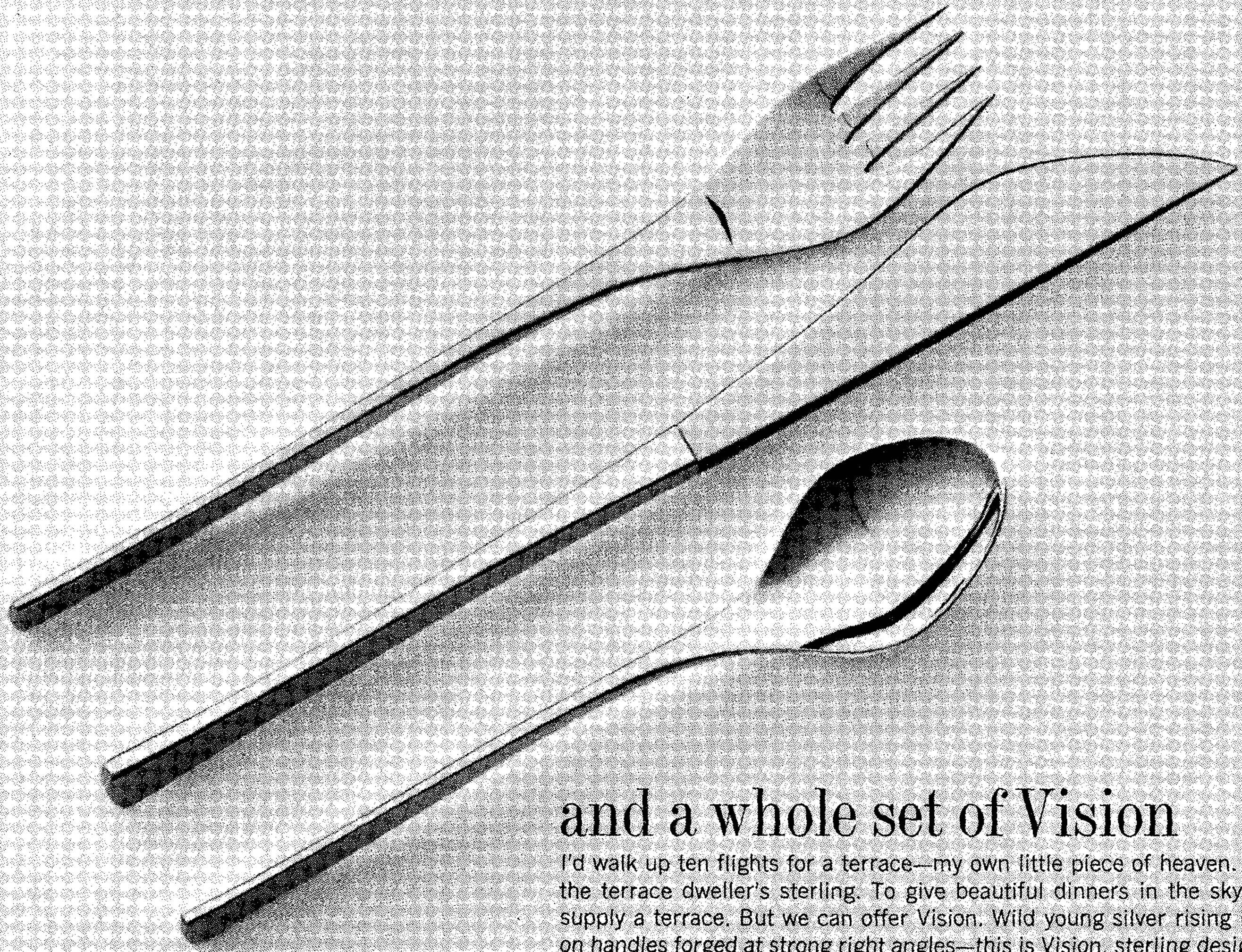


I want a terrace in the sky



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ings that will be composed around and will include the new Montparnasse railroad station, is, with its eighteen stories of unmitigated cement, a solid, high eyesore on the southern skyline of Paris. It disgraces the horizon as seen from the city's upper windows giving on the Tuileries Gardens, which were formerly possessed of one of the capital's most elegant perspectives. For these ignoble changes, big business and the automobile, either squatting by the curbs or crawling or racing along the boulevards, are responsible. Now there is a plan to create a double motor highway by the Seineside, from the Place de la Concorde to the Pont Sully, along the Right Bank. Already, members of the Institut and the academies have written eloquently in protest to the helpless Ministry of Cultural Affairs. To build the motor highway demands the sacrifice of the elderly, drooping elms that for decades have leaned over the river, opulently rooted and watered beneath the heavy cobblestones of the verge—the quietest promenade for lovers or solitary thinkers in all Paris. Cutting the elms, now in their faithful spring verdure, seems, in anticipation, a murder of nature and of beauty.

—GENÊT

•

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[*A bulletin from the Adjutant General of the Military Department of the State of Connecticut*]

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To: All Concerned

1. Ref: State Regulation ARNG 51-3, ANG 40-02, 1 July 1961, Subject: Conduct of Technicians.

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•

Inevitably, he made an appalling number of small errors of detail. For example, he misnames Jessie Wilson as "Jessica" and "Ellie Lou" Wilson as "Elly Lou," calls the Princeton preceptorial system the "tutorial" system, has Francis B. Sayre teaching at Harvard instead of Williams, says that the Wilsons lived in a nonexistent Governor's mansion when Wilson was Governor of New Jersey . . . —*The Times Book Review.*

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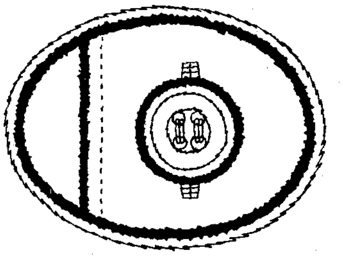


GOLDEN NEEDLE COLLECTION

THANK YOU, MADAM PRESIDENT

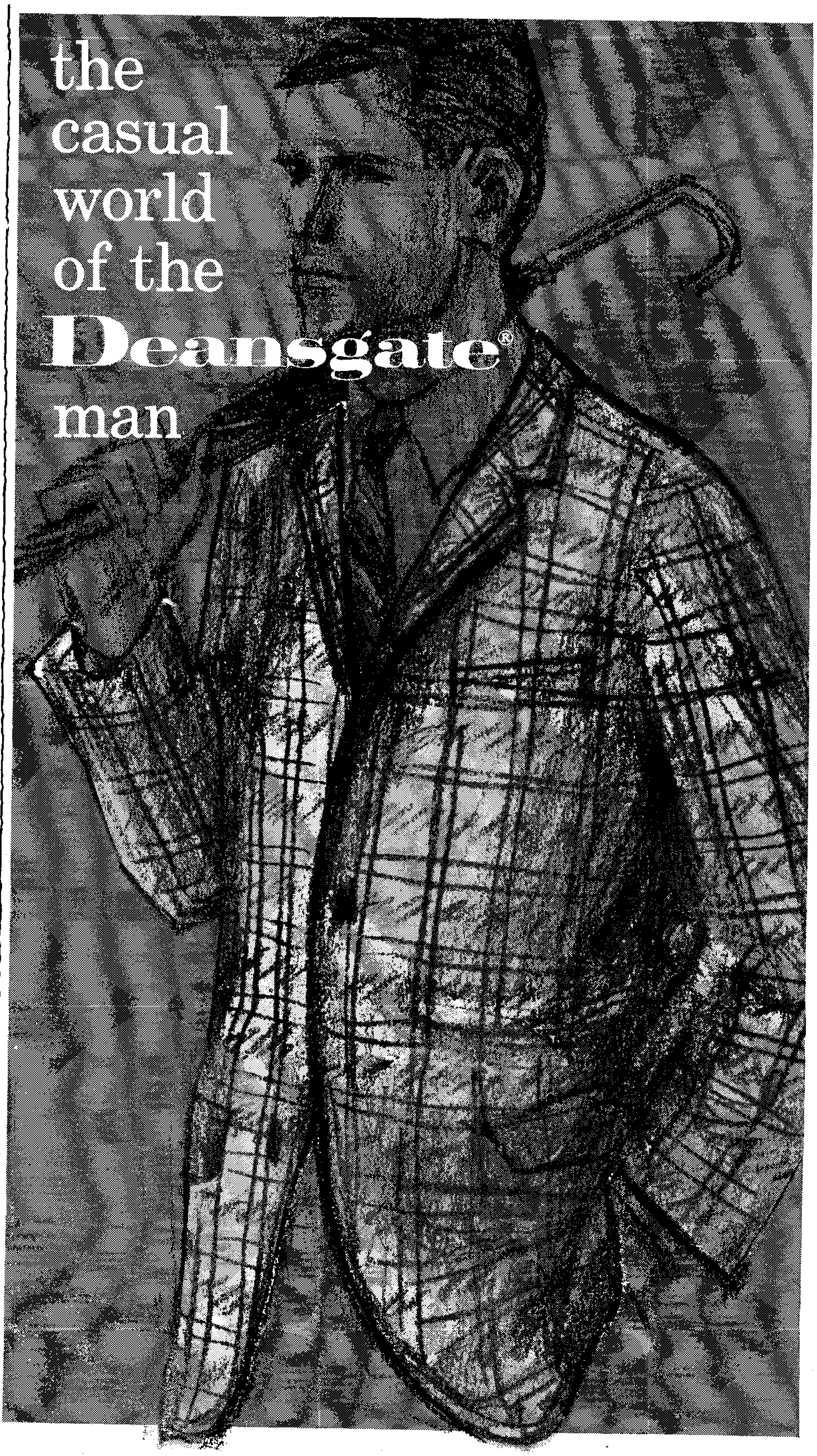
DANCING is in big at the White House, and among President Johnson's partners have been quite a few women reporters—a normally hardboiled lot whose accounts of cutting a White House rug have been so gushy one can scarcely tell anymore whether one is reading United Press International or listening to the post-prom chatter at a schoolgirls' pajama party. Senator Margaret Chase Smith may not make the Presidency this election, but just as Mr. Johnson has established the dancing precedent, so has she established the running precedent. The possibility of a woman President someday is not to be dismissed lightly, and inasmuch as many more men than women write about the Washington scene, we had better start bracing ourselves right now for some such spate of prose as this:

By Walter Lippmann

DANCING last night with the President, who took notice, flatteringly, of my new cummerbund, I could not help reflecting on the sharp but not universally understood contrast between today's basic power structure and that of some years back. I was beginning to flesh the bones of my thoughts when the President interrupted, with a charming giggle. "Oh, Walter, you old *sober*sides," she said. "I declare, you're forever *comparing* things. Quick, dance me over toward the band. I think Arthur Krock wants to cut in." It is her gift, I think, for the swift but graceful move, for the unhesitating decision and the nimble execution, that has placed her so securely in the forefront of those statesmen on whom, in the last analysis, the preservation of our national self-interest will surely stand or, in the lamentable event of being suddenly pushed off balance, fall.

By Arthur Krock

THE patent unconstitutionality of the Twenty-sixth Amendment, so vigorously argued in Justice Mesta's eloquent dissent (*vide supra*), was naturally much on this correspondent's mind last night when he barely succeeded in rescuing the President from a stumbling sycophant with two left feet. This department, which was wearing a midnight-blue jacket with grosgrain lapels and rolled cuffs, has often expressed its concern at the apparent fiscal irresponsibility of the administration, but never before during a cha-cha-cha. It is only meet and proper to concede, now that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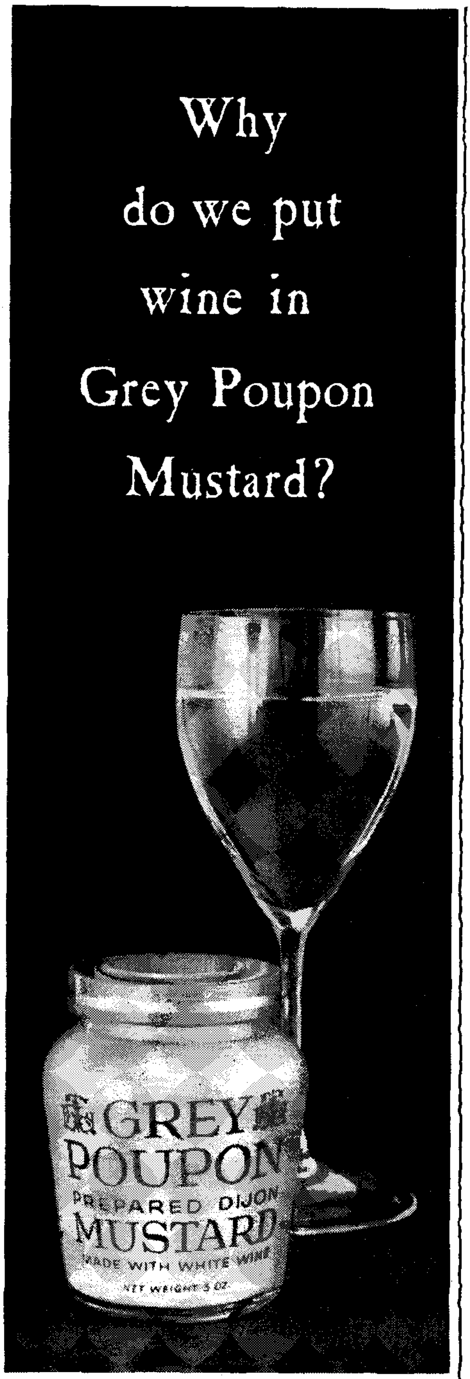

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the ball is over, that this department has felt obliged to reappraise its appraisal (*ipso facto*) in the light of the hitherto little-known sage advice of Alexander Hamilton, who once said, as the President so vivaciously whispered into this ear on the dance floor last night, "A national debt, if it is not excessive, will be to us a national blessing." Whether or not the Court will sustain this view is, of course, problematical.

By James Reston

It has been much too long since the White House boasted an out-and-out fan of the Washington Senators. The prospect seems brighter this morning, for, after dancing with the wire-service men last night, surely the President will regard our beloved but leaden-legged American League standard-bearers as paragons of competence. Through Hanson Baldwin, I had arranged for the Marine Corps band, when my turn came to trip the fantastic, to strike up "Take Me Out to the Ball Game." The President, who is quick to notice details (it may not be amiss to report that she was admiringly aware of the ruffled dress shirt I had our Paris bureau ship over from A. Sulka), asked me what the name of the song was, and when I told her, she said impulsively, "Would you take me out someday, Scotty?" The President's ability thus to cope with any situation is something the delegates to the forthcoming Tierra del Fuego conference are going to have to reckon with, for our Chief of State gives every evidence of that sure-footedness and sure-handedness lacking which no one ever yet made the double play around the Horn.

By Max Lerner

I WAS telling the President last night, while she good-naturedly put up with the polka I have not essayed in more years than I care to admit, about Schlampfheiter's meaningful but in some respects misleading three-volume work "Sex and Space," which I read in a cab on my way to the White House. I myself think Schlampfheiter attaches perhaps too much importance to the contemplated dispatch of an all-female crew of astronauts to Mars and an all-male crew to Venus. While it is obvious that the sexual connotations of the ravishment of the planets cannot and should not be underestimated, it seems to me, as I told the President bluntly, that the sickness inherent in our society can best be treated, Schlampfheiter notwithstanding, by a straightforward, healthy acceptance of who we are and what we are. The President did not break in ex-

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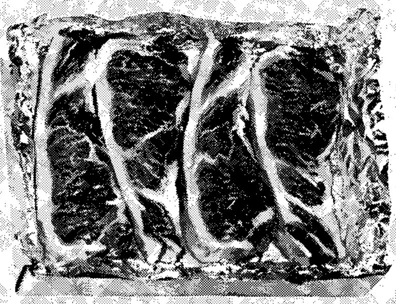

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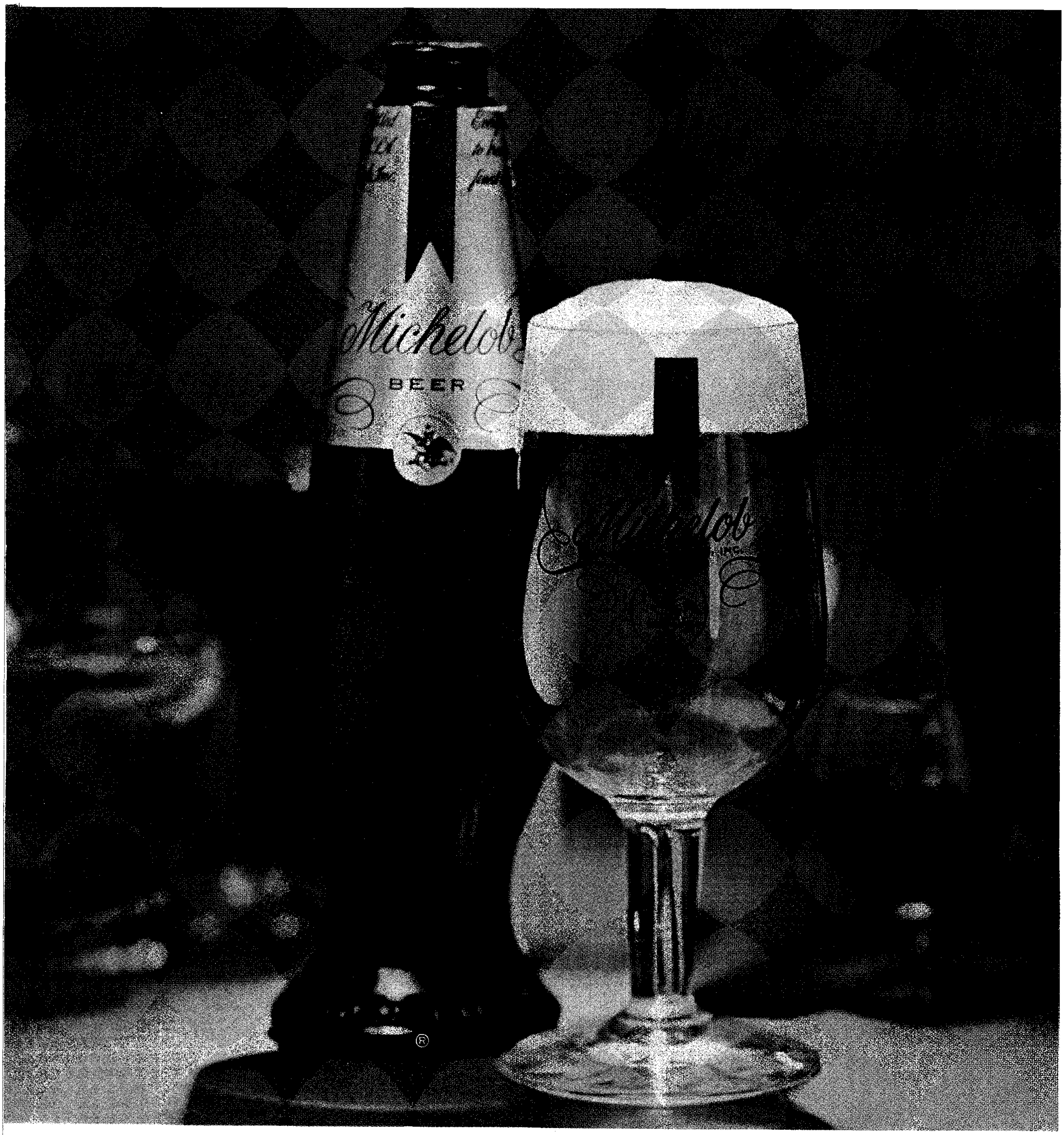

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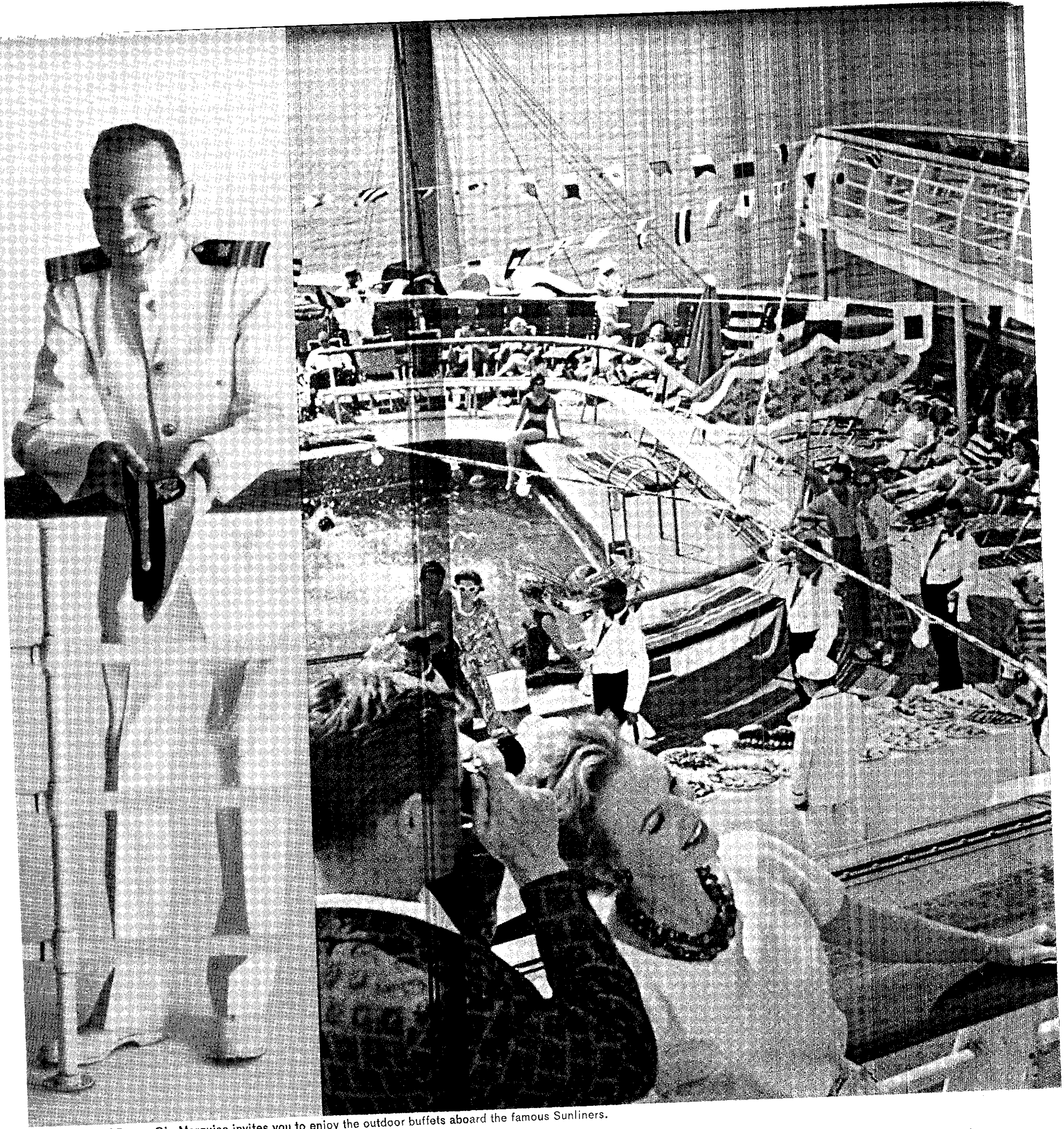

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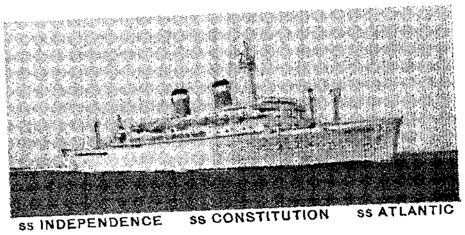

ss INDEPENDENCE ss CONSTITUTION ss ATLANTIC

AMERICAN EXPORT ISBRANDTSEN LINES

cept to compliment me, somewhat embarrassingly, on my tailcoat, which was rented. She is a remarkably intelligent woman.

By Drew Pearson

DISCOUNT all those stories about the President's going to a private dance at Joseph Alsop's. I had it on the very highest authority at the White House ball last night that, to avoid any charges of favoritism, she has decided to accept no invitations whatever to dances given by individual journalists. The President's appearance at the residence of the press attaché of the Chinese Embassy Tuesday, while in seeming conflict with this policy, actually came about because the society editor of the *People's Daily* was already en route from Peking to dance with her, and the State Department begged her not to risk precipitating an incident by standing him up. I will report next week on the President's appearance at my own forthcoming dance, which, of course, has nothing to do with official policy, because we are old, old friends and I can tango.

By May Craig

ANOTHER in this social season's series of receptions was held at the White House last night.

Among the President's guests were the Justices of the Supreme Court, the diplomatic corps, the Cabinet, the Congress, and the governors of the states, territories, and moons. The President looked tired. —E. J. Kahn, Jr.

•

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—F. Pratt Green

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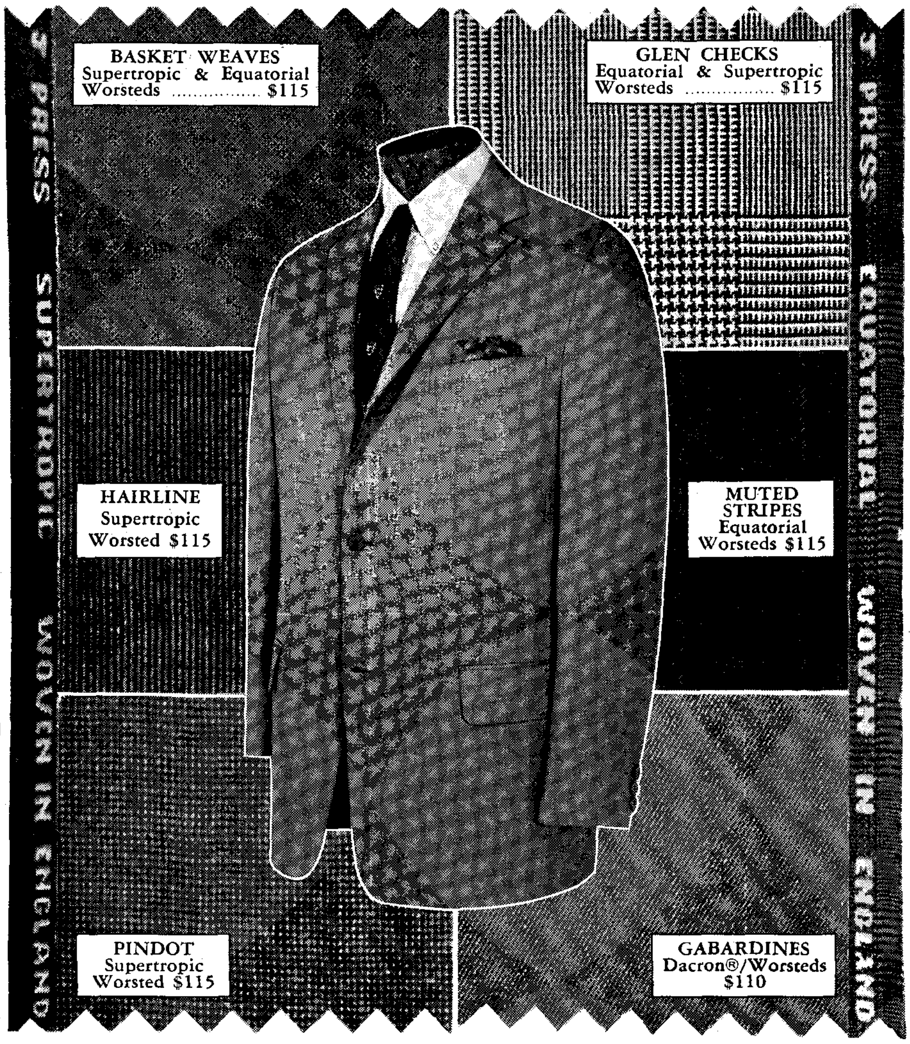
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ANNALS OF LAW

THE GIDEON CASE—II

"THE most innocent man, pressed by the awful solemnities of public accusation and trial, may be incapable of supporting his own cause. He may be utterly unfit to cross-examine the witnesses against him, to point out the contradictions or defects of their testimony, and to counteract it by properly introducing it and applying his own." So wrote a Pennsylvania lawyer named William Rawle in 1825. Since Rawle's day, the law has become more complex—the number of possible offenses has multiplied, there are more subtleties involved in criminal trials, and defendants have more protection under the Constitution—and the need for a lawyer has increased, not lessened. A defendant in a criminal case cannot be expected to take full advantage of his right to an impartial jury, nor can he be expected to know how to exclude illegal evidence or to challenge a confession on the ground that it was not made voluntarily. As Justice Walter V. Schaefer of the Supreme Court of Illinois has said, "Of all the rights that an accused person has, the right to be represented by counsel is by far the most pervasive, for it affects his ability to assert any other rights he may have."

The right to counsel does not go as far back in history as one might assume. Up through the seventeenth century, felony defendants were treated under English common law with what now seems unremitting harshness. They were not allowed to retain counsel, to testify, or to call sworn witnesses on their behalf; they were not even permitted to see the charges before trial. (It was not until 1837 that an English statute extended to all felony defendants the privilege of being represented by counsel.) Most of the thirteen American colonies, however, permitted defendants to retain counsel, and the Sixth Amendment to the Constitution provided, among other things, that "in all criminal prosecutions, the accused shall enjoy the right . . . to have the Assistance of Counsel for his defence." But the amendment was designed to apply only to prosecutions in federal courts—not to those in state courts—and, in any event, it was almost certainly not envisioned by its framers as applying to the problem of the man too poor to hire a lawyer. It is this, though, that over the years has become the real problem of counsel in American criminal justice. No precise national figures are available, but it has been estimated that about sixty per cent of all criminal defendants in state cases cannot afford to retain a lawyer.

The way the Supreme Court of the United States has handled the issue of right to counsel is a good example of how Constitutional doctrine develops there—slowly, deliberately, case by case. The story begins in 1932, with Powell v. Alabama—the so-called Scottsboro case. "One spring day, a freight train was moving slowly across the countryside of northern Alabama," Professor Francis A. Allen, of the University of Chicago Law School, has written. "In a gondola car . . . rode two groups of youths, one composed of Negroes, the other whites. Among the latter were two white girls. What occurred has ever since been the subject of sharp controversy. It is at least established that a dispute broke out between the Negroes and the whites. There was a fight and all but one of the white boys were thrown off the slow-moving train. Word was sent ahead, and when the freight approached the village of Scottsboro, the Negroes were met by the sheriff and a posse. The charge was rape of the white girls. Fearing the violence of the community, the sheriff moved the defendants to the neighboring town of Gadsden. The militia was called to Scottsboro to maintain order. A few days later, the defendants were tried in three separate proceedings. Each of the three trials was completed in the space of a single day. All the defendants were convicted of rape, and the juries imposed the sentence of death on each."

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Those convictions and sentences were appealed to the Supreme Court, and in its opinion, written by Justice George Sutherland, one of the four famous "conservatives" on the Court at that time, the question considered was whether the Scottsboro boys, as they were called, had had the effective assistance of counsel. In the Alabama court, there had been a long, confusing colloquy in which the judge told some of the lawyers of Scottsboro

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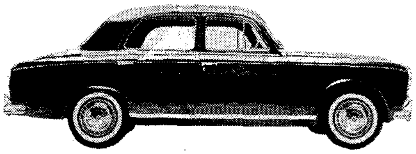

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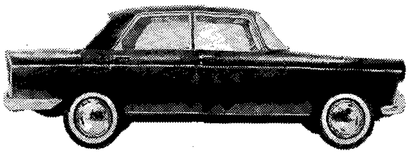

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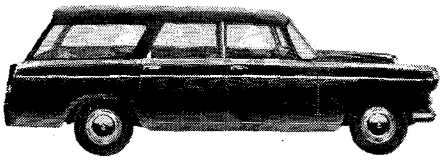

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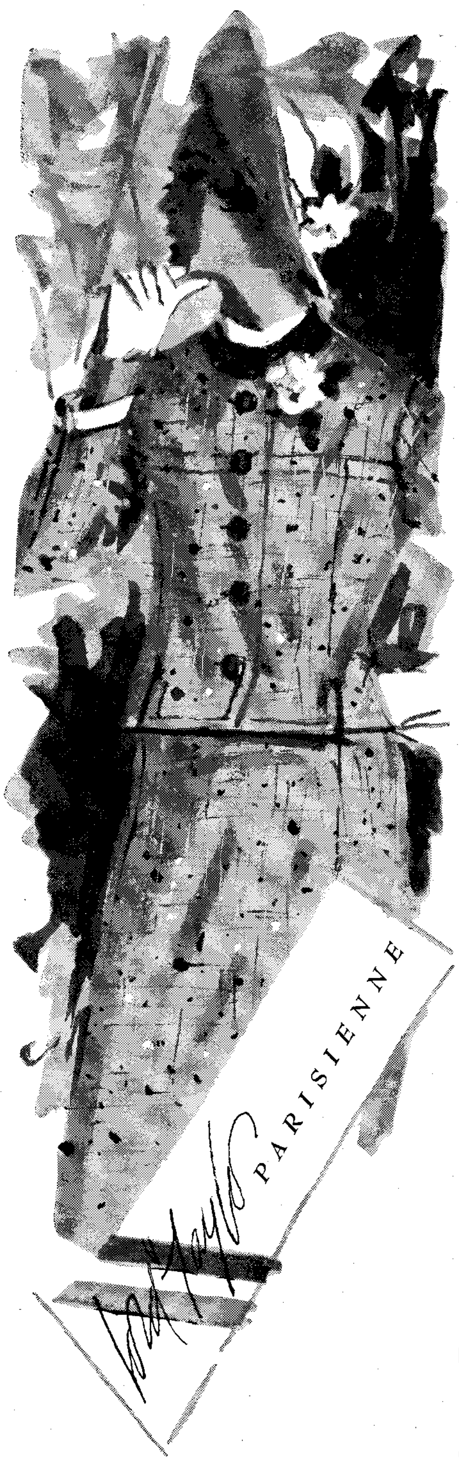

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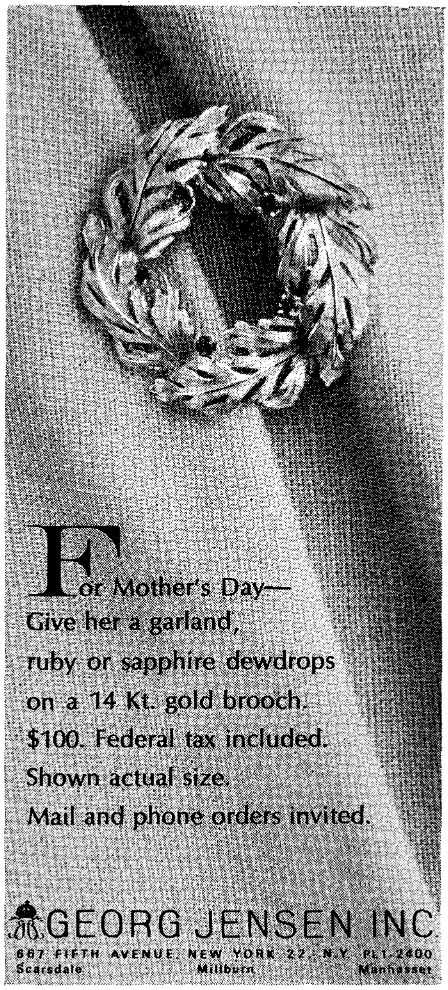
that he had "appointed all the members of the bar" to represent the defendants if no one else turned up in their behalf. "With this dubious understanding, the trials immediately proceeded," Justice Sutherland wrote. "The defendants, young, ignorant, illiterate, surrounded by hostile sentiment, haled back and forth under guard of soldiers, charged with an atrocious crime regarded with especial horror in the community where they were to be tried, were thus put in peril a few moments after counsel for the first time charged with any degree of *responsibility* began *to* represent them." Since the Alabama court was a state court, Justice Sutherland put aside the Sixth Amendment as a guide to decision, but he said that the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment ("nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law") required at least a "hearing" and that for a meaningful hearing counsel was "fundamental." The opinion concluded that it would be a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment for a court "arbitrarily" to deny any party to a case, "civil or criminal," the right to counsel of his choice. And the facts of this case, Justice Sutherland said, amounted to a denial of "reasonable *time* and *opportunity* to secure counsel." But he did not stop there. "Passing that," he wrote, "and assuming [the defendants'] inability, even if opportunity had been given, to employ counsel . . . we are of opinion that, under the circumstances just stated, the necessity of counsel was so vital and imperative that the failure of the trial court to make an effective appointment of counsel was likewise a denial of due process within the meaning of the Fourteenth Amendment." This was the first time the Supreme Court had held that the Constitution might require that an impoverished defendant have a lawyer. Justice Sutherland, however, carefully limited the holding to the particular facts of the case—"the circumstances just stated." He added, "Whether this would be so in other criminal prosecutions, or under other circumstances, we need not determine. All that it is necessary now to decide, as we do decide, is that in a capital case, where the defendant is unable to employ counsel, and is incapable adequately of making his own defense because of ignorance, feeble-mindedness, illiteracy, or the like, it is the duty of the court, whether requested or not, to assign counsel for him as a necessary requisite of due process of law." By any fair reading, the opinion called for much less than the provision of



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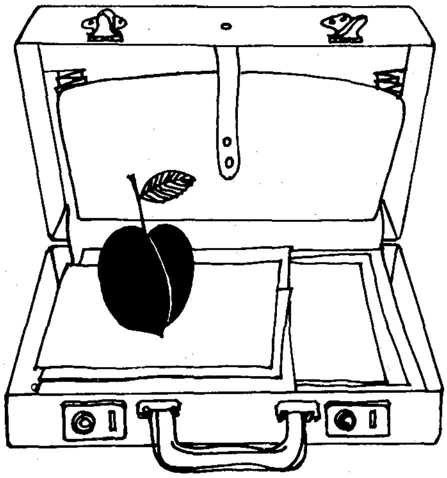

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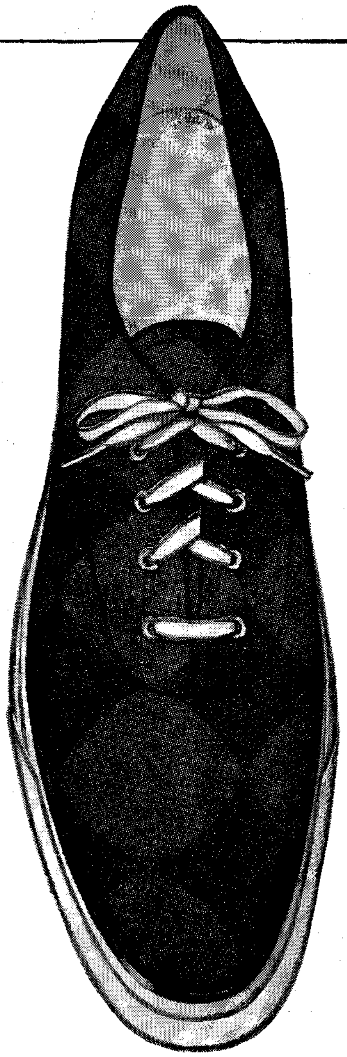

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counsel in every state criminal trial. Justice Sutherland had taken care to restrict the case to its compelling circumstances: an agitated community, helpless defendants, and—what turned out to be very important—a capital crime.

It was six years before the Court considered the issue of counsel in a less agitated setting. That was a 1938 federal case, Johnson v. Zerbst, involving a conviction for passing counterfeit money, and Justice Hugo L. Black, who was then in his first term on the Court, wrote the majority opinion. The opinion included nothing on the subject of any special difficulties under which the defendant labored, and for all that anyone could tell, there were none. After quoting from Justice Sutherland's opinion in Powell v. Alabama, Justice Black wrote, "The average defendant does not have the professional legal skill to protect himself when brought before a tribunal with power to take his life or liberty, wherein the prosecution is presented by experienced and learned counsel. That which is simple, orderly and necessary to the lawyer, to the untrained layman may appear intricate, complex and mysterious." Justice Black proceeded to assert, simply and without elaboration, that in federal criminal cases the language of the Sixth Amendment required the appointment of counsel for all who could not afford to employ counsel of their own. Justice Black was speaking for a bare majority—Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes and Justices Louis D. Brandeis, Harlan F. Stone, and Owen J. Roberts in addition to himself. Justice Stanley F. Reed concurred in the decision, but did not join in Justice Black's opinion. Justices James Clark McReynolds and Pierce Butler dissented. Justice Benjamin N. Cardozo was fatally ill.

There matters stood for four years. In the state courts, appointment of counsel was required by the Fourteenth Amendment in some cases, but just which ones was not certain. In federal courts, counsel was required by the Sixth Amendment in all criminal cases. Many informed observers thought it inevitable that this requirement would be extended to the states, but then, in 1942, came the case of Betts v. Brady. Smith Betts was a farmhand, living in Carroll County, Maryland. He was charged with robbery and was tried in the county's Circuit Court. He asked the court to appoint a lawyer for him, because he was too poor to hire one. The judge who tried the case refused, explaining that the practice was to appoint lawyers for the indigent only in prosecutions for murder or rape. Betts there-

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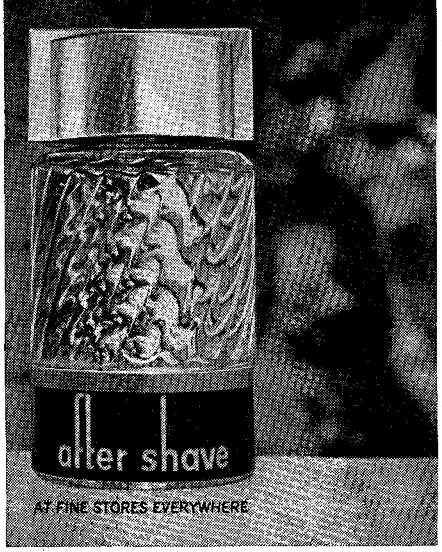

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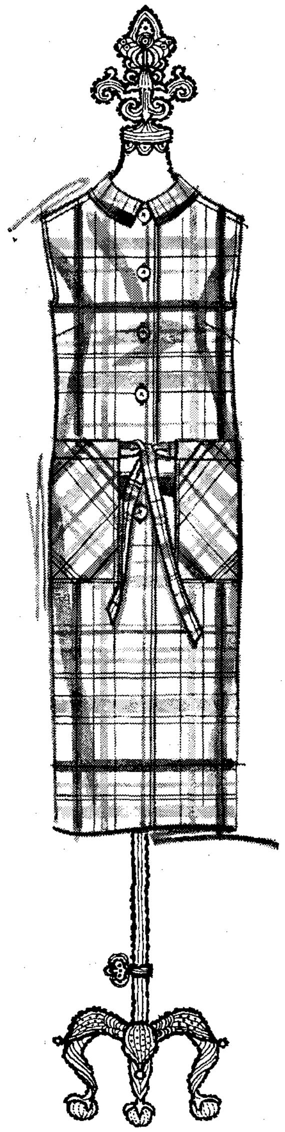

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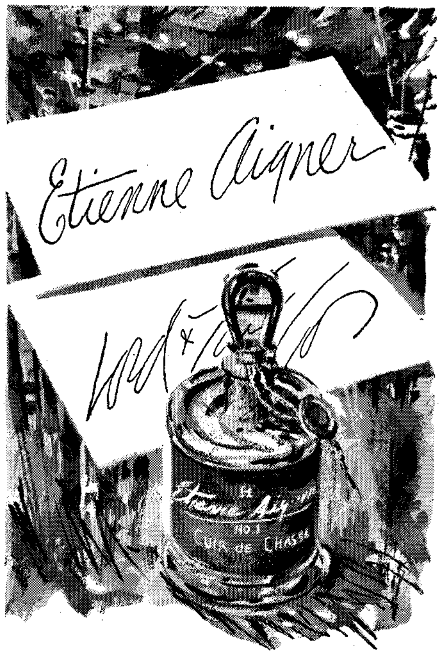
fore acted as his own lawyer, cross-examining the prosecution witnesses and calling his own; the main issues were the identification of Betts as the robber and the validity of an alibi that he put forward. The judge found Betts guilty and sentenced him to eight years in prison. Eventually, Betts filed a petition for habeas corpus with Chief Judge Carroll T. Bond of the Maryland Court of Appeals, the state's highest court, claiming that the judge's refusal to give him a lawyer had violated his Constitutional rights. Judge Bond wrote a detailed opinion rejecting Betts's claim. The trial, he said, had been a routine, simple affair, so that "in this case it must be said there was little for counsel to do on either side." Betts, he said, had been able "to take care of his own interests." The case went to the Supreme Court, and a six-to-three majority agreed with Judge Bond. Justice Roberts, who wrote the majority opinion, rejected the idea that the Sixth Amendment, as such, was applicable to the states. The question, he said, was "whether the constraint laid by the amendment upon the national courts expresses a rule so fundamental and essential to a fair trial, and so to due process of law, that it is made obligatory upon the States by the Fourteenth Amendment." To find the answer, he went on, the Court would have to look to the constitutions, statutes, and judicial decisions of the states—"the most authoritative sources for ascertaining the considered judgment of the citizens of the States upon the question." Justice Roberts examined the right-to-counsel provisions in effect in the thirteen original states at the time of the writing of the Constitution, and concluded that these provisions were designed not to assure that the poor be given lawyers but to let those who could afford to retain lawyers have them. Then he examined the constitutions and laws of the forty-eight states in 1942, and found a diversity of provisions, with some states requiring appointment of counsel in cases of all kinds, some requiring it in capital cases only, and some merely permitting it at each court's discretion. "This material demonstrates that, in the great majority of the States, it has been the considered judgment of the people, their representatives and their courts that appointment of counsel is not a fundamental right, essential to a fair trial," Justice Roberts wrote. He added that the logic of a uniform rule would require appointment of counsel in civil cases, and even in traffic courts. "The States should not be strait-jacketed," he said, and noted



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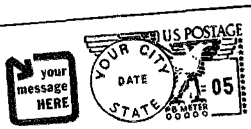

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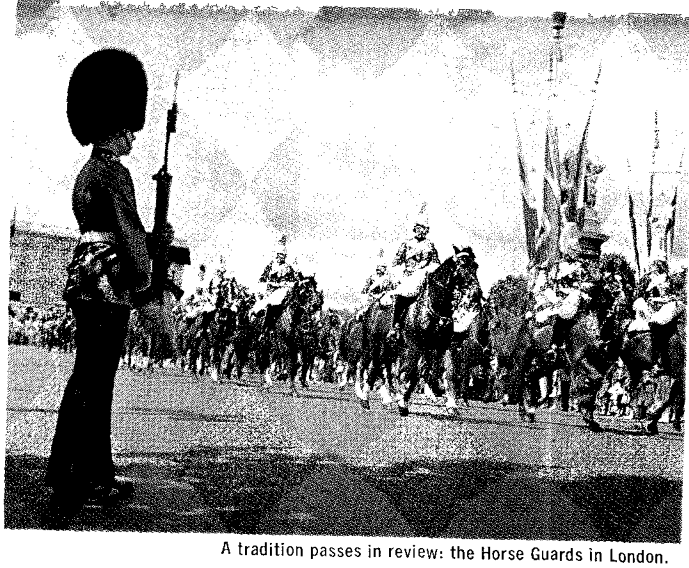

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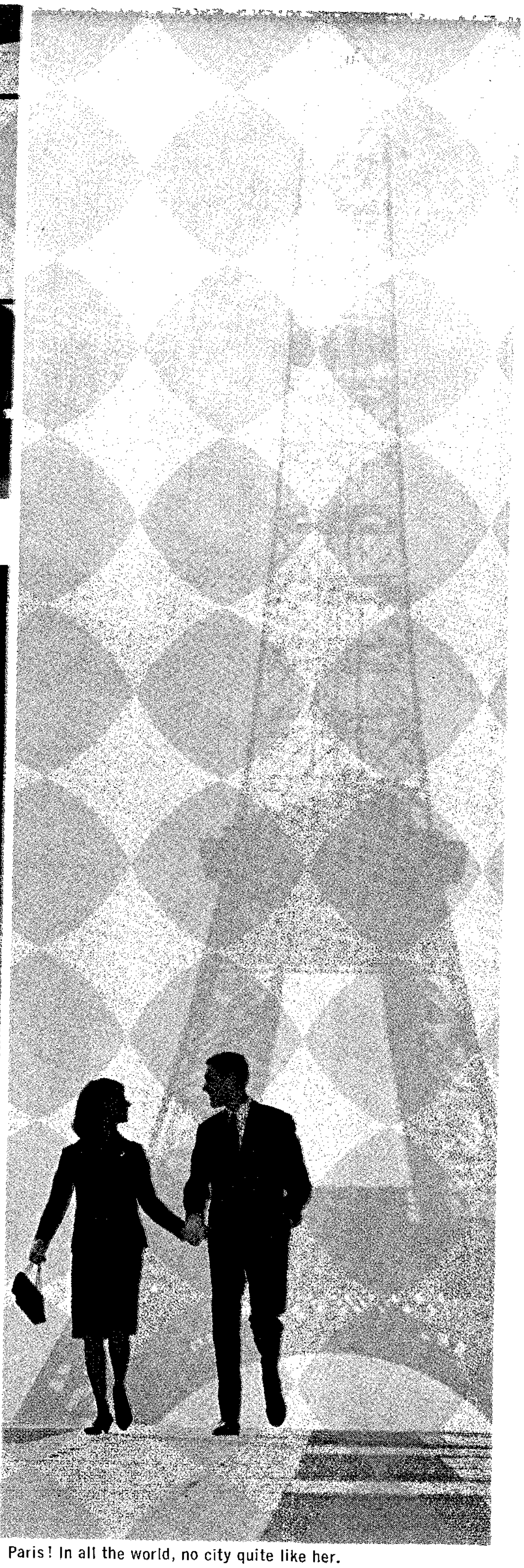

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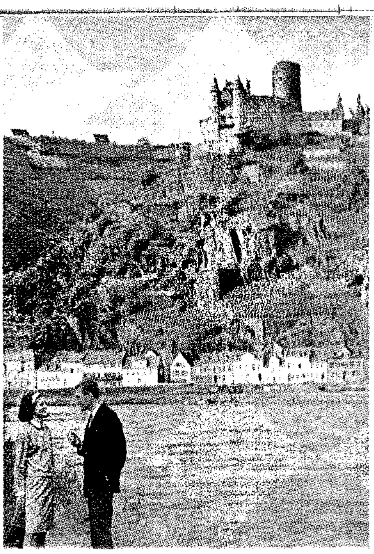

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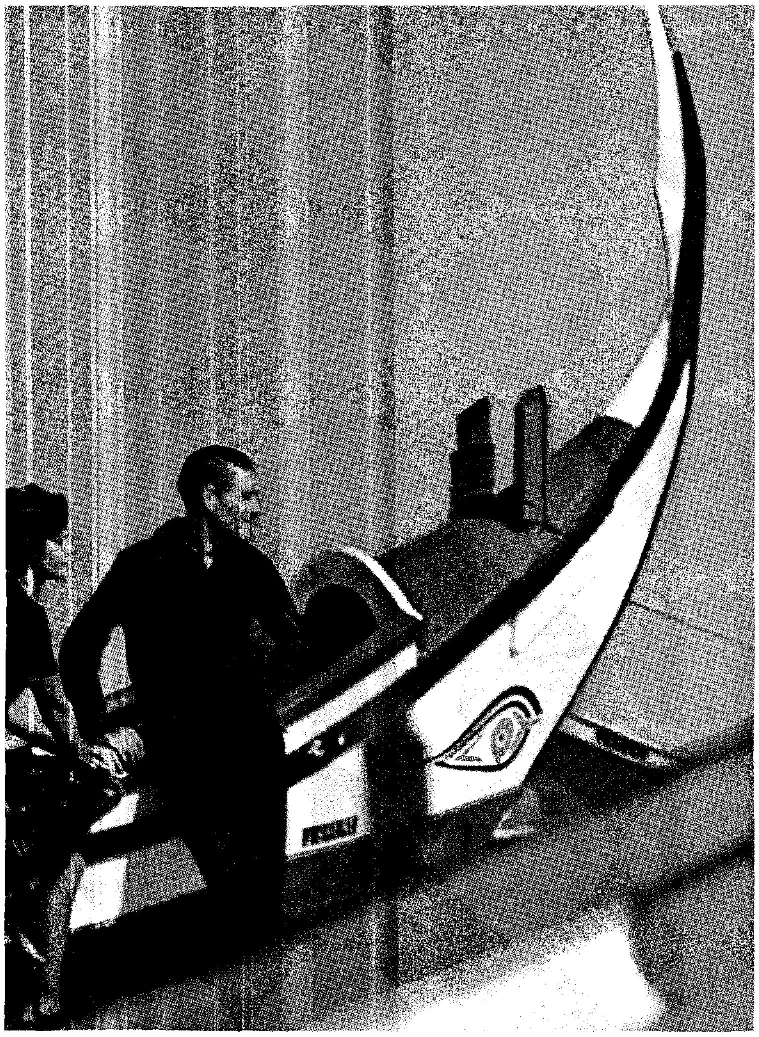

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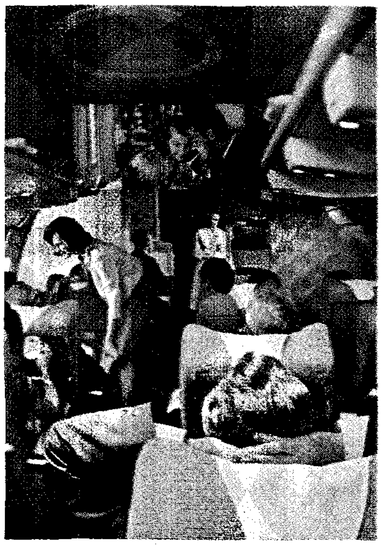

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Not long after Betts v. Brady was decided, the decision was severely criticized in a lengthy letter to the *Times*, signed jointly by Benjamin V. Cohen, a noted New Deal lawyer, and Erwin N. Griswold, then a professor at the Harvard Law School, and later its dean. "The decision in Betts v. Brady comes at a singularly inopportune time," Cohen and Griswold wrote. "Throughout the world men are fighting to be free from the fear of political trials and concentration camps. From this struggle men are hoping that a bill of rights will emerge which will guarantee to all men certain fundamental rights. . . . Most Americans—lawyers and laymen alike—before the decision in Betts v. Brady would have thought that the right of the accused to counsel in a serious criminal case was unquestionably a part of our own Bill of Rights." That was just a hint of the criticism that was soon to begin raining on Betts v. Brady.

The next two significant right-to-counsel cases both reached the Court in 1945, and both resulted in seven-to-two reversals of convictions. (Justices Roberts and Frankfurter dissented.) But those were capital cases, and before long

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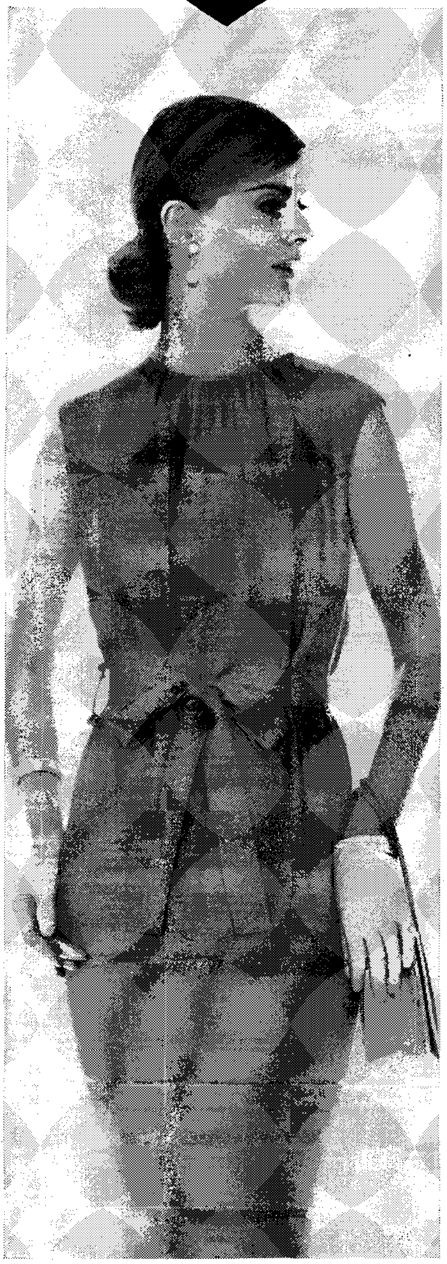

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it became evident that the Court was drawing a line between capital cases and all others. In 1961, the Court finally put the distinction into words: "When one pleads to a capital charge without benefit of counsel, we do not stop to determine whether prejudice resulted."

In 1947, the Court made it plain that in non-capital cases it was sticking to Betts v. Brady, and for the next few years every right-to-counsel case was weighed in terms of its "special circumstances." This approach was best defined in a 1948 opinion by Justice Reed: "Where the gravity of the crime and other factors—such as the age and education of the defendant, the conduct of the court or the prosecuting officials, and the complicated nature of the offense charged and the possible defenses thereto—render criminal proceedings without counsel so apt to result in injustice as to be fundamentally unfair . . . the accused must have legal assistance." Different uses of this formula sometimes produced distinctions so fine that virtually no one could understand them. In 1948, the Court decided two right-to-counsel cases on the same day—Gryger v. Burke and Townsend v. Burke. In the first, it affirmed a state conviction, and in the second it reversed one. Gryger, who had been sentenced to imprisonment for life, claimed that the trial judge wrongly believed state statutes to require such a sentence; in the Supreme Court, a five-to-four majority found no "fundamental unfairness" in the absence of counsel, even though a lawyer would doubtless have corrected such an error. Townsend said that his judge had imposed sentence in the mistaken belief that he had been convicted on two earlier charges, which in fact had resulted in acquittals; a six-to-three majority of the Supreme Court decided that in those circumstances counsel was Constitutionally required. The only thing one could say with certainty about the distinction between the two cases was that Justices Jackson and Frankfurter—who made the difference by voting to affirm Gryger's conviction and to reverse Townsend's—saw a distinction.

Sometimes when a Constitutional doctrine comes under severe scholarly attack, the Supreme Court almost invisibly begins to retreat from it. Something like that, it now appears, happened in the nineteen-fifties in respect to Betts v. Brady. Opinions still frequently cited the case, but the last time the Court actually affirmed a state criminal conviction in the face of a claimed denial of counsel was in 1950. Beginning in

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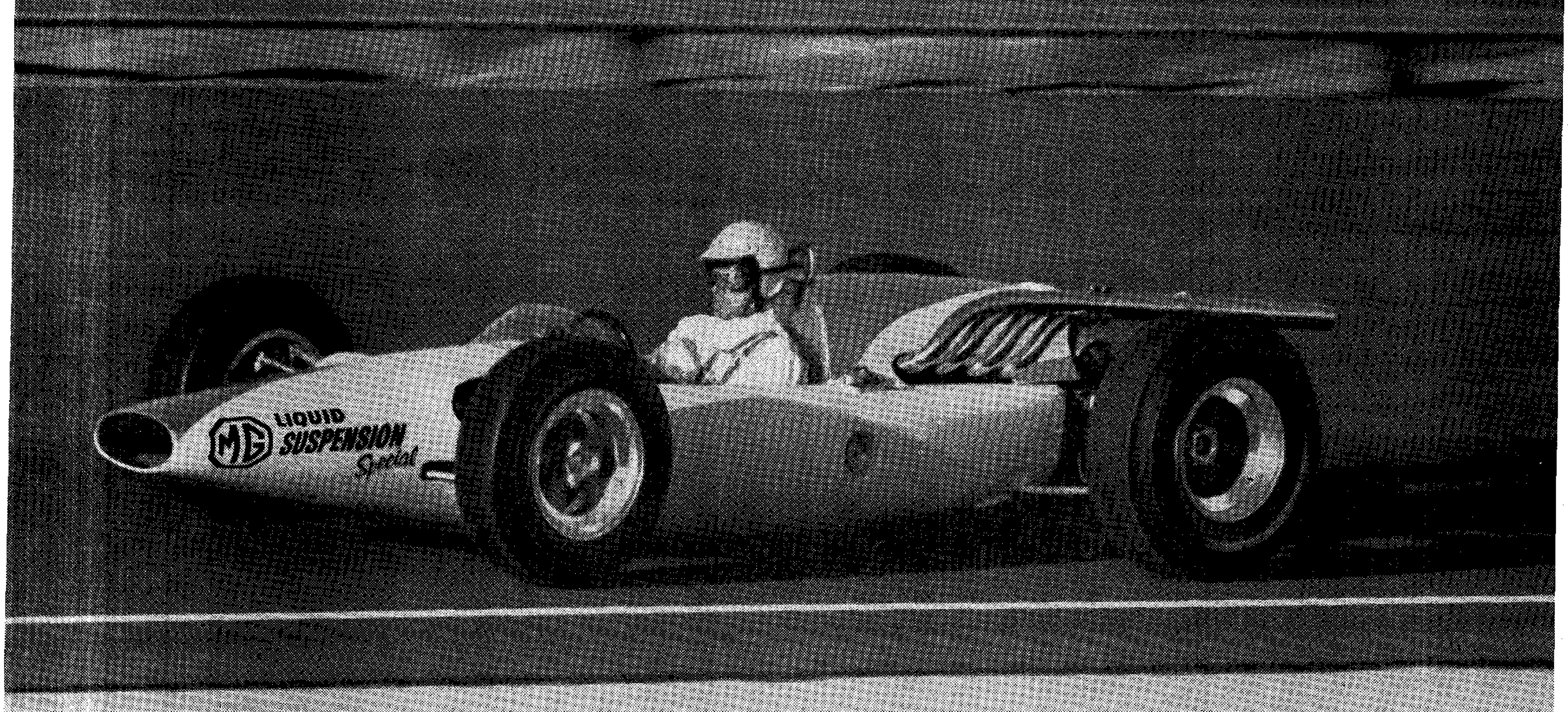

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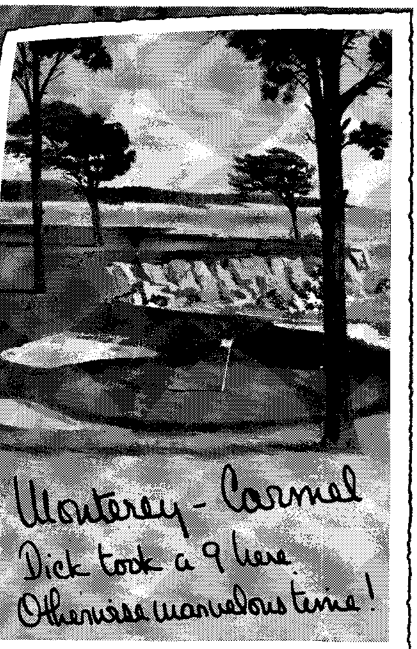
1960, there was an especially significant series of decisions. In Hudson v. North Carolina, Justice Potter Stewart, who wrote the majority opinion, found that counsel had been Constitutionally required because Hudson's co-defendant had changed his plea to guilty midway in the trial and the change might have prejudiced Hudson before the jury. Justices Tom C. Clark and Charles Evans Whittaker dissented, the former remarking acidly that the Court's opinion "without so much as mentioning Betts v. Brady . . . cuts serious inroads into that holding." In 1961, in another reversal of a state-court decision, Justice Douglas, joined by Justice William J. Brennan, Jr., wrote a separate concurring opinion, which called flatly for the overruling of the Betts v. Brady opinion: "Betts v. Brady requires the indigent, when convicted in a trial where he has no counsel, to show that there was fundamental unfairness. . . . This is a heavy burden to carry, especially for an accused who has no lawyer and who cannot afford to hire one. . . . Are we to wait to overrule [Betts v. Brady] until a case arises where the indigent is unable to make a convincing demonstration that the absence of counsel prejudiced him?" That concurring opinion seemed, from its language, to look as much to the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment ("Nor shall any State . . . deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws") as to the due-process clause. A few weeks later, in a lecture, Justice Brennan said that he was thinking in terms of equal protection. "The denial of counsel to an indigent accused seems almost to be an *a fortiori* case of the violation of the guarantee of equal protection of the laws," he said.

In two 1962 cases, the Court ruled unanimously that the legal issues involved in a proceeding under a multiple-offender law—committing a man to an extended prison term simply because he had a certain number of previous convictions for felony—were so "complex" as to require counsel. Many authorities would have regarded such a proceeding as about as simple and straightforward as any could be in the criminal law, so it appeared that the requirement of "special circumstances" to justify counsel had been stretched just about to its limit. Then, on April 30, 1962, the Court decided Carnley v. Cochran. Once again it held that in the particular circumstances the defendant should have had a lawyer. The Betts approach was still being followed, but



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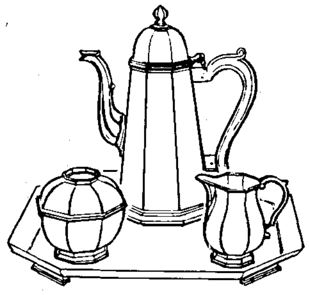

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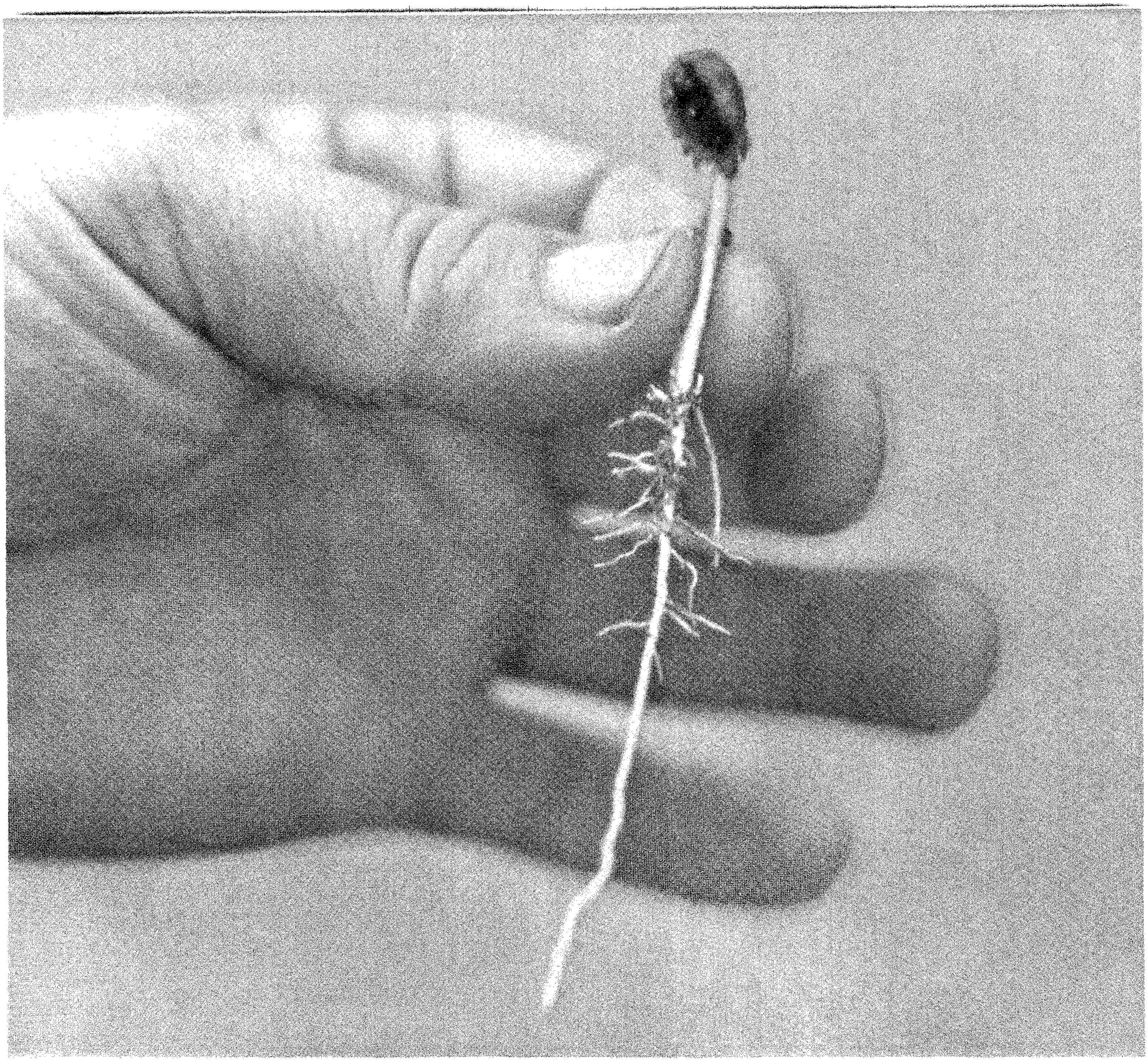

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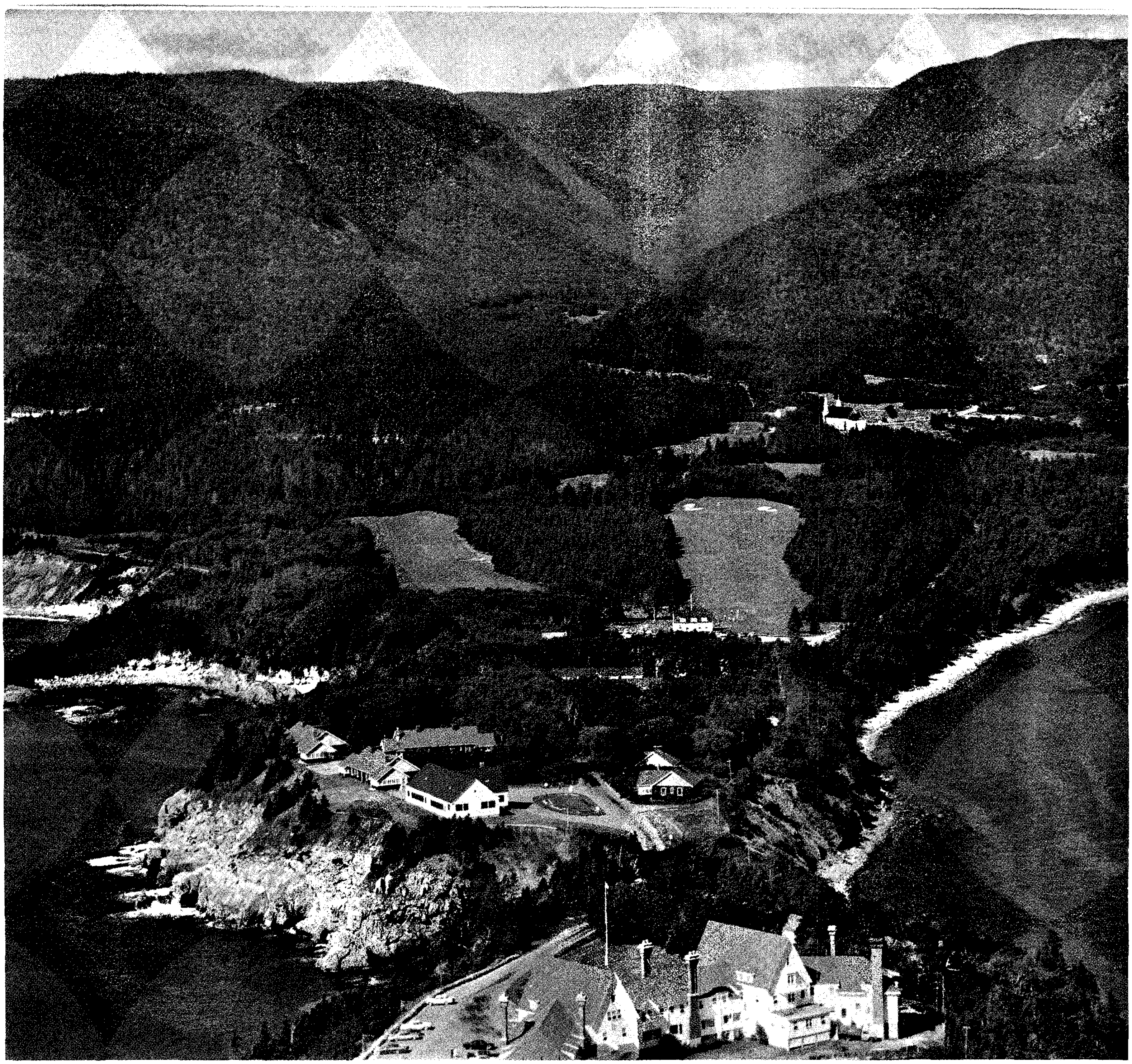

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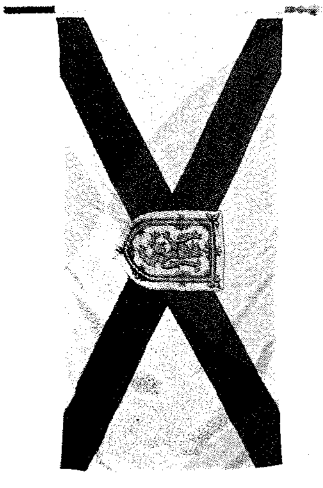

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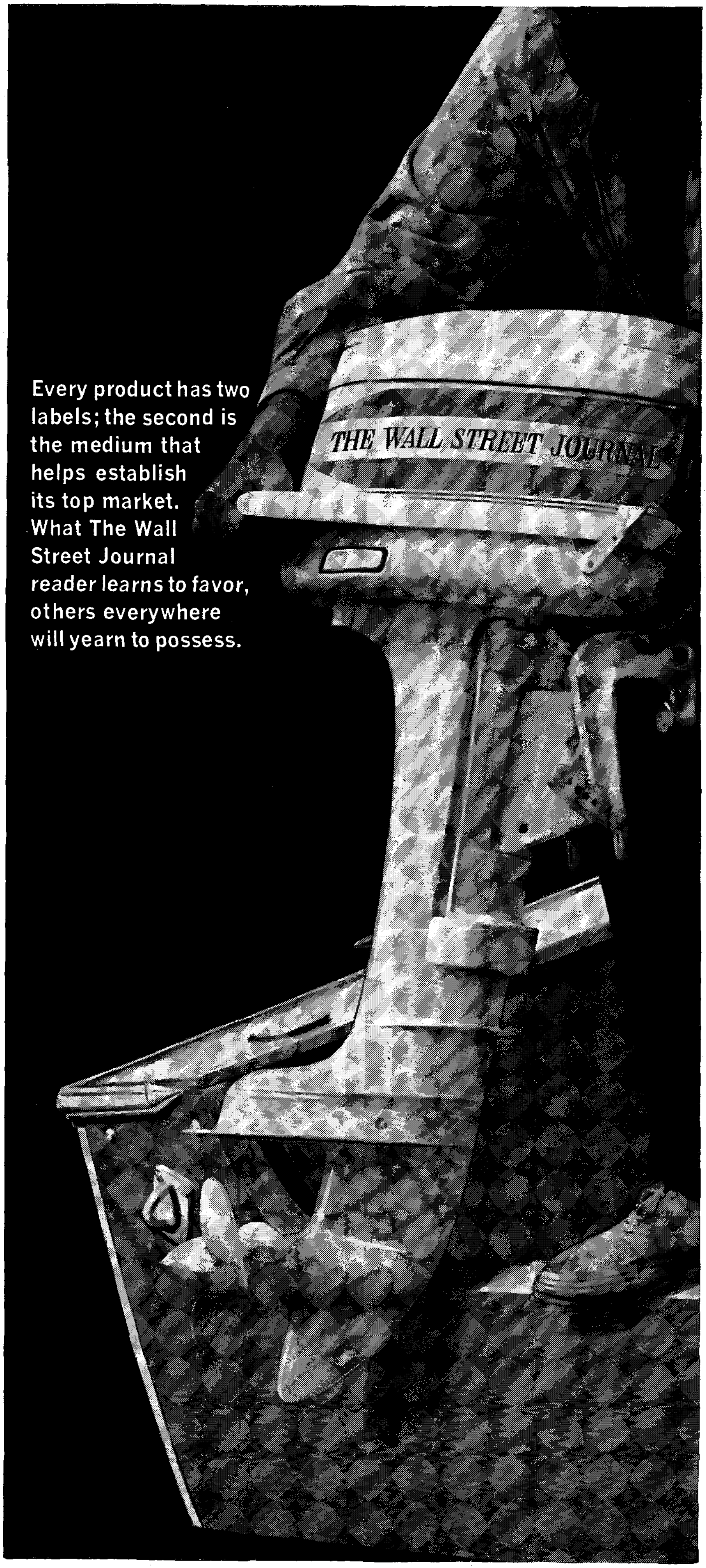
in the Carnley case there was a difference. Two justices did not participate in the decision; Justice Whittaker had retired on April 1st, and on April 5th Justice Frankfurter had gone to the hospital after suffering a stroke. The seven justices sitting agreed on Carnley's right to counsel. The majority reached that result without questioning Betts v. Brady. Three members of the Court—Chief Justice Earl Warren and Justices Black and Douglas—joined in a concurring opinion urging that Betts v. Brady be overruled. Why didn't Justice Brennan, who undoubtedly felt the same way, join in the concurring opinion? If he had joined, the Court would have overruled Betts v. Brady by a vote of four to three. Perhaps Justice Brennan felt it inappropriate to overrule a Constitutional decision with less than a full bench present, or perhaps he thought that the grave step of overruling should be taken more deliberately, with counsel being explicitly directed to focus the argument on the question of the Betts doctrine's continuing validity.

ON June 4, 1962, the Supreme Court announced that it was willing to hear the case of Gideon v. Cochran. Cochran was the same Cochran who had been the defendant in the Carnley case—the head of the Florida prison system. Clarence Earl Gideon had been tried on August 4, 1961, in the Circuit Court of the Fourteenth Judicial Circuit of Florida on a charge of breaking into the Bay Harbor Poolroom, in Panama City, Florida, with intent to commit petty larceny; he had been convicted and sentenced to five years in the Florida state penitentiary at Raiford. At the beginning of his trial, he had asked the judge, Robert L. McCrary, Jr., to appoint a lawyer to represent him, and the judge had replied, according to a transcript of the trial, that "under the laws of the State of Florida, the only time the Court can appoint Counsel to represent a Defendant is when that person is charged with a capital offense." In prison, Gideon had submitted a petition for habeas corpus to the Supreme Court of Florida, and when that was denied he had petitioned the Supreme Court of the United States to review his case. In an order announcing that it would review the case, the Court requested counsel to discuss, in addition to other questions raised by the case, the question "Should this Court's holding in Betts v. Brady . . . be reconsidered?"

If Gideon had been unable to obtain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counsel in the Circuit Court of Bay County, he certainly could have a lawyer in the Supreme Court. The fact is that the Court practically insists on appointing a lawyer for any impoverished prisoner whose petition for review has been granted. As a formality, the impoverished prisoner must ask for a lawyer, and the Chief Deputy Clerk of the Court, Edmund P. Cullinan, who is subject to a recurrent nightmare about a prisoner who will want to argue his own case—as anyone may do in any federal court—sees to it that he does ask. On the day that the Court agreed to hear Gideon's case, two letters were sent from the Court to Gideon. One, signed by an assistant clerk, Eugene T. Lyddane, consisted of the text of the Court's order. (This text also went to the Attorney General of Florida.) The other, which was signed by Cullinan, read, "I assume that you desire the Court to appoint a competent attorney to represent you in this Court. It will therefore be necessary for you to forward immediately a handwritten motion requesting the Court to appoint counsel to represent you." Gideon answered that he did want a lawyer.

The choice of a lawyer for an indigent petitioner is entirely in the hands of the justices, and they have never laid out any rules for the selection process, doubtless because they want to retain a broad discretion. Justice Frankfurter once said that to those making the choice "intrinsic professional competence alone matters." The justices naturally tend to pick a man known to one or more of them personally or by reputation. Often, a lawyer who has served as law clerk to one or another of the justices is appointed. Or a law professor or an established practitioner may be the choice. The Court may name someone from the same area of the country as the petitioner, but there is no rule about that. In any event, it can be said that the lawyers appointed to represent poor prisoners are much superior to the general run of lawyers in the Supreme Court.

When the Supreme Court is in session, the justices hold a formal conference on about three Fridays out of four, and the question of counsel for Gideon was discussed at the conference of Friday, June 22, 1962, which, as it happened, was the last conference of the term; the following Monday, the Court handed down all its remaining opinions, including the controversial decision on the New York regents prayer, and recessed for the summer. Shortly after the conference ended, Chief Justice

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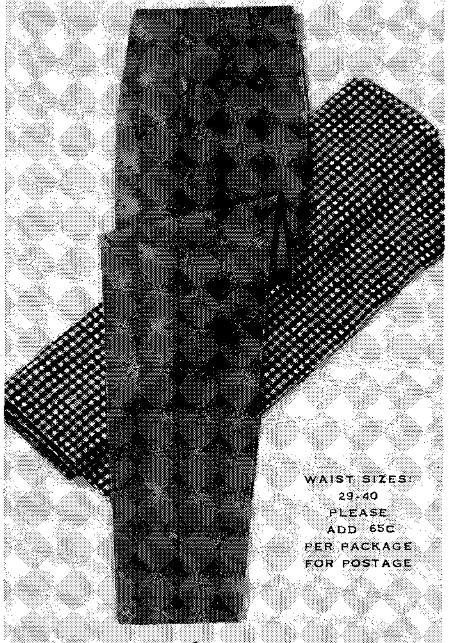

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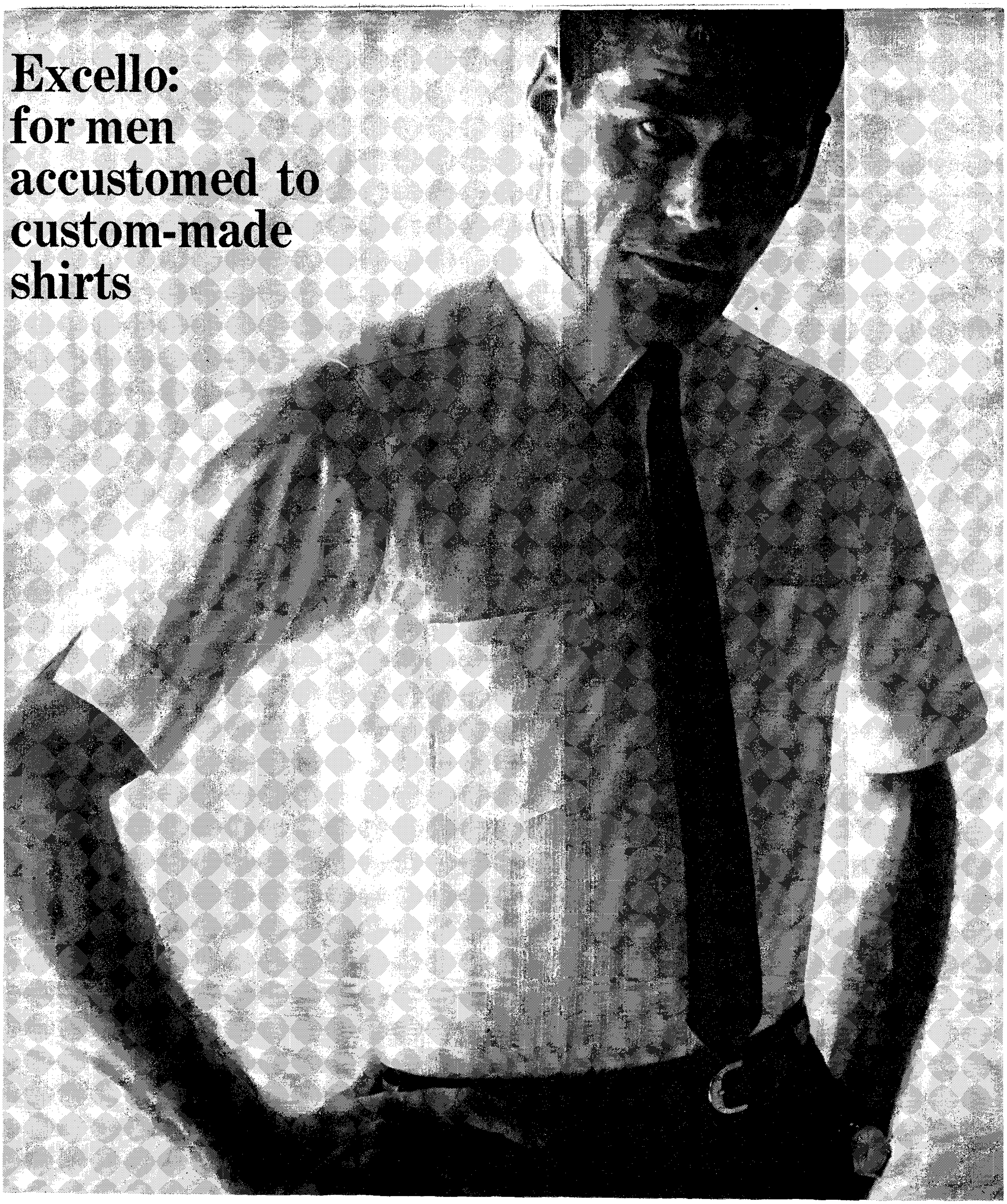

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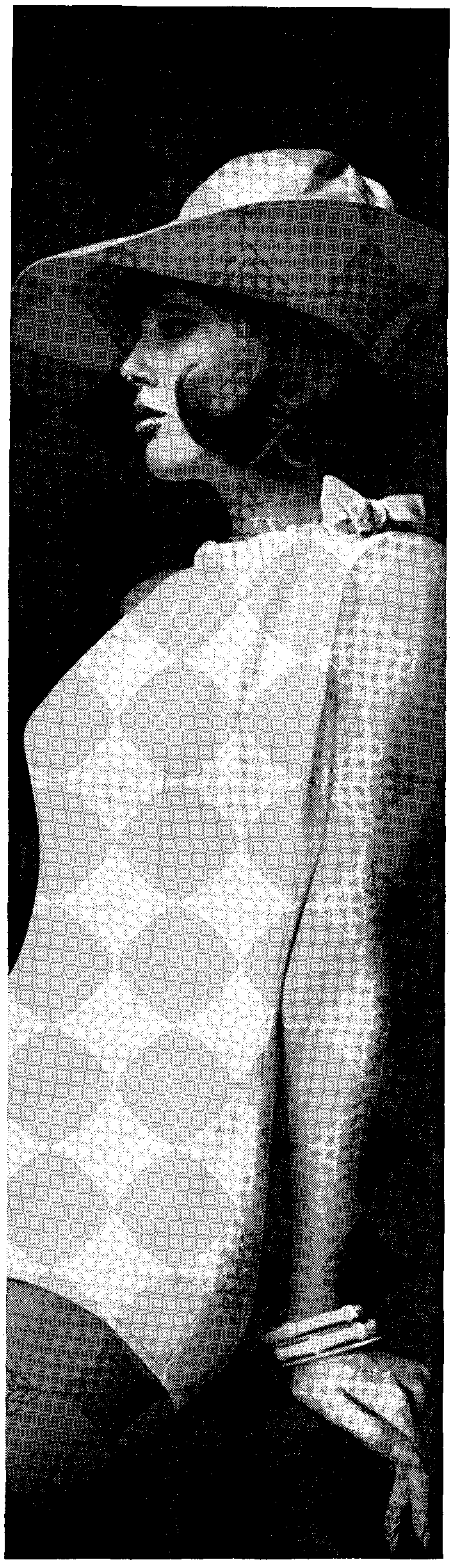

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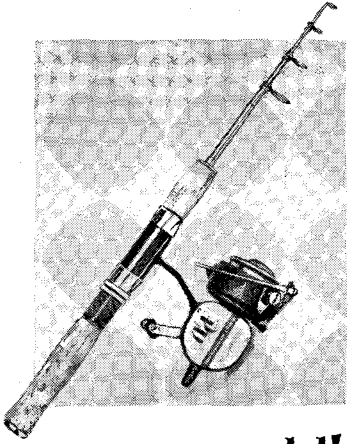
Warren called in the Clerk of the Court, John F. Davis. The Clerk is the Court's ranking employee, and the job is one of distinction; Davis, before being named Clerk, in 1961, had argued more than fifty Supreme Court cases for the government as an assistant to the Solicitor General, including the du Pont-General Motors anti-trust case. When a lawyer is being appointed to represent an indigent petitioner, the Clerk informally lets the lawyer in question know about his appointment over the weekend, giving him the opportunity to accept or reject it with similar informality. The Court wants to avoid the embarrassment that both sides would suffer if an appointment should be turned down, but its appointments are a little like Presidential invitations to dine; few are turned down. On this Friday evening, Chief Justice Warren told Davis that the Court had selected Abe Fortas, of the Washington law firm of Arnold, Fortas & Porter, to represent Gideon. Davis put in a call for Fortas and eventually reached him in Dallas. Fortas said he would be happy to serve, and asked what the issue was. Davis told him that the Court had agreed to reconsider Betts v. Brady.

Fortas, a man in his early fifties, is a high-powered example of that high-powered species the Washington lawyer. He was born in Memphis, Tennessee, attended Southwestern College there, and went on to the Yale Law School, where he was editor-in-chief of the *Law Journal*. He settled in Washington in 1933 and thereafter served in several New Deal agencies, becoming Under-Secretary of the Interior in 1942. In 1946, he went into private practice. He is known as one of the country's outstanding appellate advocates; that is to say, he is skilled in the special and (in this country, anyway) neglected technique of arguing cases before appellate judges. In the Supreme Court, he has argued for, among others, Lever Brothers Company and George Parr, the Democratic boss of Duval County, Texas, whose conviction for mail fraud Fortas managed to get reversed. Unlike most prominent appellate lawyers, Fortas has had some experience in the field of criminal law. In 1954, he argued and won the Durham case, in which the Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia laid down a new criminal-insanity rule—one that has had repercussions throughout this country, and even abroad. (Abandoning the old doctrine that a man escaped responsibility for a criminal act only if he could not tell



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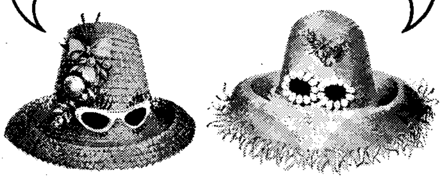

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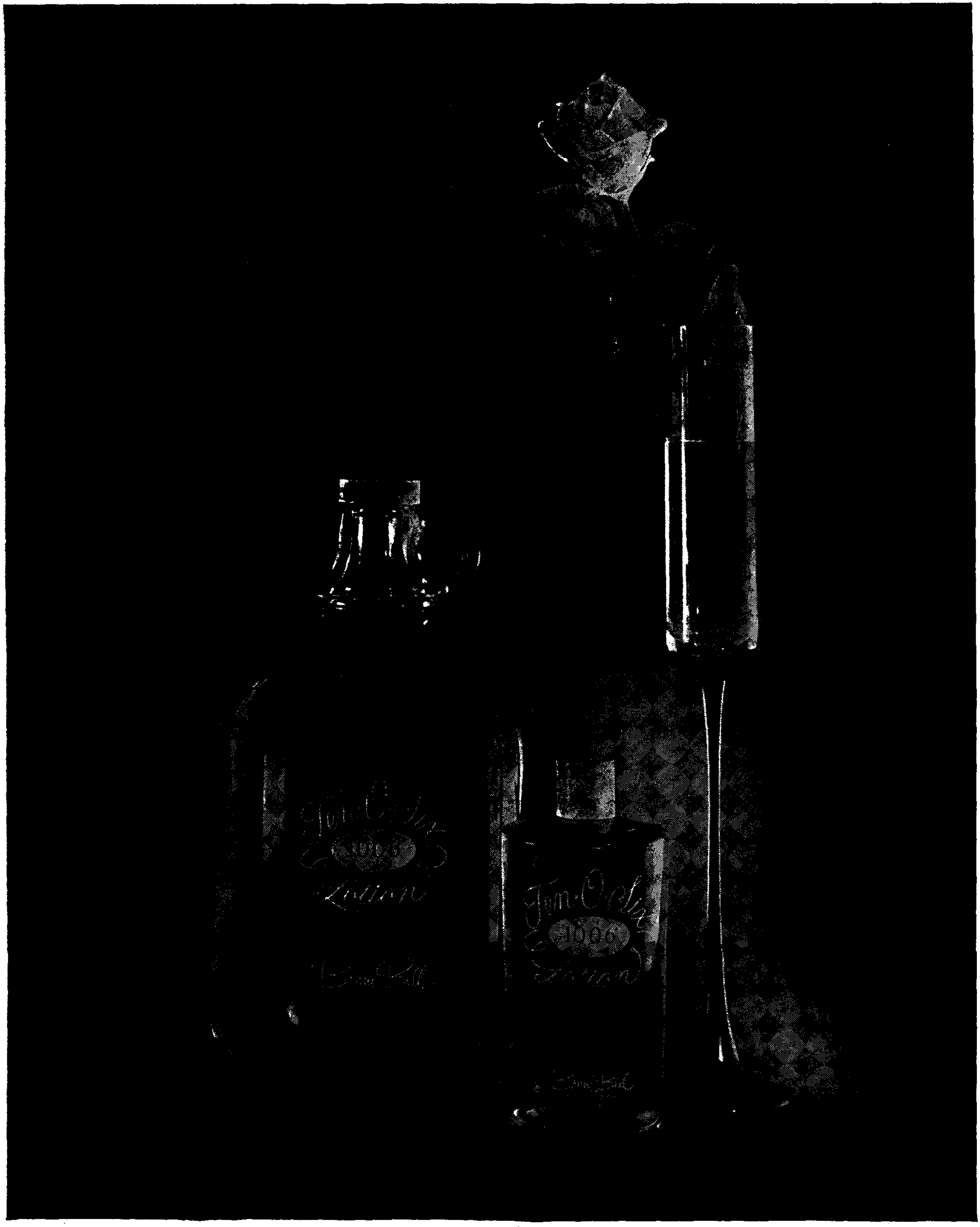

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right from wrong, the Court of Appeals laid down the broader rule that "an accused is not criminally responsible if his unlawful act was the product of mental disease or mental defect.") Fortas is a member of a committee appointed by Chief Justice Warren in 1961 to recommend changes in the rules of procedure for federal criminal cases, and it could have been his association with the Chief Justice that led to his appointment in the Gideon case. But he is also a friend of Justices Brennan, Black, and Douglas, so it might equally well have been one of them who suggested his name.

A lawyer preparing a case for the Supreme Court has more freedom than one might suppose. To be sure, his material has been determined largely by the proceedings in the lower courts, but he is allowed a good deal of discretion in the choice of facts to emphasize and legal theories to advance. A layman sometimes finds it difficult to appreciate the extent of this discretion. After all, isn't a case in the Supreme Court the same case that it was below? The answer is no—not necessarily. Say that a man has been convicted of contempt of Congress for refusing to answer a subcommittee's questions about his asserted Communist affiliations. That sort of case may *seem* simple, but it may not be. Was a committee authorized by one of the houses of Congress to conduct this inquiry? Had it passed this authority on to the subcommittee? Did the subcommittee follow its own rules? Were the questions pertinent to the official subject of investigation? Was the pertinence explained to the witness? These are some of the questions that lawyers have dealt with in arguing such a case before the Supreme Court. The shaping of the facts and the issues into a Supreme Court case is the job of the advocate, and both the advocate's brief and his oral argument are the fruit of a long process of selection and decision and exercise of the imagination.

Fortas and several colleagues embarked on this process at the end of June. The first step was to look over the papers that had been filed thus far with the Supreme Court in the Gideon case—Gideon's petition for review, Florida's response, Gideon's rebuttal, Gideon's application for habeas corpus in the Florida Supreme Court, and that court's curt denial of it. These gave Fortas only a sketchy idea of the case; there were no details about the prisoner or the crime or the trial—nothing, for example, to indicate what a defense lawyer might have done for Gideon that Gideon had not been able to do for himself. Nevertheless, these few papers

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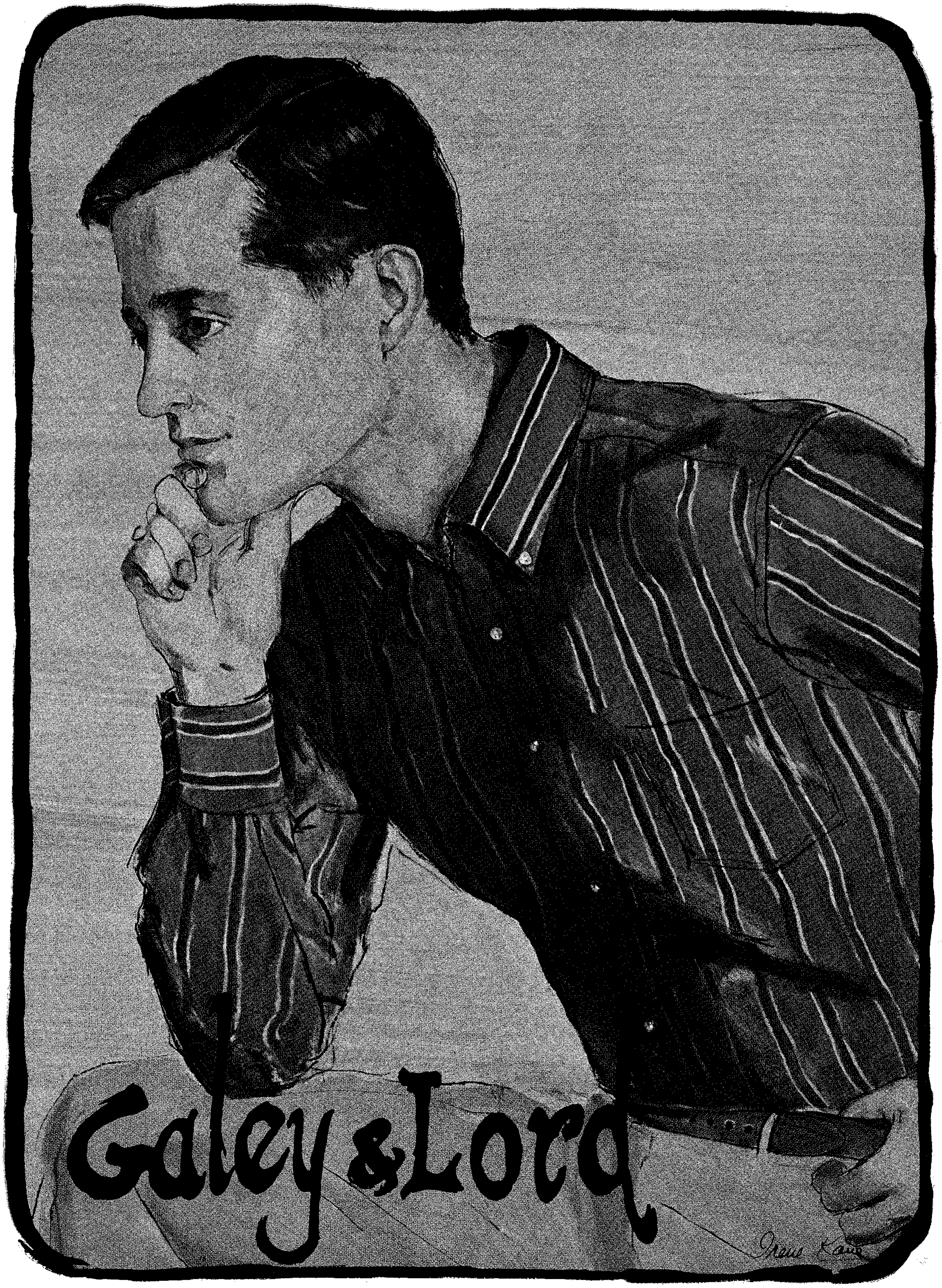

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were enough to raise the great legal question that the Supreme Court had directed Fortas to argue: Should Betts v. Brady be reconsidered? Should counsel be required in all state criminal trials, or at least in all trials involving a question of felony? Florida had conceded that Gideon was an impoverished felony defendant and that his request for counsel had been denied. Fortas could argue, as an abstract proposition, that these two facts alone indicated a denial of due process of law. Indeed, technically, only this skeleton of the Gideon case could properly serve as the basis for the Supreme Court's adjudication. Ordinarily, the Court will consider nothing except the record that was before the court that had made the contested decision; counsel may not try to introduce new evidence. In this case, the only document that had been before the Florida Supreme Court was Gideon's petition for habeas corpus; that court had not asked for a transcript of the trial or for any other information. Obviously, it had regarded Gideon's Constitutional claim as so weak that factual detail was irrelevant. But it is against the Anglo-American legal tradition to argue cases in so abstract a setting. A case concerns a human being, not just a principle. Besides, there was the chance that a closer examination of the facts of Gideon's case would show another reason for setting aside his conviction—a reason easier for the Supreme Court to accept than one that would require the overruling of one of its own precedents. For example, the trial record might reveal the existence of one of the "special circumstances" entitling a man to a lawyer under the doctrine of Betts v. Brady: Gideon might have been insane or hopelessly incompetent, the judge might have shown prejudice, or the case might have been a particularly subtle one. If Gideon could win

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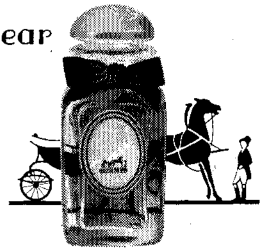
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in the Supreme Court on any such ground, it was Fortas's duty to argue his case on that ground, even though the result might be to wash out the case as a broad test of the right to counsel. The justices of the Supreme Court do not like to see a lawyer put aside his client's interests in his zeal to make some great change in the law.

All these considerations combined to present Fortas with what he later called "a moral problem." That was whether he should try to find out more about what had happened to Gideon, and, in particular, whether he should try to get a transcript of his trial. "The real question was whether I should urge upon the Court the special-circumstances doctrine," Fortas explained. "On the record as it was, there was nothing to show that Gideon had suffered from any special circumstances. But if you went behind that bare record, there might be. If it did turn out that he had some special difficulty, there was the risk that this whole case would turn out to be an anticlimax—just another case of the Supreme Court's freeing a single prisoner without laying down any new rule on the right to counsel. But my duty was to Gideon. If I didn't get the record up, I'd never know. If I lost the case, I'd always worry: Is he in jail because I didn't do my job?" Fortas decided to get the trial transcript. He telephoned Chief Deputy Clerk Cullinan, whereupon Cullinan wrote to the Circuit Court of Bay County, Florida, and before long a transcript of Gideon's trial was typed by the local court reporter and mailed to Washington.

GIDEON had been tried by Judge McCrary and a jury of six men. Gideon made his unsuccessful attempt to obtain a lawyer, and then Judge McCrary asked the jurors, "Will you give him the same fair trial, and consideration, since he is not represented by Counsel, that you would if he were represented?" Together, the jurors replied, "Yes, sir."

"Now, Mr. Gideon," the judge said, "look these six Gentlemen over and if you don't want them to sit as a Jury to try your case, just point out the one, or more, all six of them if you want to, and the Court will excuse them and we will call another, or some others, to try your case. You don't have to have a reason, just look them over and if you don't like their looks that's all it takes to get them excused."

"They suit me all right, Your Honor," Gideon said.

(Although the judge was obviously trying to protect Gideon, he did not

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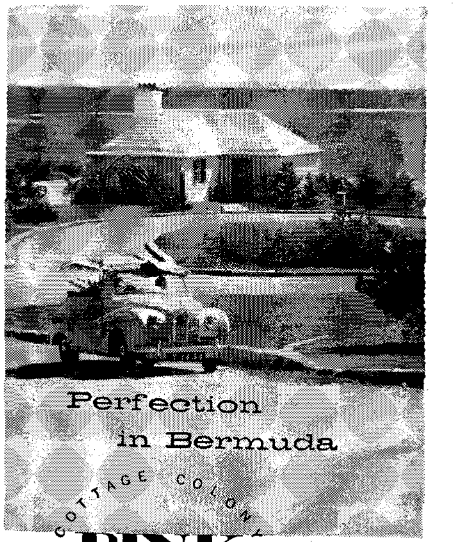
inform him of his right to question each juror for possible bias.)

Ordinarily, in a criminal case, the prosecutor and the defense counsel make opening statements to the jury indicating what they expect to prove. The prosecutor, Assistant State Attorney William E. Harris, made his statement, and then Gideon made his, but under Florida practice the court reporter does not take down opening statements, so the transcript does not include them.

The principal witness for the prosecution was Henry Cook, of 108 East Avenue, Panama City. He testified that he was outside the Bay Harbor Poolroom at five-thirty on the morning of June 3rd and that he saw Gideon, whom he knew, inside. After a few minutes, Cook said, he saw Gideon come out with a pint bottle of wine in his hand, go to a phone booth at the street corner, and make a call. Cook said he followed Gideon to the booth. After a while, he added, a taxi arrived, and Gideon got into it. Then Cook went back to the poolroom and "saw it had been broken into." The front was off the cigarette machine, and its money box was lying on a pool table. That was the direct testimony, and it was damaging.

Gideon briefly cross-examined Cook. He asked what Cook was doing outside the poolroom at five-thirty in the morning, and Cook said he had "just come from a dance, down in Apalachicola—stayed out all night." This potentially interesting line of inquiry was not followed up. Instead, Gideon asked Cook whether he had ever been arrested. The prosecutor objected to the question, and the objection was sustained by Judge McCrary. However, Gideon was allowed to ask Cook whether he had ever been convicted of a felony; Cook said no. The rest of the cross-examination got nowhere. (Q. "Do you know positively that I was carrying a pint of wine?" A. "Yes, I know you was." Q. "How do you know that?" A. "Because I seen it in your hand.") Nothing was brought out about Cook's occupation, his relationship with Gideon, his reputation—matters that any lawyer would certainly have explored.

Another witness for the prosecution was Ira Strickland, Jr., the operator of the Bay Harbor Poolroom. He testified that at midnight on June 2nd he closed the place up, locking all doors and windows. At eight o'clock the next morning, he returned, to find the deputy sheriff there; a window had been smashed, he said, and a cigarette machine and a jukebox broken into. Someone had taken coins from the two machines—Strickland said he did not know how much



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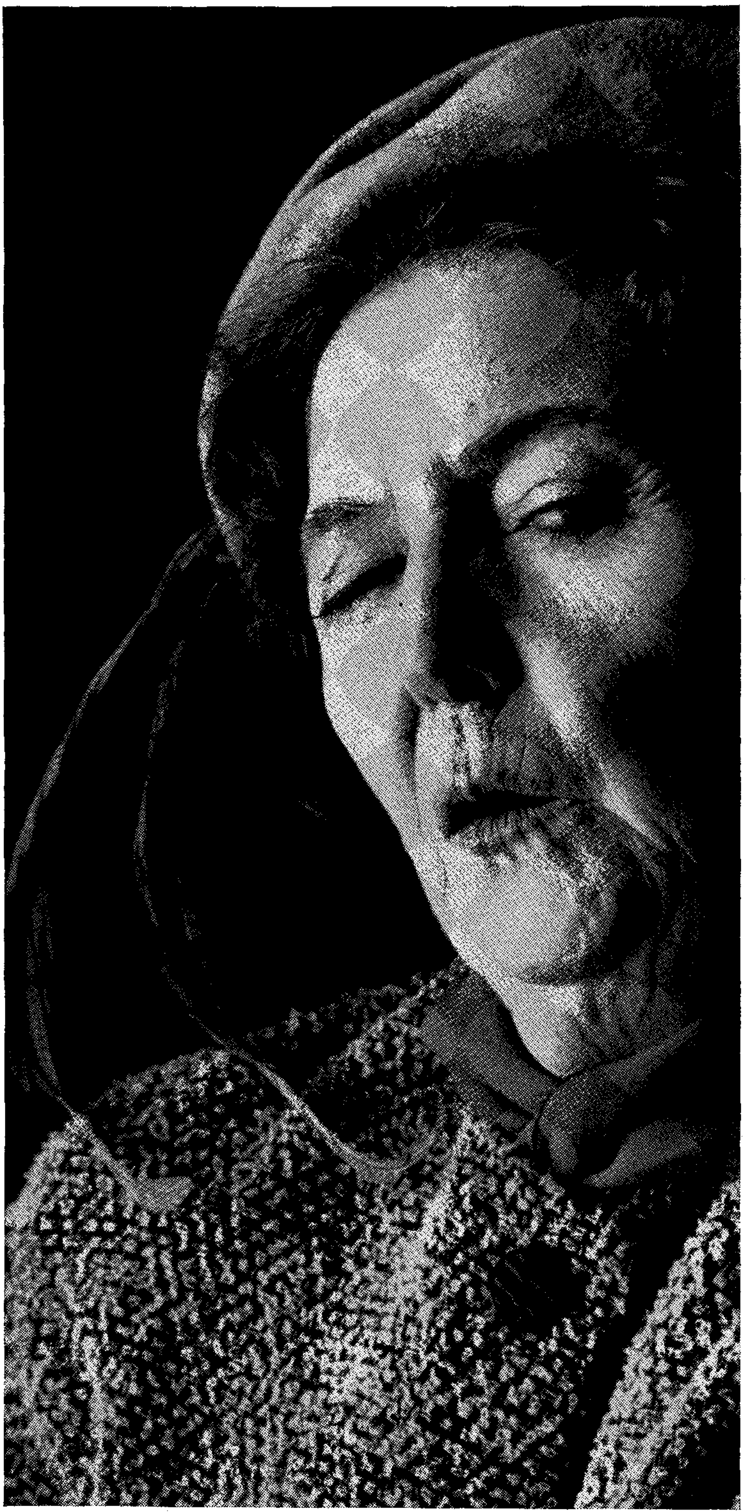

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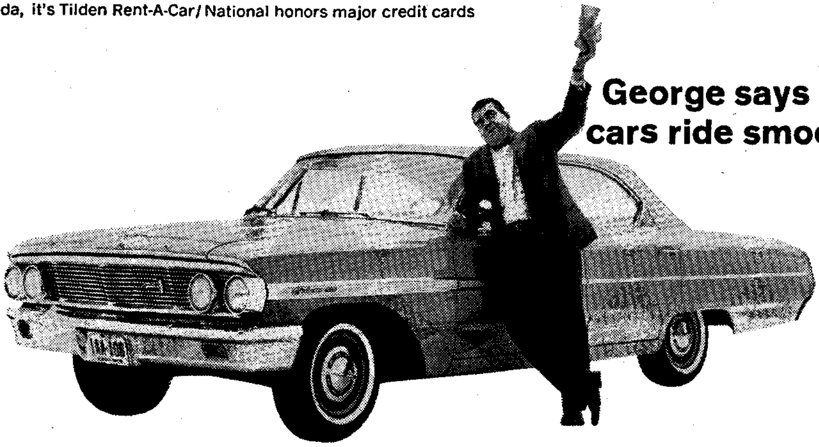

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money was missing—and had also taken "a small amount of beer and some wine."

On cross-examination, Gideon asked a number of questions about what the Bay Harbor Poolroom looked like. The judge and jury learned that it had a long bar down one side.

Gideon had eight witnesses for the defense. Before any of them were called, Judge McCrary warned him—without any real legal basis, as far as Fortas could tell—that "the witnesses you call are your witnesses, and it's up to you to vouch for them," and added, "You understand that, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I understand it," Gideon answered.

Gideon's first witness was a policeman, Henry Berryhill, Jr. On a routine patrol, Berryhill had found the front door of the poolroom open. He said that he had not been summoned by anyone—not, for example, by Cook. Berryhill added that he "checked with a fellow up at the front of the building, a Mr. Cook, and . . . he said he saw you leave the building." Gideon asked nothing about what Berryhill thought Cook was doing there. Berryhill testified that he had called the deputy sheriff, Duell Pitts, to investigate the break-in. After a few questions, Berryhill was excused. Just why Gideon had called him never became clear.

Deputy Sheriff Pitts was next, and his status as a defense witness was just as obscure. He said that Cook had seen Gideon in the building, and that he was satisfied with that evidence of the crime.

Then came the cabdriver who had picked Gideon up—a man named Preston Bray. Gideon had little to ask Bray except whether he, Gideon, seemed drunk that morning; he pressed Bray, successfully, to say no. (Under Florida law, intoxication would have constituted a defense, but Gideon evidently did not know that. A lawyer would have known it.)

The prosecutor, on cross-examination, brought out that Bray had known Gideon for some time, and he asked Bray whether Gideon was unemployed. Bray answered, "I know he was working at the poolroom—now, whether he was getting paid or not, I don't know." That testimony was significant, suggesting that Gideon could have had an excuse for being in the poolroom after closing, but the subject was not explored further.

Mrs. Irene Rhodes, who lived in a house down the street from the poolroom, testified that on the morning of the crime she was sitting on her front porch. Gideon asked her whether she

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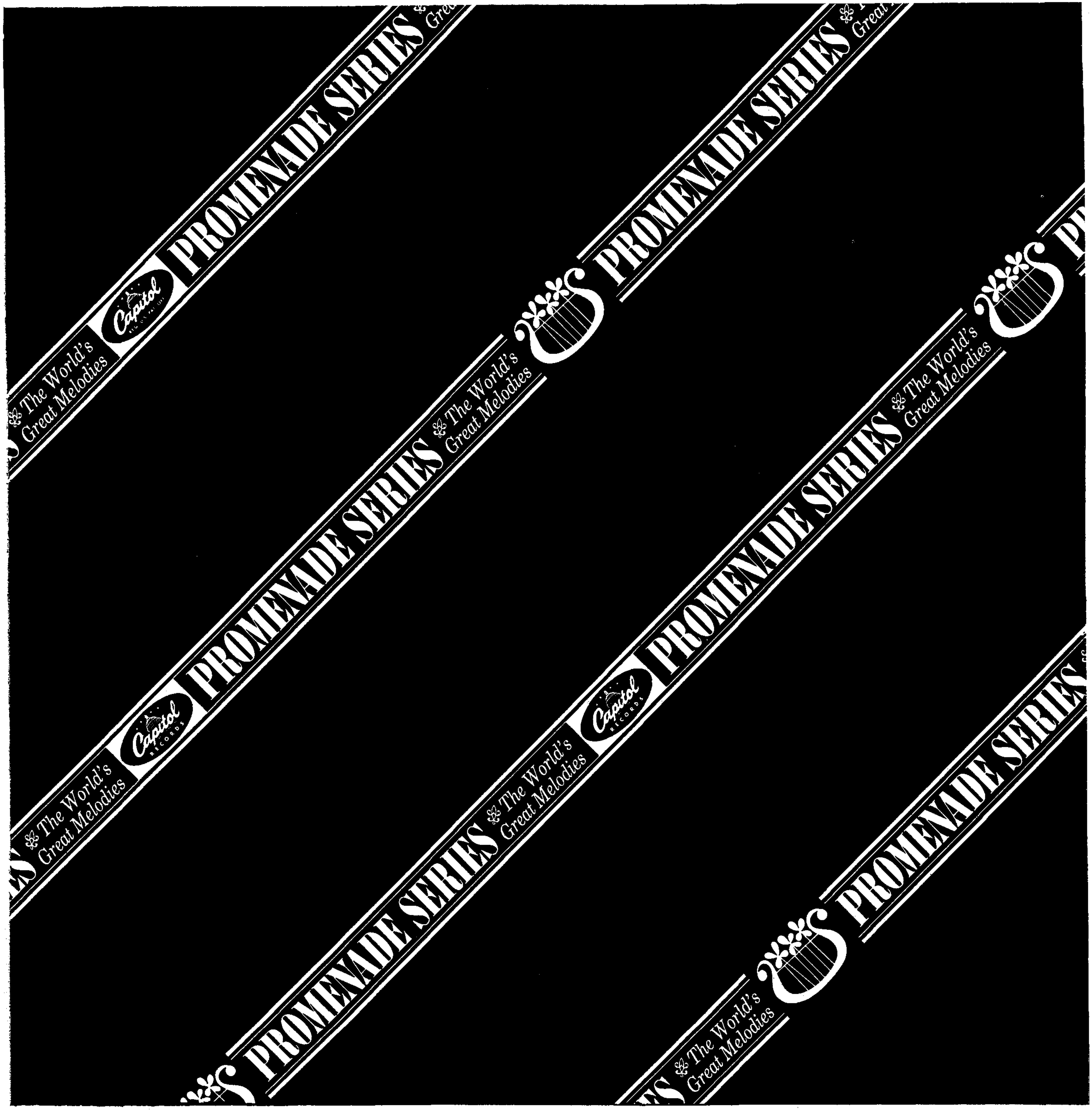
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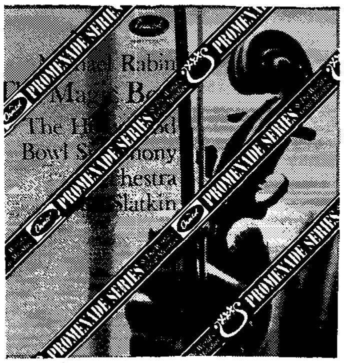
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had bought him a drink in the poolroom the night before. "I probably did, if you needed one," Mrs. Rhodes said. Their relationship was left at that. Gideon brought out the fact that she had seen him come out of the alley at the rear of the poolroom that morning—hardly a blow for the defense—but Mrs. Rhodes agreed with him that that was not unusual, because he lived nearby and often used the public telephone booth on the street.

On cross-examination, Mrs. Rhodes said she went down to the telephone booth to ask Gideon whether the poolroom bar was open, because she knew "he helps out in there occasionally." (Again, nothing more was made of that.) She saw a partly full wine bottle outside the booth and took it to her landlord, "because he was sick."

The next three witnesses were the owner of the building in which the Bay Harbor Poolroom was situated and two poolroom employees. They added nothing.

Gideon's last witness was his landlady, Mrs. Velva Estelle Morris, who owned the Bay Harbor Hotel, across the street from the poolroom. She testified that Gideon went out to the public telephone when he had to make a call during the night, to avoid disturbing others by using the hotel telephone. Then Gideon asked these questions:

> Q. Mrs. Morris, during the time I lived at the hotel did you ever know of me being out drunk?
> A. No.
> Q. Did you ever see me drunk?
> A. No.
> Q. Did you ever hear of me getting drunk?
> A. No.

That was the case for the defense. Gideon then made a final argument to the jury, which was not transcribed. The court reporter noted only that he "talked to them for approximately eleven minutes, emphasizing his innocence." The prosecutor took nine minutes for his final argument. At its conclusion, the judge charged the jury, saying in straightforward terms that it could find Gideon guilty if it determined that the crime was committed in Bay County within the last two years and by Gideon.

The jury found Gideon guilty. Judge McCrary delayed the sentencing for three weeks in order to get a report on Gideon's past history. On August 25th, without any argument from Gideon, he imposed the maximum sentence of five years.

WHEN the lawyers at Arnold, Fortas & Porter read the transcript, they no longer had any question

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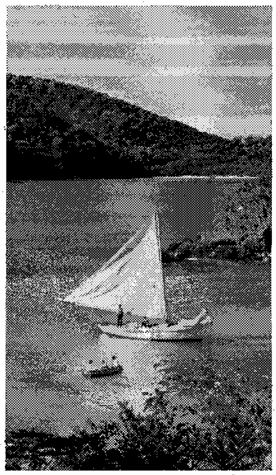

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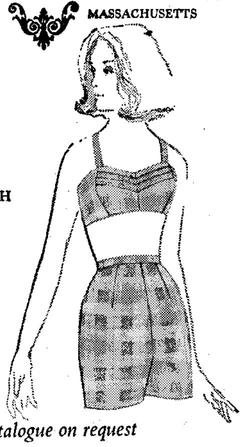

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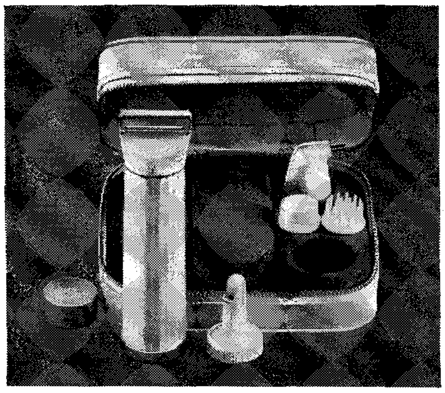

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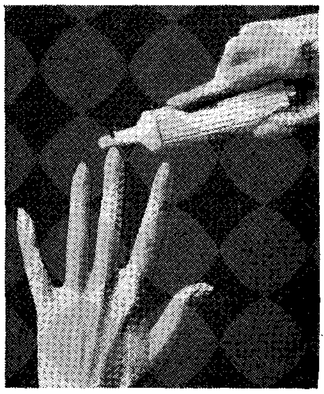

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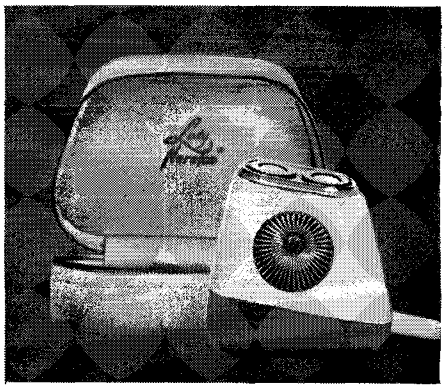

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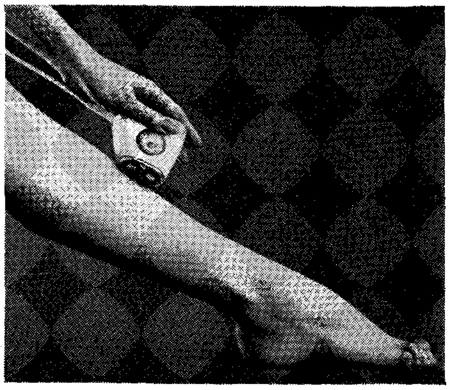

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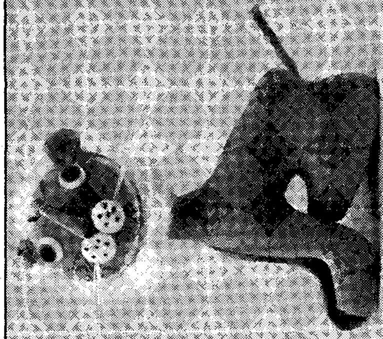
about the appropriateness of the case as a vehicle for challenging Betts v. Brady. Plainly, Gideon was not mentally defective, the charge and the proof were not particularly complicated, and the judge had tried to be fair. In short, Gideon had not suffered as a result of any "special circumstances." And yet it was clear that a lawyer would have helped. The prosecution's case had been fragmentary, at best, and Gideon had not made a single objection or pressed a single one of the favorable lines of defense. An Arnold, Fortas & Porter associate said later, "A lawyer—not a great lawyer, just an ordinary competent lawyer—could have made ashes of the case."

Fortas's curiosity was still not satisfied, however, because the transcript, except that it had a general air of sordidness, was uninformative about the human beings involved. He considered going to see his client in prison. "I thought I should find out something about his background in case a question should come up," he said later. "One question, for example, was whether I should refer to the severity of the sentence. It occurred to me that I might make some indignant statement about the severity of that sentence but there could be a reason I didn't know. Another thing I specifically wanted to find out was whether he was a Negro. All these things suggested that I see him. On the other hand, there was the chance of going improperly outside the record of this case. I decided against seeing Gideon, but, as it turned out, I was able to satisfy my doubts by correspondence."

The correspondence was started by Gideon. On August 1st, he wrote to Fortas saying that the Clerk of the Supreme Court had "informed me that you where appointed to represent me in my litigation," and adding, "I have not heard from you, and I would like to find out if you are going to represent me. Because I don't know what to do." Fortas replied that he was "indeed going to represent you in the proceedings before the Supreme Court," and went on, "Our office is currently working on the preparation of your brief. There is nothing further for you to do. . . . We will, of course, keep you posted as to the course of proceedings in the Supreme Court."

On September 11th, Fortas sent Gideon a memorandum that had been filed with the Court in his behalf. A few days later, Gideon replied, expressing his thanks and continuing, "Ever thing containing to my case is of the highest interest to me and ever one in this

If I were a king...



I'd want to reign over Montauk. The freedom of a majestic nature gives vent to all my inhibitions. To romp and frolic on the silken sanded shores, to pass the time of day under a halo of sun with nothing but a royal blue sky above. I may never return to the city. **And for my subjects...** Gurney's Inn . . . a palace on the brink o' the beach. Nine acres of breath taking seascape set among the wooded dunes where the foamy waves break on the shining beach. Your own ocean front cottage with private bath, telephone, fireplace, refrigerator, patio, and living room. Exceptional cuisine served in a regal manner overlooking a panoramic view of surf, sand and wide sky. The one thing about Gurney's Inn is that they make everyone feel like a king. Modified American Plan: May 1st through the end of October—Remainder of the year on the Continental Plan . . . brochure and tariff schedule on request: write Dept. NY2

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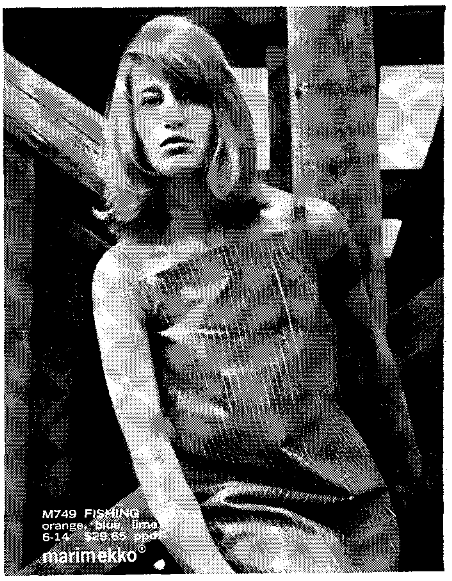

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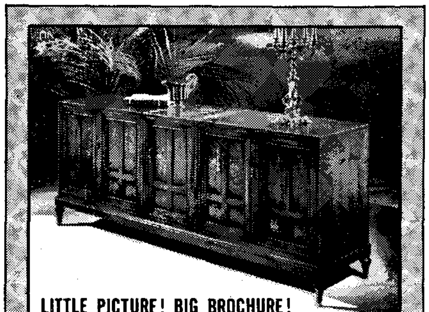

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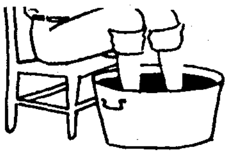

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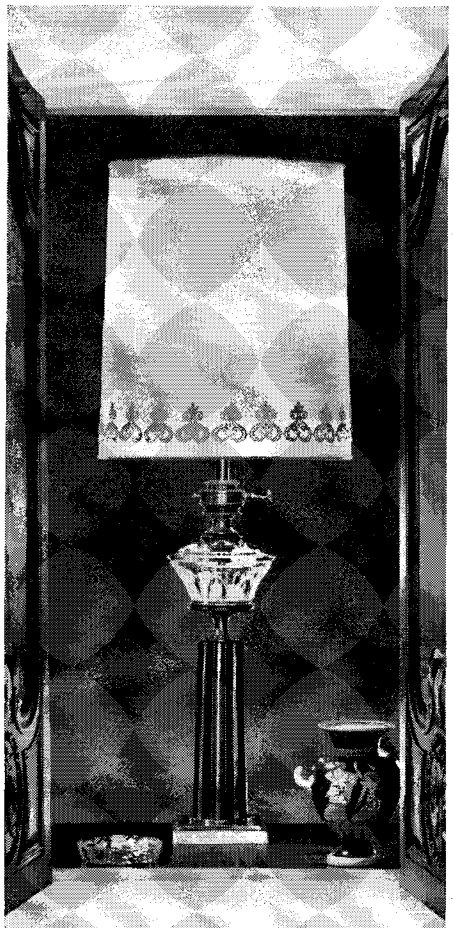

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Prison. And we will certainly welcome all the information about it that is possible. I whish that it was possible to tell you the truth about my case, which I am sure that the record does not show. I did not have the abilty to cross-examine the witness nor did I have anyone to investigate things before my trial, so my trial is far from the truth."

A letter from Gideon on October 29th said, "I guess I am impation but it seems to take a long time, but I understand that something like this does. If there is any information that I might be able to give you that will help the case I will give it."

Perhaps that suggested an opening to Fortas. On October 31st, he replied:

> Dear Mr. Gideon:
>
> I acknowledge receipt of your letter of October 29. I can understand your impatience, but I am glad that you realize that a review by the Supreme Court of the United States takes a good deal of time....
>
> As you probably know, the review must be based upon the record in your case. I see no difficulty with the transcript of record because your case will undoubtedly be decided on the very fundamental point as to whether the State of Florida was obliged to furnish you with counsel.
>
> However, as a matter of my own interest, I should be very glad to receive from you a careful and detailed biographical description: when and where you were born, education, employment, family, arrests, and any other information that may come to your mind. I want to emphasize that this is not at all necessary, and that it will serve only to give me a little background. I know that you will be extremely careful to be absolutely accurate in any information that you send along to me....

On November 13th, Fortas received a twenty-two-page letter from Gideon. It read, in part:

> In answer to your letter of October 31. I will try to give you a detailed biographical description of my life. You will understand that due to my limited education and also to the utter folly and hopelessness [of] parts of my life, it will be doubthful if I can put it down on paper with any reasonable comprehension. I will not be proud of this biography, it will be no cause of pride; nor will it be the absolute truth. I can not remember or desire to remember that well. You have emphasize that this is not at all necessary, that you only want it for background. I believe that the state will attempt to use my personal record in their arguments to the Supreme Court and for that reason you can be prepared. Also being only a human being I will try though I know I can not, to justify myself through out this outline.
>
> I was born August 30th, 1910 in Hannibal Missouri. My parents where Charles Roscoe Gideon and Virginia Gregory Gideon. My father died a few days after I was three years old. Mother remarried when I was five years old. My stepfather's name was Marion Frances Anderson he died in 1955. Mother is still living. From this union I have a halve sister Mrs.

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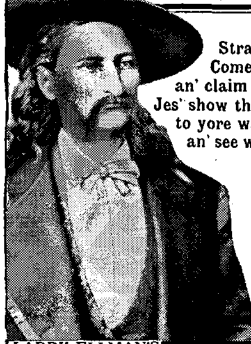

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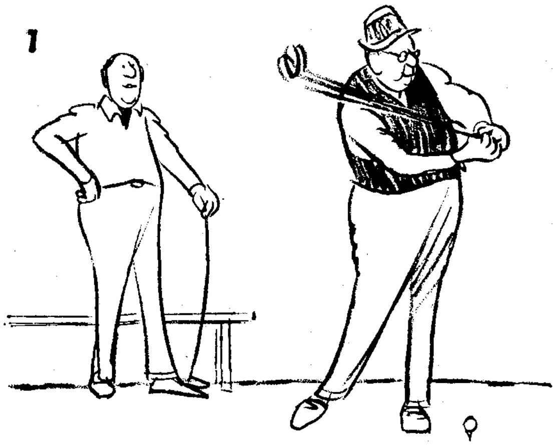
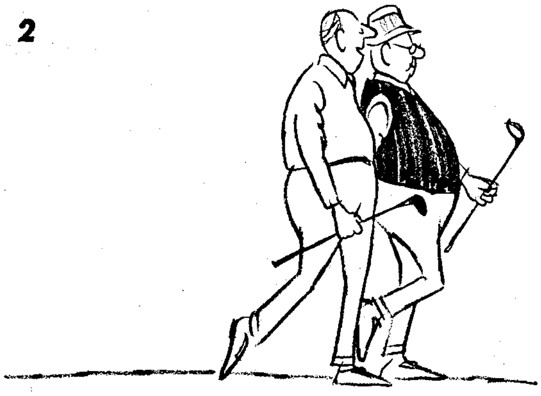


Ever think about what you're going to do when you retire?

Probably sit around and watch my bank balance dwindle.

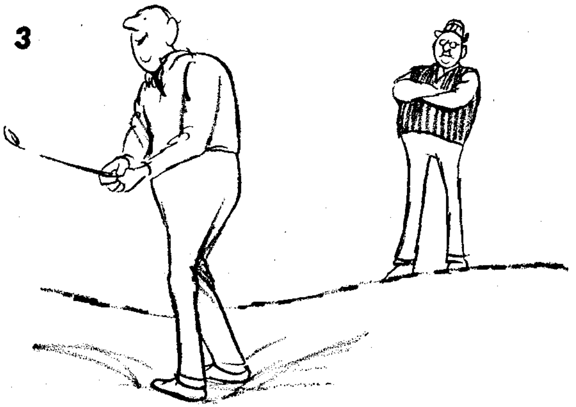
2



Not me. Soon as I say good-by to Amalgamated Feather and Down, I'm going to start living it up. Paris. Rome. The Riviera.

Good idea to begin retirement with a little fling.

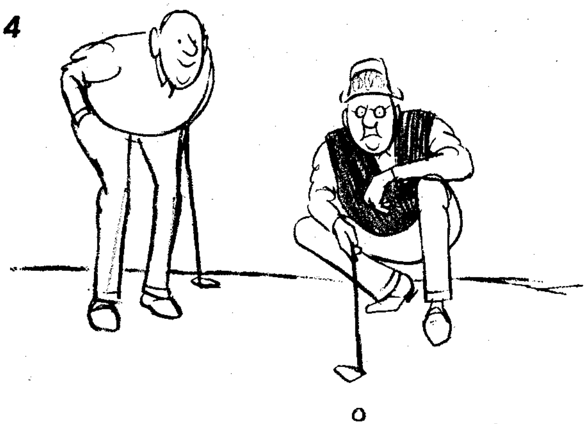
3



That's just the beginning. There's Macao, Dubrovnik, Puerto Vallarta. Who knows where Dame Fortune will take me?

To the poorhouse, most likely.

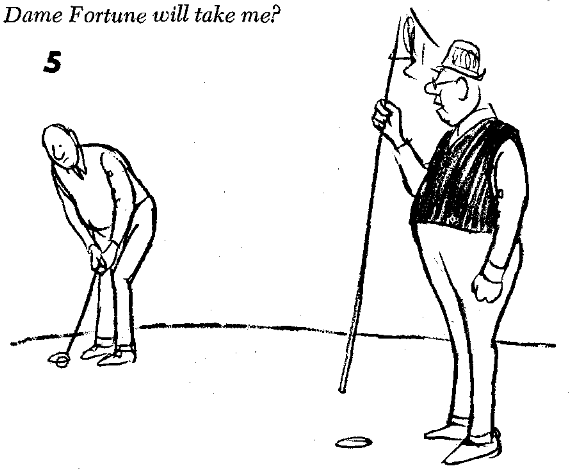
4



Foot-loose and fancy-free—that's my motto for the golden years.

They may be golden but you'll be broke.

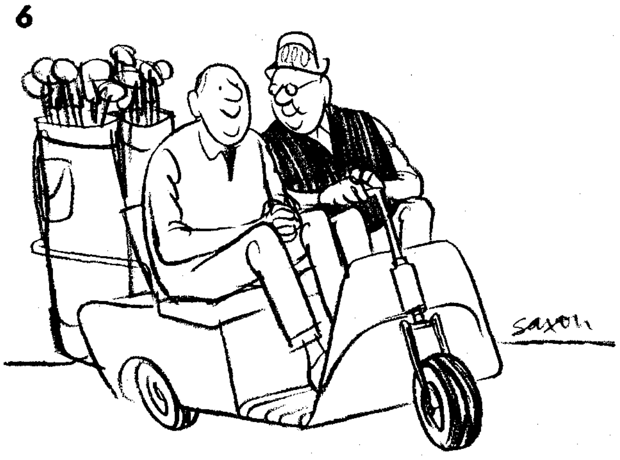
5



Not a chance. I've planned it so my money never runs out.

What if you live to be eighty or ninety, like a lot of people? Your money will never last that long.

6



Oh, yes it will. My income will last as long as I do—because I bought an annuity from Equitable. It guarantees me an income for as long as I live—a check every single month. You know, it's just possible I may someday be the oldest living ringsider at the Folies Bergère.

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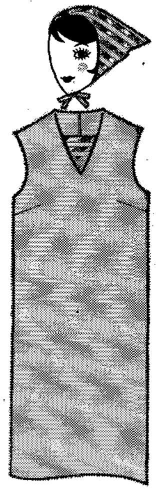

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Pop the denim jib shift over the bathing suit, pack some sandwiches, and set sail for sandy islands. (Or neighbors' swimming pools.) The snap-out insert has madras stripes; the three-cornered kerchief reverses to madras. Spaghetti sash . . . take it or leave it. Denim Blue. 5 to 15. At nicer stores. About $15.

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Roy E. Ogden forty-five years old R.F.D. #1, Hannibal Mo. A halve brother Sgt. Russell Lee Anderson, U.S.A.F. Mother resides at 2121 Chestnut Street Hannibal Mo. My brother is thirty-two years of age.

My early membery is of my mother's marriage and my step-father. My step-father was a good man all though he was uneducated and worked the largest part of his life in shoe factory. also my mother. We where a family of factory workers class. But allways own their own home, which my mother had first bought with my father's insurance. I went to the public school at Hannibal, Mo. I never had any trouble and made my grades up to the eight grade.

My step-father never could accept me or I could not accept him. My mother was very strict and my life as a child was of the strict discipline. My parents lived by the best moral customs and where members of the Calavary Baptist church Hannibal Mo. which I join when I was about thirteen years of age. My mother still to this day has done nothing that could be class as wrong. Also my sister and brother are of the best kind of character.

I suppose, I am what is called individualist a person who will not conform. Anyway my parents where always quarreling and I would be the scapegoat of those quarrels. My life was miserable. I was never allow to do the things of a ordinory boy.

At the age of fourteen years, I ran away from home, I accepted the life of a hobo and tramp in preference to my home. In a month or so I made it to California. At this time I begin to learn the facts of life. How good people can be and how bad they can be I wandered around over the west for all most a year and came back to Missouri. When to my mother's brother and started living with him until my mother found out where I was at and she came and got me. Had me place in the jail at Hannibal which I excaped from the next day and went back to the country to hide out at this time it was extremely cold weather and a short time later I burglarist a country store for some clothes which I was caught the next day by the store owner with all the clothes on. I was tried in Juvnile Court in Ralls County Missouri. My mother ask the court to send me to the reformatory which they did for a term of three years. Off all the prisons I have been in that was the worst I still have scar on my body from the whippings I recieved there anyway I was paroled after a year. I was then sixteen years old. Paroles did not mean much in those days. I went to work in the shoe factory at two dollars a day. But was soon put on a piece work job where I made about twenty-five dollars a week I soon married a girl my own age and started a home of my own we done very well together for better than a year until I got without a job and I comitted some crimes in 1928. I was caught and thru a court appointed attorney was sentenced to the Missouri Prison for ten years for robbery with three sentences of Burglary and larceny running concurrently. I was eighteen years of age at this time and prisons where bad in those days. This prison had about five thousand inmates at that time and at the end of three years and four months I was paroled as I said

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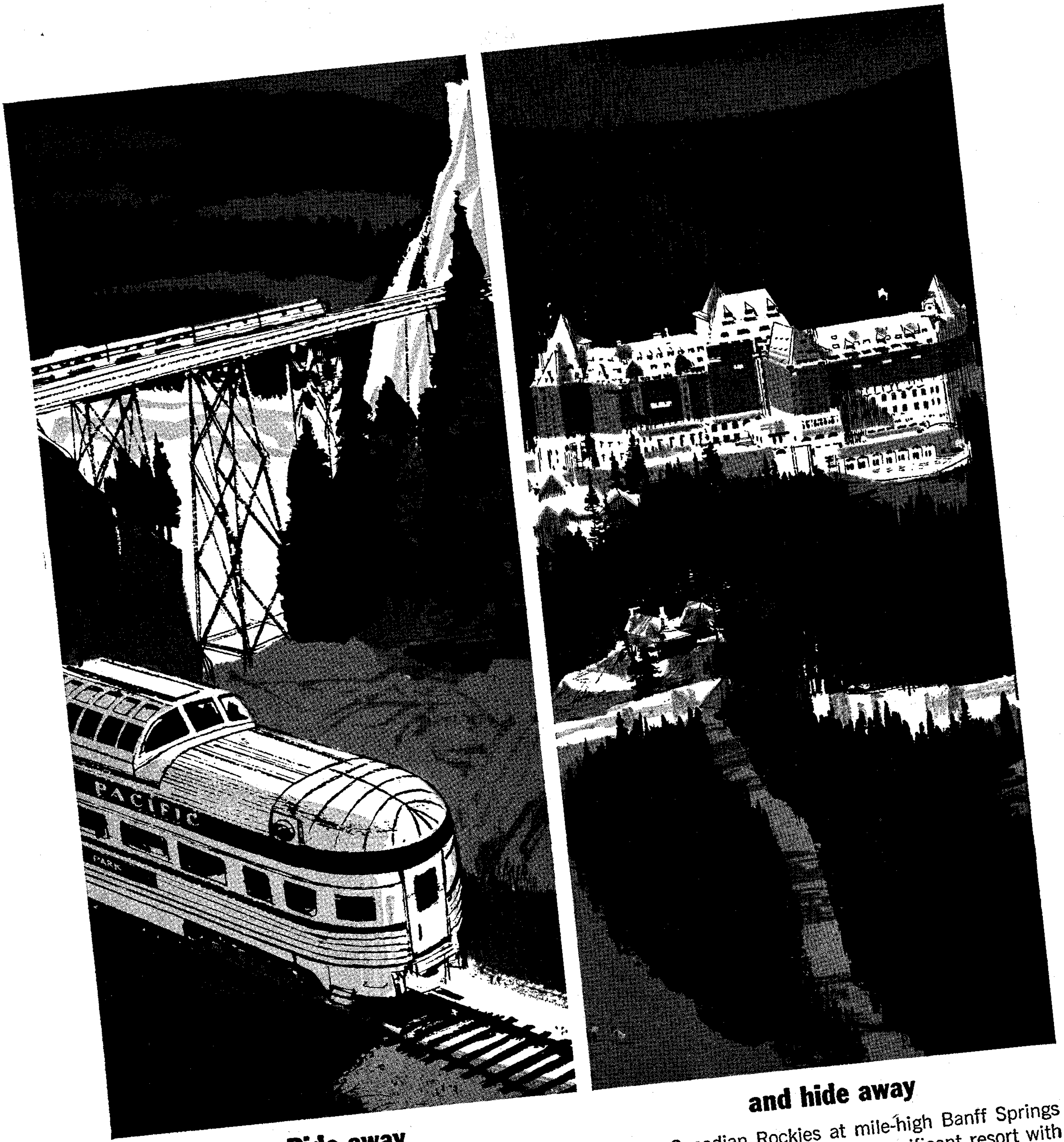

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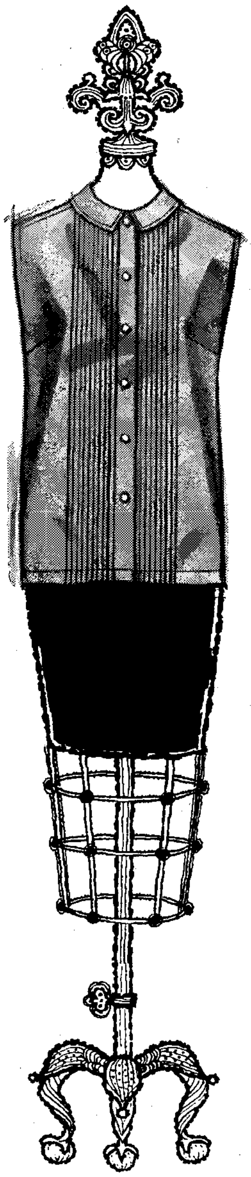

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before paroles did not mean much then.

When I was released, around the sixth of January 1932. I was twenty-two years old. This was in the middle of the depression years and jobs just could not be found even for experence labor and trades. I know nothing but shoe factory which I worked at in prison. I lived by my wits and only had one job in a shoe factory up to sometime in later part of 1934. When I was arrested for stealing government property to wit a armory. I was tried in Federal Court and on a plea of guilty was sentenced to Ft. Levenworth Kansas prison for a term of three years with a concurant sentence of three years for conspiracy. I worked in shoe factory again. During this time I saved a little money that I was paid by the prison my parents had lost thier home during the depersion. So I sent them my money to make a down payment on another place. I done a little over two years and was released on contional release January 1937. There still where not any jobs all though the government was helping the people by this time I was not entitled to any of this because by this time I am a outcast.

During the years of 1937 thru 1940 I done the same as always was arrested in Pike County Mo. some time in Later part of 1939 and escaped from jail was arrested about a year later in Adrain County Mo. for the crime of Burglary and Larcney was tried under the second affender law by a jury and was found guilty, sentenced to state Prison for a term of ten years for Burglary and five years for Larcney to run concurantly admitted to Prison December 31st 1940 escaped from Prison in September of 1943. I falsified a personal record and draft card, went to work in train service as a brakeman. Southern Pacific Railroad in Houston Texas. Work there during the war. Until October of 1944. When I was caught thru the wanted list of the True Detective Magazine, taken back to Mo. state and stayed there until January of 1950 when I was released. Went back to Texas and started gambling was married to Virgil Hoff in 1950 seperated in 1951. Was arrested in Orange County Texas in July of 1951 and on a plea of guilty was sentenced to the State Prison for a term of two years in about thirteen months I was released. Went back to Orange Texas to live. Worked as a cook on tug boat out of Orange Texas and gambled. Taken sick and broke down with Tuberculosis of my right lung in april of 1953. Was hospitalized in the Marine Hospital, U.S. Public Health Service at New Orleans and recieved medical treatment for about eighteen months in october of 1954 recieved surgery of a section of the upper lobe of my right lung. Left the Hospital for Christmas of 1954. Went back to my mother's at Hannibal Mo for a vist on New years day of 1955, married Mrs. Velma Cooper of Hannibal. We went back to Orange Texas to live. At this time I had quite a lot of money and I bought a the Orange Domino Club there a Pool hall, domino'es and beer palor. about six months later I left my wife and thirty days later [we were divorced]. In October, 1955, I married my present wife, Ruth ada Babineaux. Ruth worked for me at this time and I seen her beat down in a Court Room at Orange for the custody of her two boys Ralph Babineaux who is

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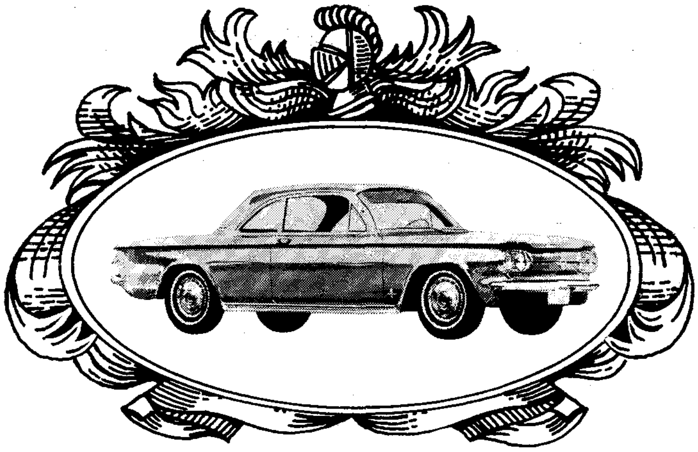

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now thirteen years old and Joe Babineaux who is now twelve years old they where taken by thier father Sofastand Babineaux of Lake Charles La. Ruth had a daughter Donna Marie who remained in her custody Donna is now seven years old. Later I married her and taken Donna out of a Foster Home I remember it cost me eighty dollars, and a short time after our marriage I taken back the two boys. In July of 1956 my first boy was born Ronald Earl Gideon who is now six years old. At this time I sold the Domino Club for two thousand dollars to Mr. Roy H. Stokes who now lives at 501 Duval street, Tallahassee Florida. I went back to working tug boats and gambling. On December 31st 1957 my second boy was born David Wayne Gideon who is now almost five years old. I started another place of business in Orange some time in 1957 which was never very successful I worked most of the time then as a gaurd or watchman for the Orange protective association. I decided to leave Orange because my personal record was holding me down so I came to Panama City, Florida. I went to work as a Auto Electric mechanic and a month later my wife sold out the place in Orange Texas which was named Smitty's Bar. The same being my nick name which I recieved from my Alias name when I worked on the railroad of Barney Adrian Smith. She brought the children and came to Panama City at this time we had five children. I found that the standard of living and wages in Panama City was much lower than those of Texas and I just barely could get by so I started gambling again. I run afoul of a poker game [in] Springfield Fla. which is ajoining Panama City. I believe that the only organize crime in this state is in this form.... I am known as a mechanic in playing cards. I beat this game serval times the last time for about one hundred and fifty dollars. [Then] I was arrested ... and charge wirh Breaking and Entering to comitt a misdemeanor. This was July of 1959 I was placed in County Jail never given a hearing nor preliminary Trial and on 16th of September I went to trial without counsel, the Court refused to give me counsel ... The Trial Judge the late Clay E. Lewis stop the trial and give me a direct virdict of not guilty, with the District attorney asking the court to hold me so he might file further charges. The judge allowed him three days after five days I was released after filing a petition for a writ of Habeas Corpus.

My youngest child and daughter was born April 30th 1959. So this left my wife with six children. During the time I am in jail my wife went to work in a Beer joint in order to feed the children because we where not entitled to welfare. Please bare in mind that this part of the Country is in what is known as the Bible Belt, practically everone is a good Christian, there is lot of churches. During my time in jail the welfare Dept. decided that my children where not being taken care of proper which they where not. They taken the children and placed them in Foster Homes My wife broke over this ... and I don't think she ever got over it.

When I was released from jail I went back to work that day as a Auto Electric Mechanic on commision basis I hunted up my wife and went to the welfare and got my children. But ... I could get no help

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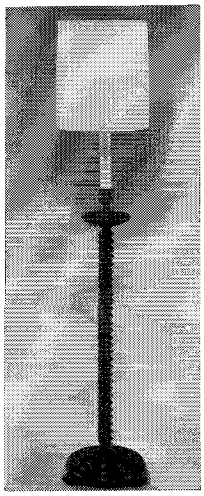
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from the social workers Once hearing a wise old Doctor say that the best thing for a poor person who did not have the money to hire psychiatry, the best thing is to send them to church. So I decided to use the church. I do not like the idea of forcing my children are enticing them to believe in any certain religion but I have always wanted them to learn the moral respect that the people of this country has and of all the great religions I have pick the christian religion because it is based on love. So in my desperation I pick a Baptist church because that had been my church when I was a little boy Now I class that organization in the same class as I do the K.K.K. Because they hate to many persons and things anyway for the want of something better I took this way.

I started ever Sunday morning of dressing the children and myself up and going to the Cedar Grove Baptist church at Cedar Grove Florida another one of those little municipality I mention before I believe it is listed as one of the worst speed traps not to even be on a major highway by the A.A.A. The people of the church accepted my children with all thier heart but me they just tolerated cause they where mind. My strategy worked my wife decided to go to church with us so I bought her some new clothes and she took a big interest in everthing

About this time I took down sick with a terriable pain in my chest having no money I went to the county clinic for a X ray and later went to the Welfare the family service of Panama City. They would not help but sent me to the hospital and the Doctor on duty Doctor Webb sent me back to the County Clinic for Sputum Test. At this time the family service paid my rent. The first sputum test that went to the hospital at Tallahassee Fla. The W. T. Edwards Hospital. Came back positive. The County Nurse was there next day asking me to sign papers to go to the Hospital at Tallahassee which I did. I did not work no more nor did I go to church any more. The welfare or rather the family service gave us ten dollars a week then and until I went to the Hospital which was December 31st 1959.

My wife's interest in the church had matured to the point that when I went to Hospital the church was practicable taking care of my family. But did you ever try to take care of six children on a bill for ten dollars in groceries.

I sent my wife to the Dept. of Public welfare and they said they would investagate which after a time a month or two they said they could not pay my family the American Child Support which in this state is *only* eighty-one dollars a month they rejected it on account of my record.... Now most of this money comes to the states to be administerated by them, but there is restrictions on not giving it to needy children. I don't know for sure but I can find out and I will. That most of the dollar that comes to this state goes to the cost of administeration and not to needy children.

In the meantime the church is helping to take care of the children and after three months of examinations the staff of Doctors diagnosed my trouble as A-typical tuberculosis. That there was a infection in my lung and I would have to have

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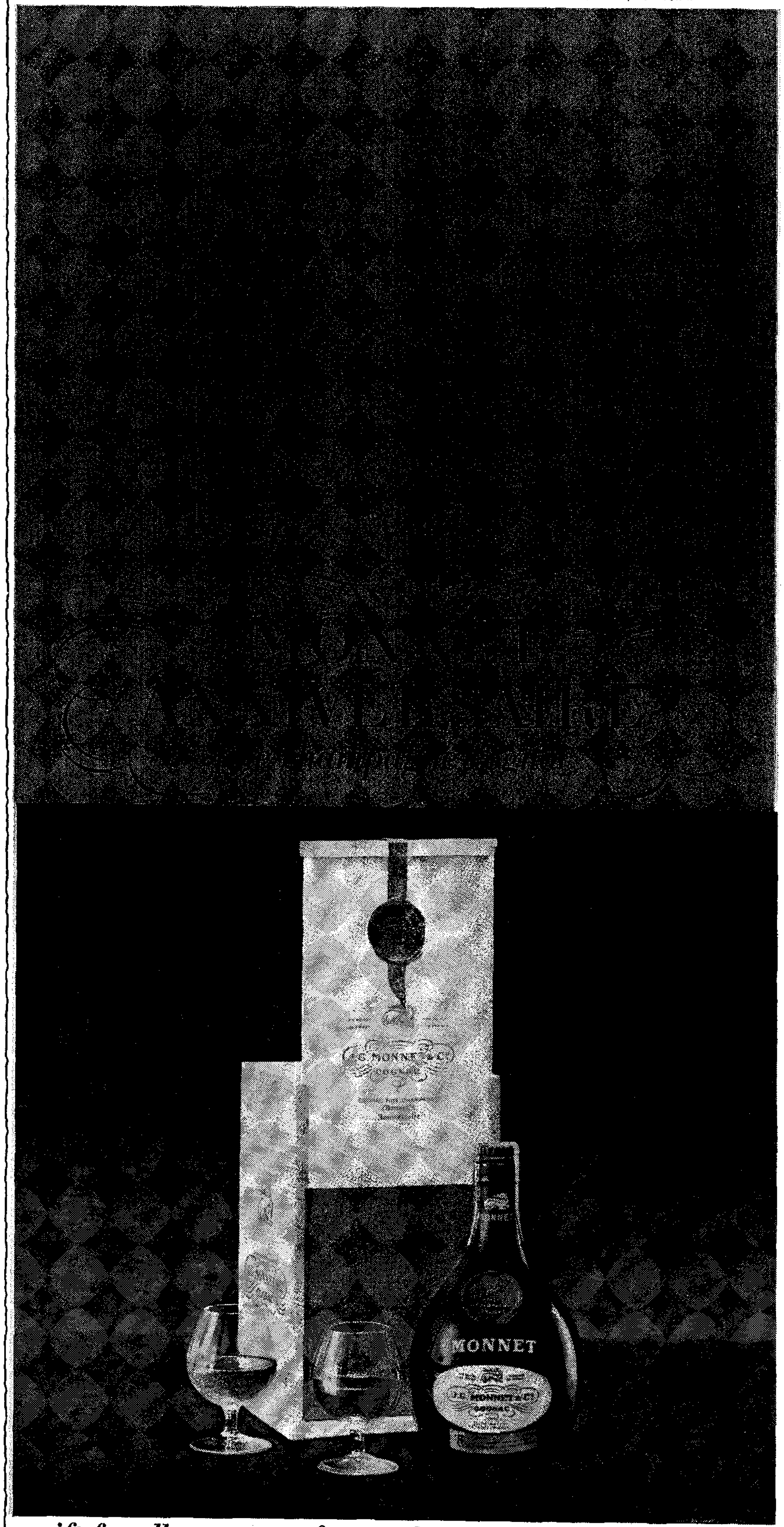

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surgery. Remember, I had surgery before and I hated to take it again but I sign for it.

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After more examinations I was put to surgery by a master Doctor but I still hardly made it after about two months I begin to get better my wife had quit writing to me. . . . I left the hospital and went home and the stories I had heard where true my wife was working in a jute joint and the children where taking care of thier self. . . . They had me arrested. But failed to press charges against me so the County hung a drunk charge on me rather than stay in jail I had a friend pay my fine and I went back to Hospital which I left before very long against medical advise. I went to Baton Rouge La, where I had friends and went to work. I sent my wife twenty dollars a week for the children (at this time I was a very unhappy man and I had been hook on drugs during my surgery and recovery which I know now affected me than.) After about a month and a halve I recieved one of my money orders back. I was cooking on a spud barge and we where down in the swamps at Golden Meadows La. then. I called the officer of the Juvnile Court in Panama City and ask him about my children. He told me that the Court had the children but he did not know about my wife. So I made arraignments to go to Panama City the next day.

I went to the Public Welfare and learnt that my wife had given up the children to them . . . also she had recieved three of my money orders and spend them I recovered three which I give to the Welfare Dept. I went and vist the children and contacted my wife so I left her alone

I made a deal with the welfare Dept to pay them one hundred and eighty dollars a month or forty-five a week I went back to La. and went to work I worked another month and halve and was let go on account of the health Dept. because I left the hospital against medical advice they had turn me in to the La. Health Dept. I came back to Panama City and attempted to make a living by gambling. About then I found out my wife was pregnant. sometime in January I was with a Friend of my Sgt. H. Stickell on Tyndall Air Force Base I had been living at his home for about a month we where building a club for squad service there, when out of the blue sky I was arrested one day he was with me by the F.B.I. office, shrieffs' office and the City Detectives of Panama City also they serched St. Stickells home. I was not locked up. There had been a Burglary of the Armory in Panama city. So for no reason except that twenty-five years before I had rob one

I was still sick and could not make any money. My wife had her baby thru one of those professional dealers in little children. also thru the Public Welfare of Panama City, it seems to me that they approve of a woman doing that away, any way they all wanted me to sign the adoption papers for the baby which I did, I was not very happy about the whole thing.

By this time I realized that I would never be able to live with my wife and make a home for my children and I started to

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make arraignment to have my sister and mother take my children and to get a divorce from my wife.

a short time later I was arrested one night in my bed at the Hotel I lived in, for no reason atall, for investigation and vagrancy. Investigation of a two thousand dollar robbery of the Bay Harbor Bar which was across the street from where I lived. After two weeks in jail they put a charge of vagrancy against me a sat bond at two hundred dollars in four more days I was arraigned in County Court and plead not guilty and was turn lose. The Public Welfare seem surprised.

About a month later on June 3rd 1961 I was arrested for the crime I am now doing time on. I was charged with Breaking & Entering to comitt a misdemeanor and was convicted in a trial August 4th 1961 sentenced to State Prison August 27th 1961.

This charge growed out of gambling and was very near simalar to the charge I was tried on before in Panama City I worked in this place and did run a Poker game there....

I did not break into this building nor did I have to I had keys to the building and if the building was broke into it was done by one of the parties involed. A short time before [another fellow] and I had a falling out over a Poker Game he was suppose to fix.... He failed to do it and with the investegation going on in Panama City. I closed the game there which was not making any money....

I always believed that the primarily reason of trial in a court of law was to reach the truth. My trial was far from the truth. One day when I was being arraigned I seen two trials of two different men tried without attorneys. One hour from the time they started they had two juries out and fifteen minutes later they where found guilty and sentenced. Is this a fair trial? This is common practiced thru most of this state. This penitentiary is full of men who are here with five years for Petty Larcney, drunk and minor sex crimes. Of course this is the Bible Belt and the customs here are a lot higher degree of morals. I am a electrician here and one of my fellow workers has two years for drunk and resisting arrest. Most city Police courts would give a citizen a twenty-five dollar fine for the same charge he was tried without a attorney and convicted. This week he is filing a petition to U.S. Supreme Court for a writ of Certiorari to review a writ of Habeas Corpus. This state still runs there courts on the principal of the common law. And there are actual cases here now of citizens who have sentence with no statues covering the charges. The Supreme Court at Florida handed down a ruling last month involing the rights of man to have charges put against him within a resonable time. This man was held for about three weeks befor being charge. They upheld the lower courts one Justice disenting. They said that it was right that that was the law, but this is different. What it amounted to anyway. The one Justices said "That these laws where not made in Jest." The desenting vote.

There was not a crime comitted in my case and I don't feel like I had a fair trial. If I had a attorney he could brought out all of these things in my trial.

When I was arrested I was put in soli-

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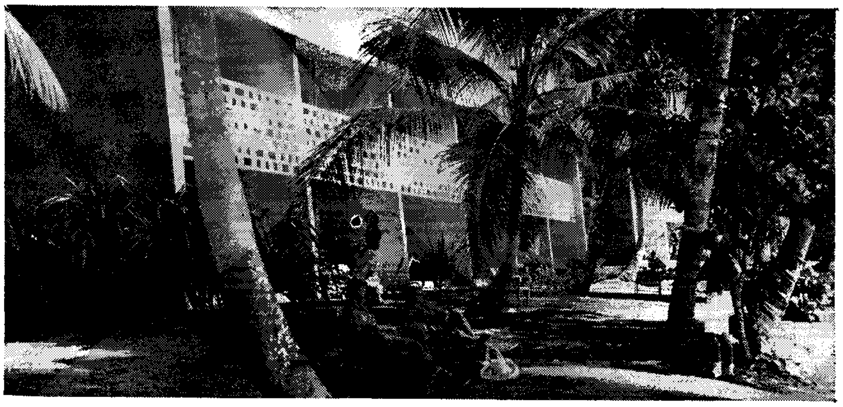

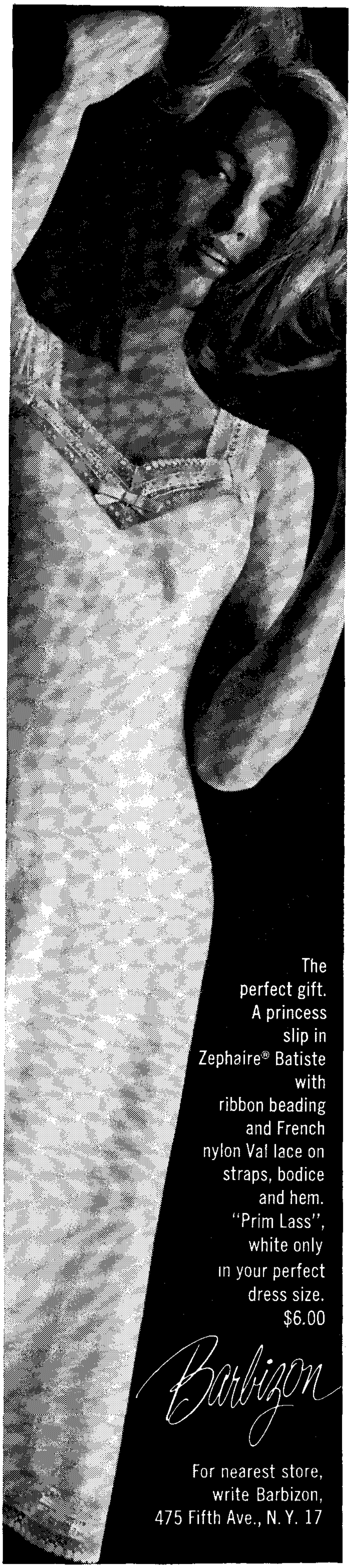

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tary confinment and I was not allowed the papers nor to use the telephone or to write to everone I should. I did get a speedy arraignment and preliminary trial at my arraignment in Circuit Court I was allow more time to try and obtain a attorney which I could not do. You know about the rest of my trial.

I have had no trouble since I have been here. I have work as a electrictian ever since I have been here and for the last year I recieved sixty days extra gain time. This prison is all right as for prison. Proable the best in the South Outside of proper medical care I have a lung contion but have never been able to see a doctor, But that is the way prisons are the Doctors are never the best any way. I think I should be receiving medication for my lungs I was when I came in here.

My sister and mother refused to take my children and I have never written to them since I have been here I did write to the Welfare Dept. in Panama City about my children. They thru the Juvnile Court in Panama City did try to do me in for the Custody of the children last may. I received a summons by regestered mail to appear in court at the court house Panama City at two-thirty June 4th 1962 or be held in contempt of court. (This is the way these courts operate). I had a complaint from a [man] out of Pensacola Florida. who I later found out is a professinal dealer in children and was the same one who bought my wifes baby I told you about before. He wanted the custody of my three children and my step daughter so he could put them up for adoption. They did not send me a copy of the complaint. I sent in a petition for a injunction against this charging ever thing I could think of. Bill of attainer, due process of law, and slavery. I did not know his address so I sent his copy to the State Attorney General. If you would like to have a copy I will send you one. The court gave me a stay until what ever time it takes the Supreme Court to review my case.

The Welfare Dept. wrote and ask me to sign release papers on my children. I refused, now they will not write me at all

I do not intend to let anyone take my children away from me and I will fight it ever way I know how. I hope to be able to get my children into a home someplace somehow, until I am able to take care of them myself. I believe all though I am a convict and exconvict that I have the rights to have children the same as any one else, also I have the rights to A.D.C. and vocational training under the social security laws the same as any one else.

Outside of numerous times of arrest some for investagation, others for compromised convictions, all of the foregoing statements have been true and can stand the any kind of investigation. I am not proud of this Biography. I hope that it may help you in preparing this case, I am sorry I could not write better I have done the best I could.

I have no illusions about law and courts or the people who are involved in them. I have read the complete history of law ever since the Romans first started writing them down and before of the laws of religions. I believe that each era finds a improvment in law each year brings something new for the benefit of mankind. Maybe this will be one of those small steps

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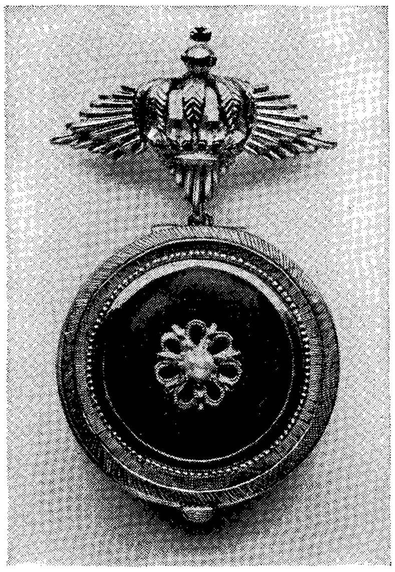
forward in the past thirty-five years I have seen great advancement in Courts in penal servitude. Thank you for reading all of this. Please try to believe that all I want now from life is the chance for the love of my children the only real love I have ever had.

Sincerely yours
CLARENCE EARL GIDEON

The letter did not mention Gideon's color, but Fortas found out later that he was white.

WE have come to take it so much for granted that our courts, and especially the Supreme Court, have the power to set aside as unconstitutional the actions of governors, legislators, and Presidents that we may fail to realize that this power of judicial review, as it is called, has been confided to judges in few other countries—and in no other country, at any time, to the extent that we have confided it to the Supreme Court. In the guise of legal questions, there have come to the Supreme Court many of the most fundamental and divisive issues of every era—issues that judges in other lands would never dream of trying to decide. The consequences are great for Court and country. For the justices, power means responsibility, and because the Supreme Court so often has the last word, the responsibility is, of course, a weighty one. Deciding cases is never easy, but a judge may sleep more soundly after sentencing a man to death, say, or invalidating a President's seizure of steel mills, if he knows that an appeal can be made to a higher court. Justices of the Supreme Court do not have that luxury. "We are not final because we are infallible, but we are infallible only because we are final," Justice Jackson once wrote. A few months before the Supreme Court agreed to hear Gideon's case, Justice Whittaker, who had sat on the Court for only five years, retired, explaining candidly that he found the strain too great. The power of the Supreme Court inevitably raises questions. Is it democratic to let nine men, appointed for life and directly answerable to no constituency, make ultimate decisions about our society? How free should a judge feel to set against the will of the people's representatives the principles that he finds in the Constitution? And, for that matter, how does he find them, given the Constitution's vague wording and the accumulation of precedents looking in all directions?

The legitimacy of judicial review has been questioned repeatedly ever since 1803, when the Supreme Court, in Marbury v. Madison, first held a fed-



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eral statute unconstitutional. At that time, the Jeffersonians accused Chief Justice John Marshall of usurpation. In the nineteen-thirties, liberals similarly accused the Court of usurpation, the contention of some historians of that day being that it had not really been given the power of judicial review. Today, of course, arguments of much the same kind are heard from the extreme right. Scholarly opinion has long since dismissed the charge that judicial review was illicitly imported into our system by Chief Justice Marshall, or by anyone else. While the Constitution does not explicitly provide for review by the federal courts, it does do so implicitly—notably by assigning to the federal courts jurisdiction over cases that arise under the Constitution. The records of the 1787 Constitutional Convention point the same way; the delegates assumed that the Supreme Court would pass on the Constitutionality of state and federal acts that came before it in lawsuits. The delegates even considered a proposal to let the Court share the President's veto power, but that suggestion was rejected, for the reason that the Court already had a "sufficient check," as Elbridge Gerry put it, since it could declare laws unconstitutional. The conception of a written constitution binding on the nation's government as well as on its citizens presupposed some institution to enforce the rules. Theoretically, that institution might have been Congress, but the episodic and political nature of the legislative process would have made such a choice doubtful. In any event, we have now lived for a hundred and seventy-five years with the Supreme Court as the final interpreter of our fundamental law. Justice Jackson, no great admirer of judicial review, wrote in 1955, "The real strength of the position of the Court is probably in its indispensability to government under a written Constitution. It is difficult to see how the provisions of a 150-year-old written document can have much vitality if there is not some permanent institution to translate them into current commands."

If the issue of legitimacy has been settled, however, there are still questions about when and how the Supreme Court should exercise its great power to nullify what the other branches of government have done. These questions have been the subject of a fierce and unending debate among commentators and among the justices themselves. The opposing positions can perhaps best be summarized in terms of two able and determined justices who led the debate for a generation—Justice Black and Jus-

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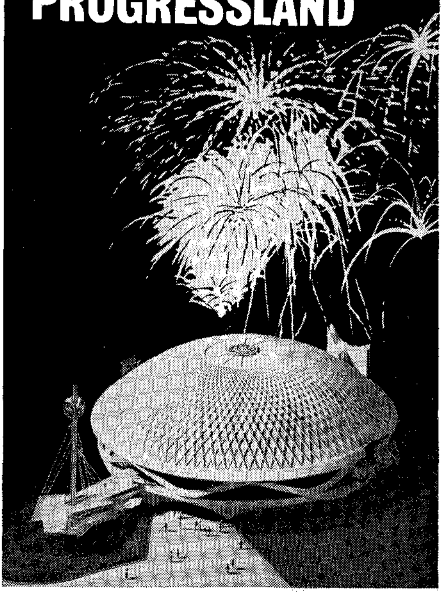

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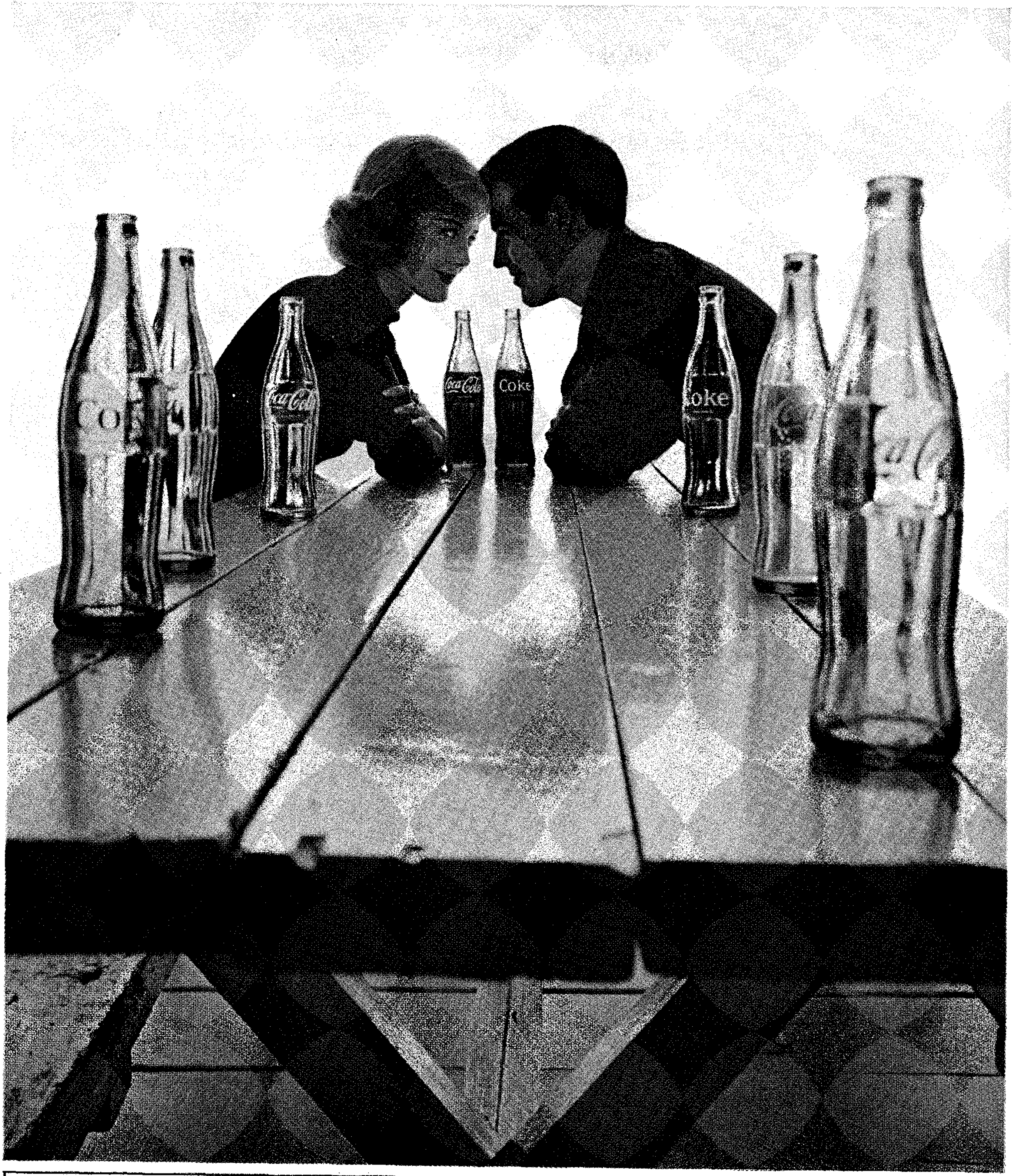

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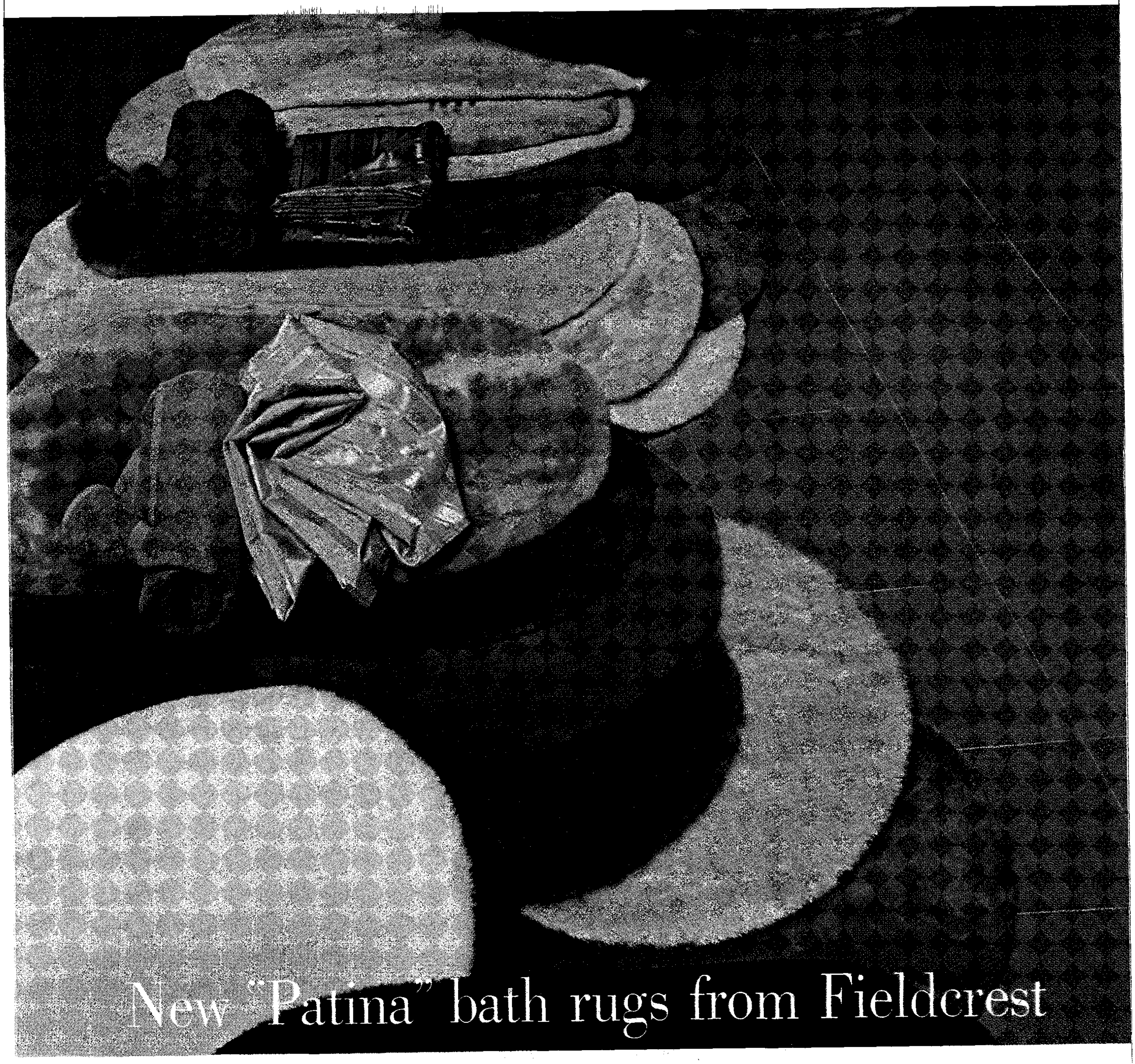

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tice Frankfurter. Justice Frankfurter's watchword was "judicial self-restraint." He counselled his fellow-justices to defer to Congress and the states if the actions of these bodies, though not what the justices would have done, seemed at all reasonable; to be cautious in reading prohibitions into the Constitution; to respect history; and to balance the interests of society against the interests of the individual. He warned that excessive reliance on judges to protect our freedoms sapped the strength of democracy, because it distracted attention from the political forum, where unwise policies should be corrected. He also expressed a deep fear that the Supreme Court might destroy itself if it pressed its power too far. In the nineteen-thirties, he recalled, the Court, by trying to halt economic and social measures, brought itself to the brink of drastic reform—reform that it avoided only by a politic change of course. All this is not to say that Justice Frankfurter never found state or federal action unconstitutional. His significant role in the demise of segregation laws, his concern for the freedom of commerce from state barriers, his careful scrutiny of police behavior and of state assistance to religion all testify to his acceptance of the Court's role as enforcer of the Constitution. Nevertheless, right up to his retirement, in 1962, his opinions preached judicial caution, self-examination, and restraint. Since then, his restraining role has been carried on by other justices, and especially by his friend Justice John Marshall Harlan. Justice Black, by contrast, has emphasized that it is the responsibility of the justices to preserve individual liberty, and has argued that excessive deference to the other branches of the government amounts to abdication of that responsibility. In Black's view, it was the Framers of the Constitution who gave the Court the responsibility to protect individuals from governmental repression, so a justice should not feel timid or self-conscious about accepting it. Particularly obnoxious to Justice Black is the Frankfurter thesis that the Court must balance individual interests against the interests of government and uphold any reasonable governmental course of action. Justice Black argues that this balancing of what is reasonable leaves judges too much at large. He looks to history and to the Constitution for definite rules—"absolutes," he has called them. His favorite example is the First Amendment: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the

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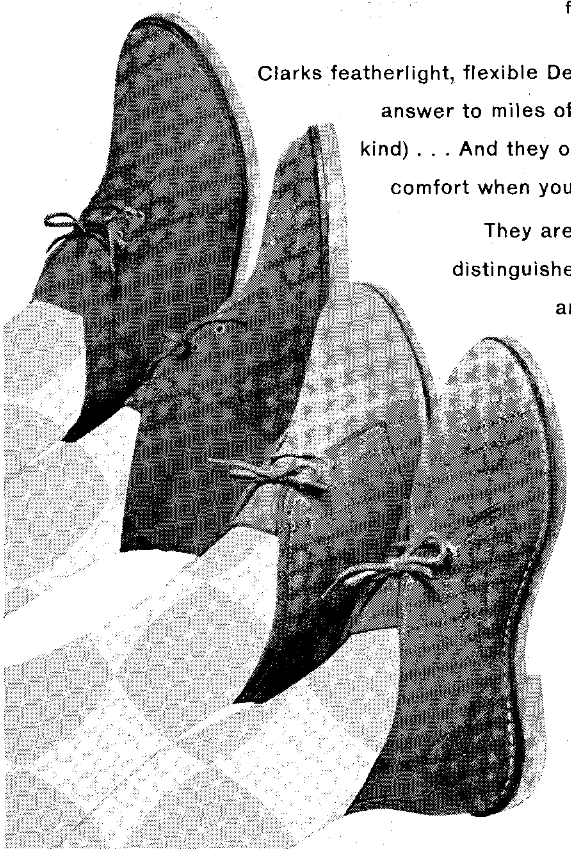

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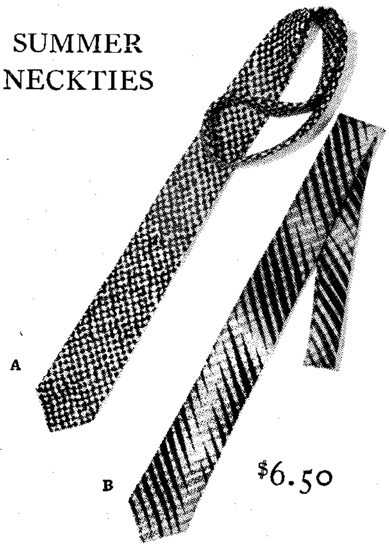
press . . ." "No law means *no law*," he has said, and from this he has argued, in dissent, that no government has the power to censor obscenity. And he has repeatedly dissented from decisions upholding federal action against the Communist Party and its members—decisions in which a majority of the Court found that the injury to free speech was outweighed by the country's need to protect itself against an international conspiracy. Sometimes the debate between Justices Black and Frankfurter, or between the schools of thought they represent, has seemed abstract—a matter more of words than of things. Justice Frankfurter, for example, was willing, when Justice Black was not, to strike down wire-tapping as unconstitutional and to forbid the use of state funds for parochial-school buses. But, for purposes of the Gideon case, the general difference in the Black and Frankfurter approaches was an inescapable consideration.

As Fortas began to think about the case, in the summer of 1962, he realized that a decision to overrule Betts v. Brady would not come easily to Justice Frankfurter and to those who shared his views. This was true not only because of their judicial philosophy in general but because of the way they had applied it to specific matters. One of these was the question of precedent. "In most matters it is more important that the applicable rule of law be settled than that it be settled right." Justice Brandeis thus succinctly stated the principle underlying *stare decisis* ("to stand by what has been decided"), the judicial doctrine of following precedent. Anglo-American law is built on the assumption that courts will generally adhere to what they have said in the past; on that assumption contracts are signed, wills are made, lives are planned. In this country, though, *stare decisis* is not, as it is in England, an iron rule. Justice Brandeis went on to say, "But in cases involving the Federal Constitution, where correction through legislative action is practically impossible, this Court has often overruled its earlier decisions. The Court bows to the lessons of experience and the force of better reasoning." While Constitutional cases do give rise to the special considerations mentioned by Brandeis, the Court has not restricted to those cases its willingness to reëxamine its past decisions. Perhaps more than any other court, it looks beneath precedents for the policy they represent. It might be said to be heeding the caustic words of Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes: "It is revolting to have no



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better reason for a rule of law than that so it was laid down in the time of Henry IV. It is still more revolting if the grounds upon which it was laid down have vanished long since, and the rule simply persists from blind imitation of the past." The Supreme Court has overruled a prior decision approximately a hundred times in its history—quite often, but nowhere near often enough to suggest that overruling has become a routine step, to be taken casually. Certainty and repose in the law still have their appeal, and changes of mind on the part of the Court have been met by strong dissent—by, among others, Justice Frankfurter. Although Justice Frankfurter was not unyieldingly attached to the doctrine of *stare decisis*, a 1958 law-review study showed that since his appointment to the Court, in 1939, he had dissented thirteen times from decisions overruling prior cases. Justice Black, by contrast, apparently felt quite free to turn away from past doctrine. In 1958, for example, he unhesitatingly urged the Court, in dissent, to abandon a hundred and fifty years of decisions holding that jury trials were not required in prosecutions for contempt of court.

There was another point of disagreement between Justices Black and Frankfurter—one that cut even deeper than *stare decisis*, and also cut closer to Gideon's case. This was their attitude toward federalism—the independence of the states in our system of government. The men who wrote the Constitution created a remarkable political structure, making Americans subject to two sovereignties—state and nation. The states were to have control over what the eighteenth century saw as the ordinary affairs of men—birth, marriage, death, business, crime—and the federal government was to have control over interstate commerce, foreign relations, war, and other matters that were necessarily of national scope. By thus dividing power, the Framers gave us what John Quincy Adams called "the most complicated government on the face of the globe."

Sorting out the complications has been the job of the Supreme Court. Right from the beginning, the Court has had to hear cases requiring it to designate the boundaries of state and federal power. At first, the great cases tended to raise questions of the extent of the federal government's power. Did the Constitution authorize Congress to charter a bank? That was a question that Chief Justice Marshall was faced with in 1819, in McCulloch v. Mary-

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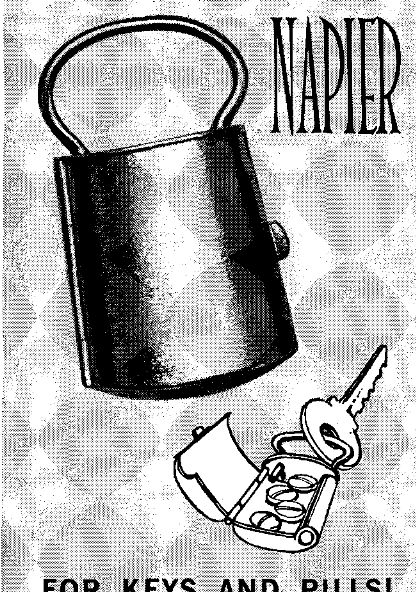
land, and his answer, in favor of the federal government, permanently enlarged its domain. Today, the main field of controversy is not the extent of congressional power but the limitations placed by the Constitution on the actions of state governments. State officials invoke "states' rights," by which they mean a state's presumed right to handle such matters as race relations and the criminal law as it wishes, with no restraint by the Constitution. The imposing of restraints on state action has aroused great resentment among state officials, judges not least. In 1958, the Conference of Chief Justices—the Chief Justices of the states—approved a committee report criticizing the Supreme Court for an "over-all tendency" to "press the extension of Federal power and press it rapidly." The report did not deal with the issue of racial segregation, although many observers thought that this was its real inspiration. Instead, it put its major critical emphasis on Supreme Court decisions laying down minimal guarantees of fairness in criminal proceedings. The committee's report passed over areas in which the modern Supreme Court has significantly enlarged the power of the states—notably the power to tax and to regulate the economy. But it did indicate how much emotion may arise over issues of federalism. The fact that it laid so much stress on the right of the states to run their criminal law without worrying about uniform national standards was of particular interest in relation to Gideon's case. For Gideon was asking the Supreme Court to impose on the fifty states a uniform rule of criminal procedure, and that claim inevitably clashed with the belief that diversity among the states was as important a theme in the Constitution as individual rights. "Whatever inconveniences and embarrassments may be involved," Justice Frankfurter wrote in 1958, "they are the price we pay for our federalism, for having our people amenable to—as well as served and protected by—two governments."

The contrasting views of Justice Black and Justice Frankfurter were graphically illustrated in the case of Alfonse Bartkus, an Illinois prisoner who had been first acquitted by a federal jury and then convicted by an Illinois jury for the same bank robbery. Justice Frankfurter, writing for the majority, who upheld the second prosecution, said that the decision was commanded by our system of dual sovereignties. "The greatest self-restraint is necessary when that



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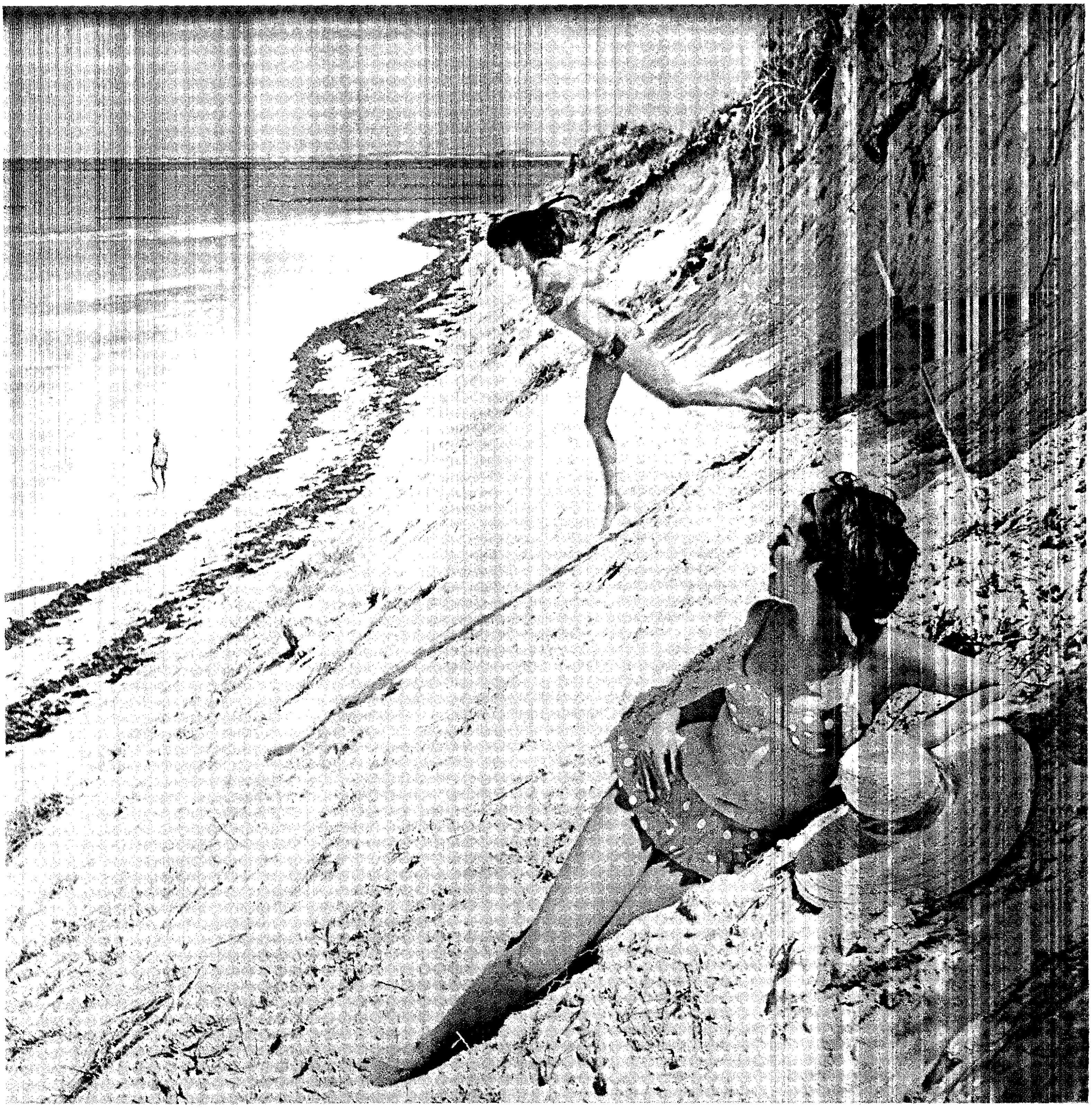

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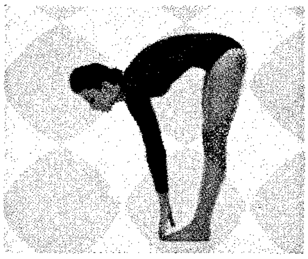

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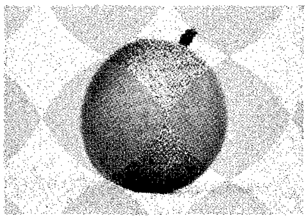

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federal system yields results with which a court is in little sympathy," he wrote. Justice Black viewed the case not as a problem in governmental structure but as one of fairness to Alfonse Bartkus. "The Court apparently takes the position that a second trial for the same act is somehow less offensive if one of the trials is conducted by the Federal Government and the other by a State," he said, in dissent. "Looked at from the standpoint of the individual who is being prosecuted, this notion is too subtle for me to grasp." Underlying the Bartkus case was one of the great issues of federalism—the question of which, if any, provisions of the Bill of Rights apply to the states. Most Americans would probably assume that a second trial for Bartkus was barred by the double-jeopardy clause of the Fifth Amendment: "Nor shall any person be subject for the same offence to be twice put in jeopardy of life or limb." But that clause had been held to cover only federal, not state, criminal proceedings.

The first eight amendments to the Constitution contain the familiar guarantees of individual liberty, among them freedom of speech, press, religion, and assembly; protection of the privacy of the home; assurance against double jeopardy and compulsory self-incrimination; the right to counsel and to trial by jury; and freedom from cruel and unusual punishments. At the time of their adoption, it was universally agreed that these eight amendments limited only the federal government and its processes; indeed, fear of the new central government had been the reason for their adoption, and some states had refused to ratify the Constitution until they were assured that the federal government would be restrained by a bill of rights. James Madison, the principal draftsman of the amendments, originally included one guaranteeing the rights of the individual against the states. It read, "No State shall infringe the right of trial by Jury in criminal cases, nor the rights of conscience, nor the freedom of speech, or of the press," and Madison thought it "the most valuable amendment in the whole list," for he saw more danger of abuse "by the State Governments than by the Government of the United States." But the Senate rejected this amendment, and in 1833, in the case of Barron v. Baltimore, Chief Justice Marshall wrote the common understanding into law with a specific decision that the Bill of Rights did not cover the states.

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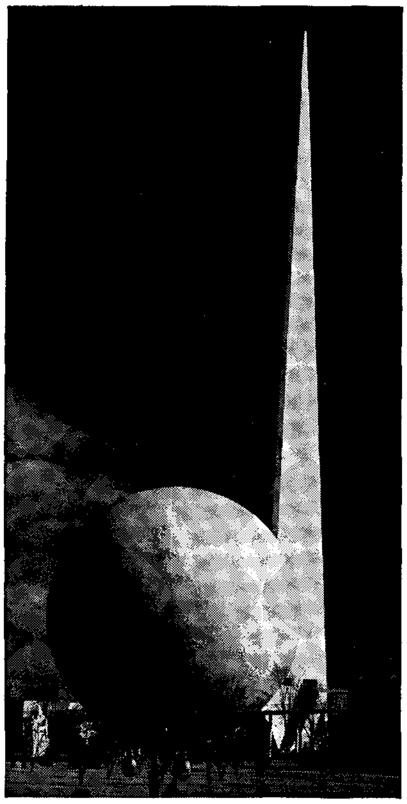

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when the Fourteenth Amendment, designed specifically to prevent abuse of individuals by state governments, was ratified. Section 1, for instance, prohibits the states from abridging "the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States," from depriving them of life, liberty, or property without due process of law and from denying them the equal protection of the laws. Soon after the adoption of the amendment, the claim was advanced that this section had been designed by its Framers to *incorporate* all the provisions of the first eight amendments and apply them to the states.

The theory of wholesale incorporation of the Bill of Rights has been adopted from time to time by one or more of the Supreme Court justices but never by a majority. What appears to have been the climactic battle came in 1947, when Justice Black produced four votes for the proposition—his own and those of Justices Douglas, Murphy, and Wiley B. Rutledge. But if wholesale incorporation has been rejected, the Supreme Court has used the Fourteenth Amendment to apply provisions of the Bill of Rights to the states *selectively*, the vehicle being the clause that assures individuals of due process of law. The Court has said that denial by a state of any right deemed "fundamental" by society amounts to a denial of due process. For example, freedom of speech is protected by the First Amendment against abridgment by Congress but not by a state. Nevertheless, the Court regards that freedom as so essential to human liberty that if a state abridges free speech the Court finds a violation of the Fourteenth Amendment's due-process guarantee. The historical process by which provisions of the original Bill of Rights have been applied to state action was described by Justice Cardozo in a 1937 majority opinion as a "process of absorption implicit in the concept of ordered liberty." Absorption, clearly, is a slower, more tentative process than incorporation. It is an ironic note that Justice Black, who had then just taken his place on the Supreme Court, should have joined in the Cardozo opinion advancing that formula. As his own philosophy developed, he rejected the "absorption" idea, finding greater certainty in the theory of incorporation. But "absorption" has been and remains the accepted process.

The difficult question has been which provisions of the first eight amendments to absorb. For many years, the Court was most reluctant to read even one into the due-process clause of the Four-

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teenth; by 1900, the justices had considered and rejected the applicability to the states of virtually every guarantee in the Bill of Rights, and as late as 1922 it was still saying that the protections of the First Amendment did not apply to the states. "But it is one thing to slam the door of the due process clause, and another to keep it shut," Professor Paul A. Freund has written. It was in 1925 that the Court changed its mind about free speech, declaring it to be so fundamental that in denying it a state was denying due process of law. The other freedoms of the First Amendment followed.

The Court has been much more reluctant to apply to the states the guarantees of fair criminal procedure. It evidently felt for many decades that the area in which the states were most clearly entitled to independence was in the application of their criminal law. Only in 1923 did the Court say even that unfair methods in a criminal trial were forbidden by the Fourteenth Amendment, and that opinion was evoked by an extreme case—that of five Arkansas Negroes condemned to death after a mob-dominated trial and on testimony said to have been extorted by brutality. Justice Holmes suggested that the entire proceeding was "a mask," and that "counsel, jury and judge [had been] swept to the fatal end by an irresistible wave of public passion." The decision was only to let the prisoners come into federal court and try to prove their charges of unconstitutional treatment, not to set aside their convictions, but Justice McReynolds dissented even from that, saying, "The fact that petitioners are poor and ignorant and black naturally arouses sympathy; but that does not release us from enforcing principles which are essential to the orderly operation of our Federal system." (The five prisoners eventually had their sentences commuted by state authorities, without final legal action.)

Over the years, the Supreme Court steadfastly resisted all efforts to apply to the states the specific criminal-law guarantees of the Bill of Rights, such as the Sixth Amendment's provision for trial by jury and the Fifth Amendment's ban on double jeopardy and self-incrimination. In 1949, the Fourth Amendment's prohibition of illegal searches and seizures was dealt with in a notable opinion by Justice Frankfurter. He was deeply opposed to illegal police intrusion on the home—what he called "the knock at the door"—but he was also a firm believer in state independence. In this dilemma, he took a

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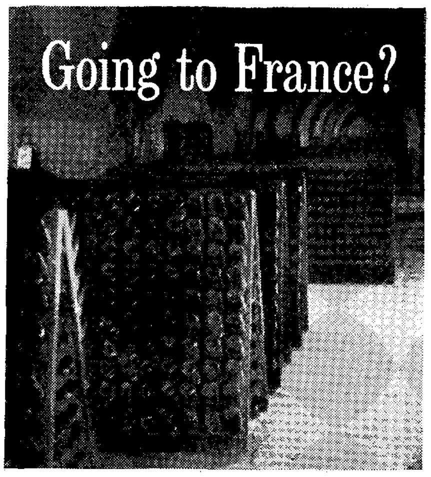
curious compromise position. He held that the "core" of the Fourth Amendment was absorbed into the due-process clause of the Fourteenth, but he refused to apply to the states the essential enforcement device that had bound the federal courts since 1914—the rule that illegally seized material is inadmissible as evidence in a trial.

As early as 1936, however, the Court had begun striking down state criminal convictions based on confessions coerced from defendants. At first, only the third degree—physical brutality—was condemned. Then the Court gradually raised its standards of decency, condemning the psychological as well as the physical coercion of prisoners, until, by the nineteen-fifties, it was clear that the due-process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment was a pervasive guarantee against convictions based on extorted confessions, whether or not the statements made in a confession were supported by external evidence. The aim was not just to rule out suspect confessions but also to discourage brutal police practices.

Another long step was taken in 1956, in the case of Griffin v. Illinois. Under the law of Illinois and of some other states, a person desiring to appeal a criminal conviction had to supply the Appellate Court with a transcript of his trial, for which a fee was charged. A man too poor to buy one could not appeal. The Supreme Court held, five to four, that such a distinction between rich and poor denied the equal protection of the laws guaranteed by the Fourteenth Amendment; a state must either provide a transcript free to an indigent prisoner or allow him to submit some less elaborate trial record that would furnish a basis for appeal. The Griffin decision was met by bitter criticism from state sources, among them the Conference of Chief Justices, but the trend continued.

In 1961, just a year before the Court granted Gideon's petition for review, it took the step that it had been unwilling to take in regard to illegal searches in 1949. In the case of Mapp v. Ohio, it held that the Fourth Amendment was now fully applicable to the states; that is, no illegally seized evidence could be admitted at state criminal trials. Justice Harlan, joined by Justices Frankfurter and Whittaker, wrote the dissenting opinion. Mapp v. Ohio had a special import in relation to the Gideon case. A majority of the Court had been willing to overrule a recent decision, and to do so in the face of strongly pressed claims of federalism; the Court had been



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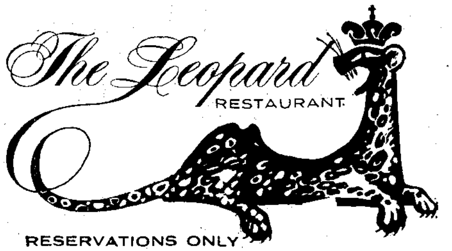

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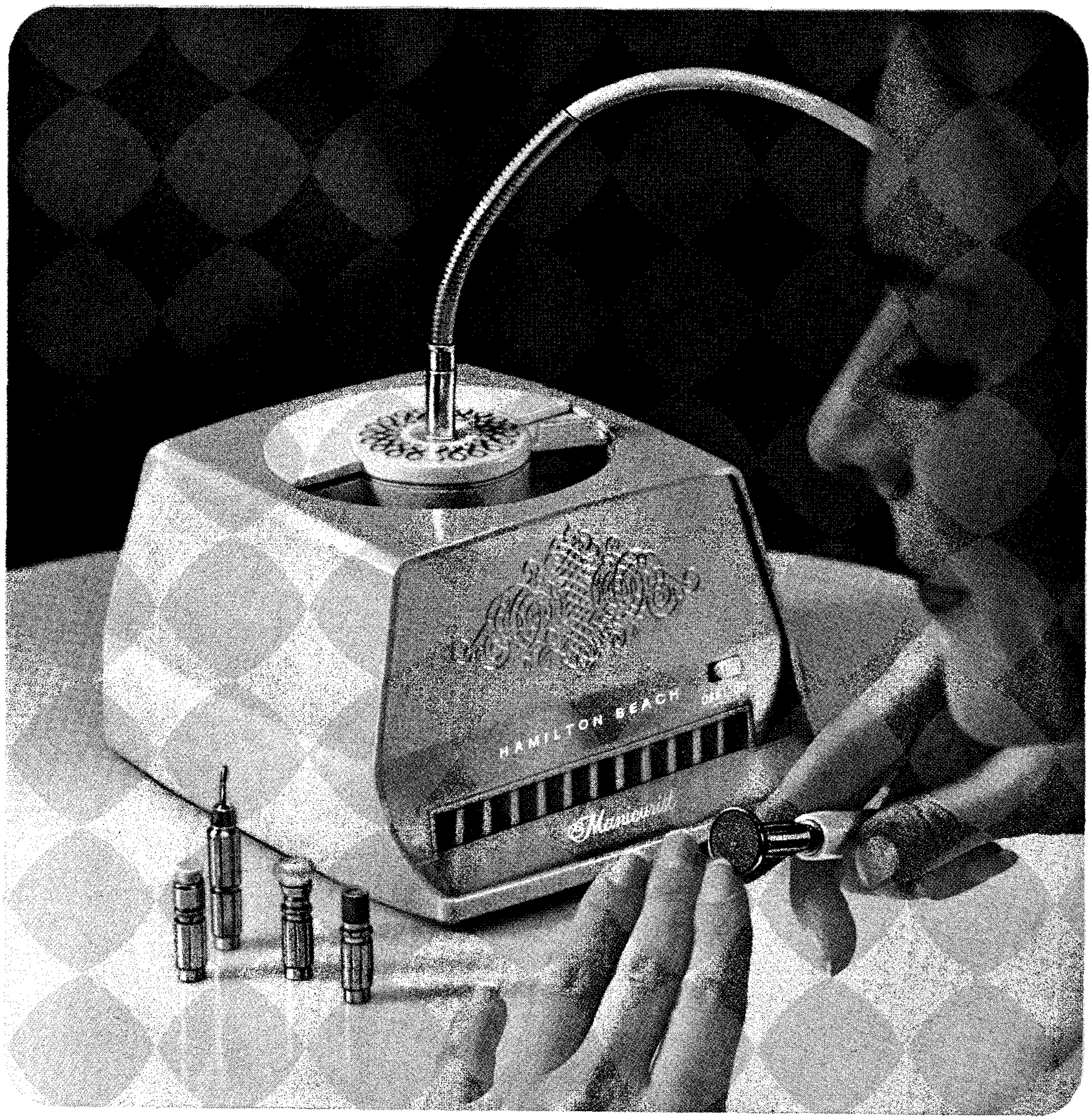

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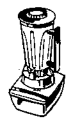
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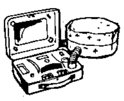
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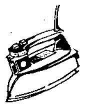
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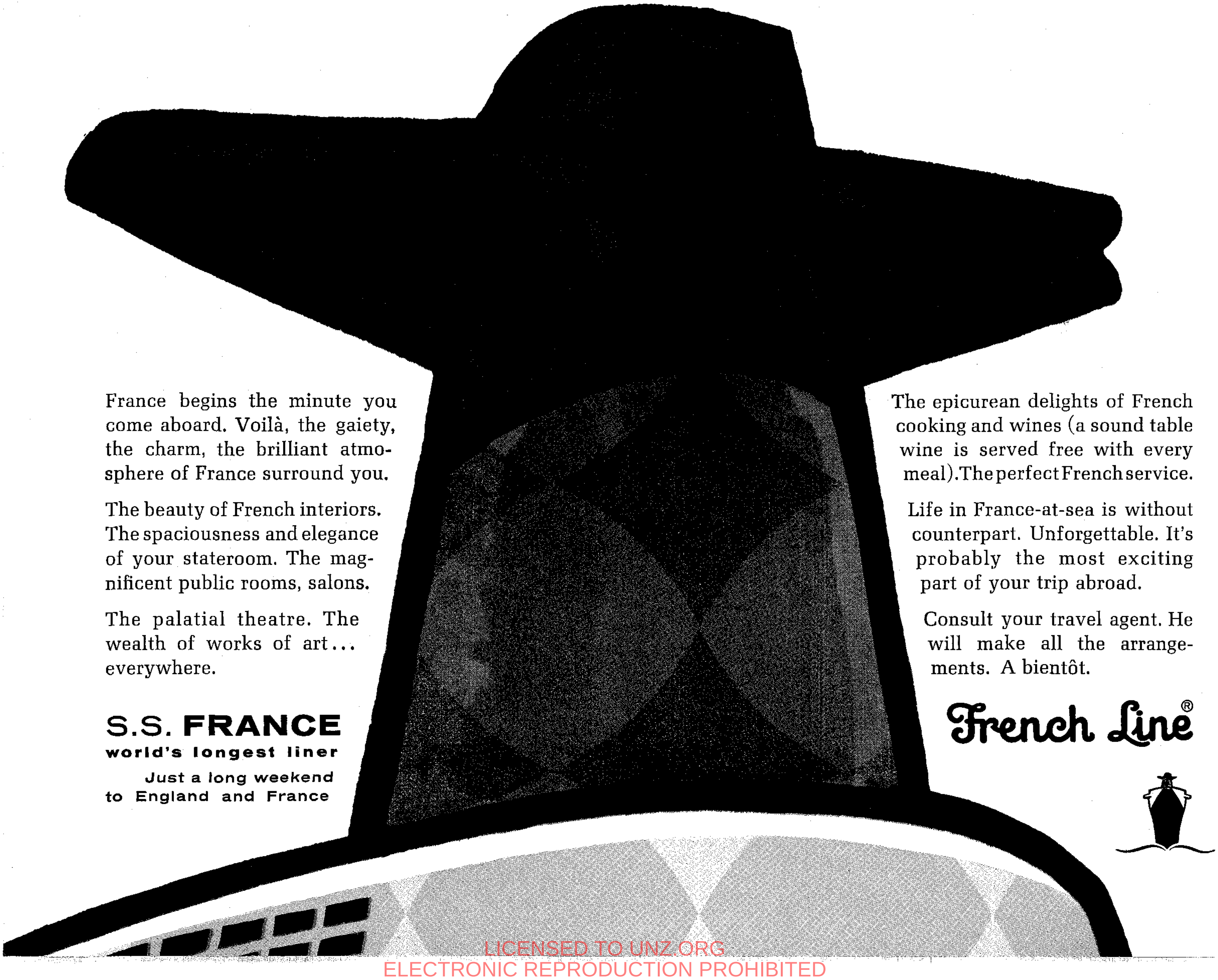

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warned that to impose a uniform national prohibition on illegal evidence would cripple state law enforcement and empty the jails—just as it could expect to be told in the Gideon case about the baleful effects of a uniform counsel requirement. The ruling in the Mapp case, together with the long series of coerced-confession cases and the protection given the indigent prisoner by Griffin v. Illinois, suggested a broad movement of the Supreme Court away from federalism as a primary consideration in the Constitutional law of criminal procedure. Younger justices were concerned less about federalism than about national ideals of fairness, as Justice Brennan illustrated in the course of a speech he made a few months before Mapp v. Ohio was decided. "Federalism should not be raised to the plane of an absolute," he said, adding "Far too many cases come from the states to the Supreme Court presenting dismal pictures of official lawlessness, of illegal searches and seizures, illegal detentions attended by prolonged interrogation and coerced admissions of guilt, of the denial of counsel . . ."

CLARENCE EARL GIDEON probably knew nothing of the legal history underlying his case—of federalism, *stare decisis*, and judicial review—but he did have an intuitive sense that he was part of a movement in history. Or so it seemed to a reporter who visited the prison at Raiford, Florida, to talk with him in the winter of 1963. "In Betts versus Brady, they was trying to allow 'em their states' rights," Gideon said. "They gave the state courts discretion, but they don't use any discretion. They just say no. They talk about states' rights. I think there's only one state—the United States."

On the basis of external appearance, it would be difficult to imagine a figure less likely to be the subject of a great case in the Supreme Court of the United States than Gideon. He gave the impression of being a man whose own private hopes and fears had long since been deadened by adversity—a used-up man, looking fifteen years older than his actual age of fifty-odd. His figure was gaunt—a stooped six feet and a hundred and forty pounds. Behind light framed glasses were worried eyes, set deep in his head and with deep creases in the skin around them. He had wavy gray-white hair. His features were sharp, his ears prominent; his lower lip trembled. He spoke in a slow, sad, defeated voice.

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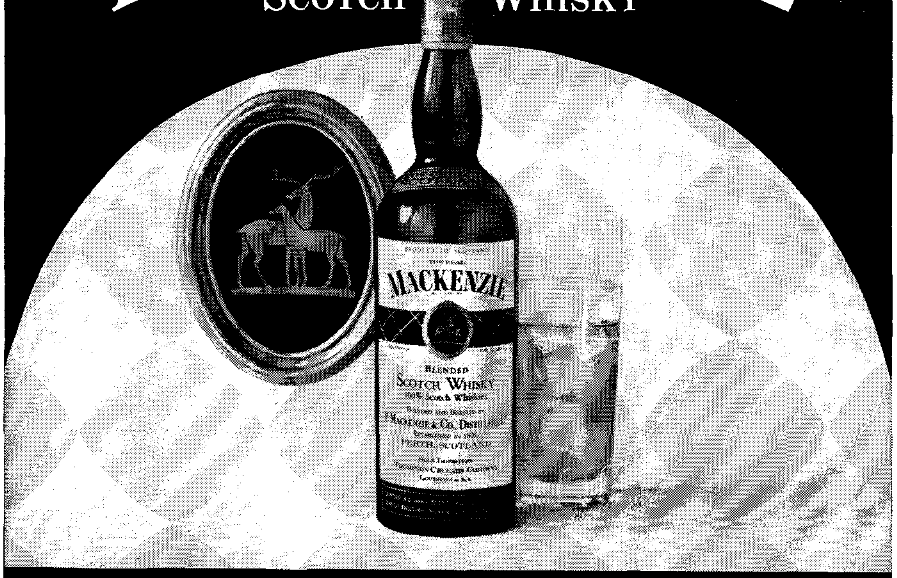

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a setting more dejected than the locale of Gideon's alleged crime. Panama City, whose 1960 population was 33,275, proved to be a town in the still largely undeveloped northwest panhandle of Florida. Just outside the city limits was a gigantic International Paper Company plant, whose tall chimneys spewed out sulphurous smoke, and huddled near the plant fence, within sight and smell of the chemical fumes, was Bay Harbor. "Community" is too grandiose a word for Bay Harbor. The settlement looked like a parody of a movie set for a frontier town—just a few dilapidated buildings, separated by dirt roads and alleys and weed-filled empty lots, that accommodated a bar, a two-story "hotel," a grocery, and the Bay Harbor Poolroom. Gideon had no illusions about Bay Harbor; in the course of his talk with the reporter he called it Tobacco Road.

In comparison with Bay Harbor, the state prison seemed to be a cheerful place. The entrance left no doubt that it was the entrance to a prison; there were steel gates and a sign reading, that day, "1986 white males, 1303 colored males." (Quarters are completely segregated.) But the scene inside the gates was unforbidding, with small buildings separated by green lawns and beautifully kept shrubs and flowers. Trusties wearing uniforms of white fatigues, something like a hospital orderly's outfit, wandered around freely; during the lunch hour some sat outdoors smoking pipes and reading.

Gideon was a trusty. He met his visitor in the prison "courtroom," which was bare except for a long table, where the inmates could work away at legal documents. Gideon complained about the facilities. "Here's the place you have to write your petition, and you don't have no help," he said. "That's what hurts you. The Supreme Court sent me a book of rules, but I still can't understand that. The rules take a pretty educated man to understand them." He filled a cigarette paper and rolled it, in long, rather artistic fingers stained with nicotine. "There's no real lawyers in here now," he went on. "I guess I know more than most, and I help out. I have one boy in here that can't read or write. I wrote a letter to the Supreme Court of Florida for him, asking them to appoint an attorney to write him a petition for habeas corpus. They accepted that letter as a petition and denied it without a hearing, so I wrote the whole thing over and sent it to the Supreme Court of the U.S." (This prisoner was named Allen Baxley, Jr.; the Court was hold-

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ing the petition until Gideon's case was decided.)

It was clear that Gideon enjoyed his role as prison legal expert. Moreover, he had some sense of what he was about. He correctly complained, for example, about his trial judge's statement that Florida law did not permit appointment of counsel in a non-capital case; Florida law merely did not require such appointment. "That wasn't the law," Gideon said. "He had all the power in the world to appoint a lawyer if he wanted to." Gideon also showed appreciation of the quality of the letters he had had from Abe Fortas, saying, "I notice he never makes a statement that isn't well thought out. He never writes you anything that isn't exactly that way." The prison records revealed that in his long letter to Fortas he had obeyed the lawyer's injunction to tell the whole truth about his life. The felonies he had described were all listed: 1928, burglary in Missouri, ten-year sentence, paroled after three years; 1934, a federal charge, possession of government property, three years; 1940, another Missouri burglary, ten years, escaped in 1944, recaptured a year later, released in 1950; 1951, a Texas burglary, two years, released in 1952. After that, there was nothing serious until the episode of the Bay Harbor Poolroom in June, 1961—only some arrests for "investigation" in Panama City and a twenty-day sentence for drunkenness there. A prison report described Gideon as the typical recidivist type, and someone had noted in his file, "At present time does not have anyone for the mailing or visiting list."

The prison officials did not object to Gideon's legal activities. "Usually, when they're trying to get out legally, you know they walk on their toes around here," one of them said. They knew all about his case in the Supreme Court, but the possible effect of a victory for Gideon on other prisoners who had been tried without counsel did not seem to bother them, as it did some prosecutors. An assistant warden said, "Our feeling is: Boys, if you can get out of here legal, we're with you."

Gideon's visitor asked him why he had insisted so strenuously on a lawyer, all the way from the Circuit Court of Bay County to the Supreme Court of the United States.

"I knew that was my only chance," he said. "I don't know if you've ever been in one of these courtrooms, but the prejudice is obvious. In this state, except for Dade County [Miami]—in Dade County they go by the book—

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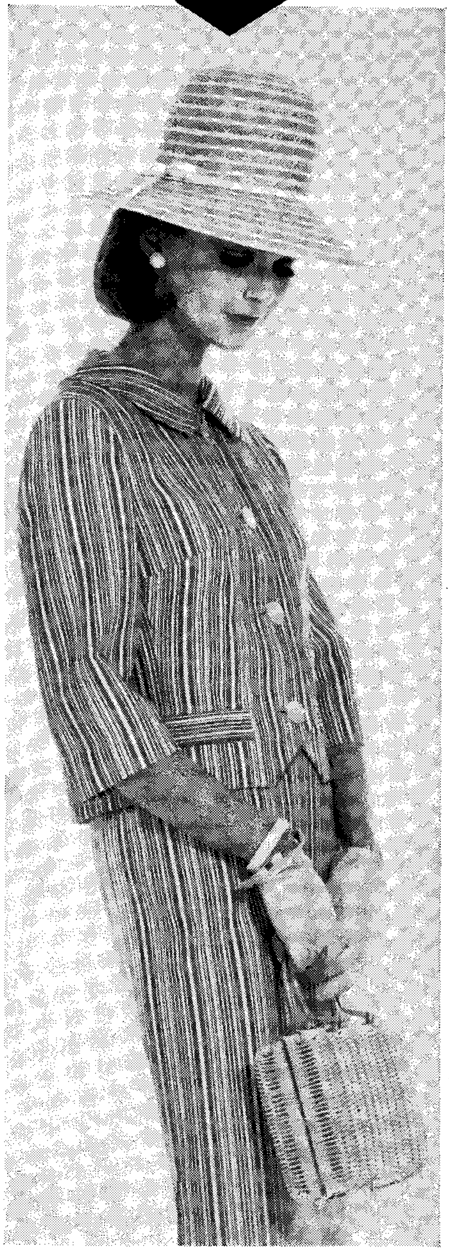

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they just run over people who have nothing. I've never taken the witness stand in this case; nobody knows what I'd say. Without a lawyer, with the criminal record I had, what I'd have said they'd never have paid any attention to."

Gideon seemed obsessed by the idea of prejudice on the part of Florida officials against the poor and unfortunate. He spoke again and again about the welfare authorities and what he called their attempt to take his children from him, and he also spoke bitterly of the Florida Supreme Court's refusal to do anything about counsel for the poor. "These people are not vicious," he said at one point, and he seemed to be taking in the citizens as well as the officials of Florida. "They just have beliefs they've lived by all their lives. They think it's perfectly all right to take a man into a courtroom and deny him all his rights. I was reading here a while back—I believe it was Milton's essay on liberty. He writes about Socrates and Christ, which was two judicial cases tried by the people. He showed that these people were not any different from what they are now—not mean people or anything; they're just used to things."

As prisoners often do, Gideon complained of so many raw deals that it was hard to separate fact from feelings of persecution. He spoke of harsh sentences that some of his fellow-inmates had been given and of inequities in Florida law. At times, his wanderings into legalism grew incoherent and he had to be steered back to the point. But he never made any effort to justify his life; he simply wanted his rights.

Gideon would not say so, but he gave every indication of expecting the Supreme Court to rule in his favor. He said that all the inmates were thinking about the case, "even though the intelligence of the people in here is not the greatest in the world," and that a lot of prisoners "think they're just going to have to bring buses in here and turn 'em loose." Afterward, he went on, he was "hoping the American Civil Liberties Union will give me an attorney" to help him fight in a new trial the charge of breaking and entering the Bay Harbor Poolroom. And he had thought about what he might do when he was finally free. "The only reason I never left Panama City was that I couldn't get enough money to leave," he said. "That's hard to move, a family. If I get out of here—I'm a good automobile, electric mechanic. I wouldn't begin to say I was a journeyman electrician or anything like that, but I'd like to get a

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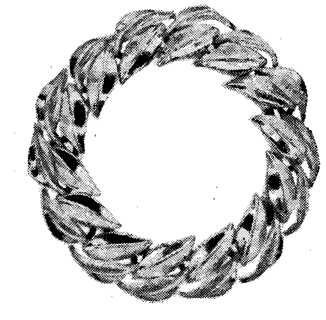

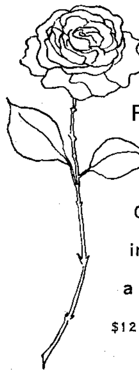

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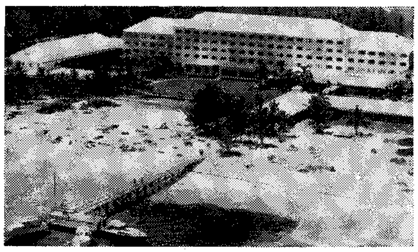

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maintenance job somewhere, or have a little shop of my own and work on one car at a time—generators and batteries and things like that."

Gideon had also thought about the Supreme Court and its part in assuring every criminal defendant of counsel. "Without the Supreme Court, it might have happened sometime, but it wouldn't have happened in this state soon," he said, speaking as if his case were already won.

Had he read any of the recent Supreme Court decisions on the right to counsel?

"No, only what you read in the paper; you know, you read that some boy was given the right to a lawyer."

If Gideon had read the decisions and understood them, he would not have been any less confident of victory for himself and his principle. For the Court, in its sophisticated way, had been groping toward Clarence Earl Gideon's simple feeling about the importance of a lawyer to a poor man charged with a crime.

—ANTHONY LEWIS

(*This is the second of a series of three articles.*)

•

The first thing you do when you hear a new name is to pay close attention to it so that you will observe it correctly. It is always a good idea to have the name spelled, and no one will hate you for it—you're paying attention to his most prized possession.

Now that you have the name clearly, make a picture to represent the name and then associate that picture with some aspect of the person's face or general appearance. For instance, my name is Hersey. If you think of a picture to represent it, you will probably come up with "Hershey Bar." Now look at my picture. My white hair is one of my most prominent characteristics. To associate Hershey Bar with white hair, imagine that I am rubbing my white hair with a Hershey Bar to make it brown again. If you actually saw me do it, you'd never forget it. All you have to do is to use your imagination.—*The Rotarian.*

Somehow, we *want* to forget it.

•

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[*From the Charleston (W. Va.) Daily Mail*]

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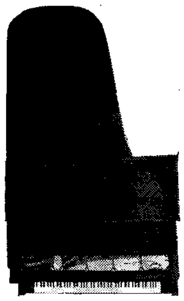

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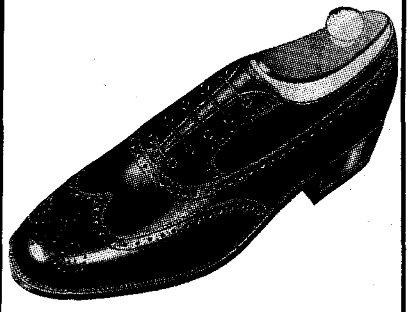

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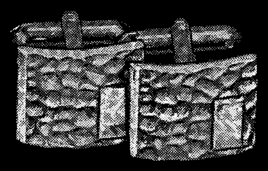

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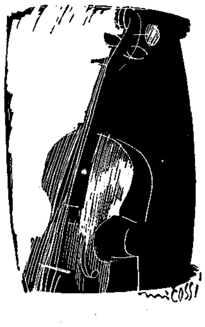
MUSICAL EVENTS

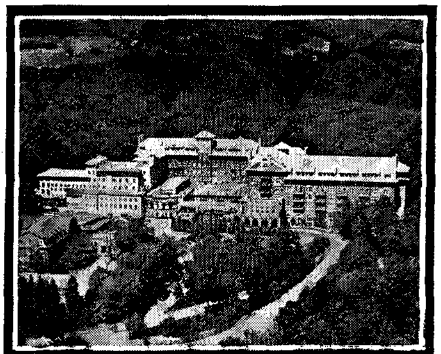
The Judgment of Raffaele



THERE is a waiter at the Red Devil Restaurant named Raffaele Marotta, with whom I habitually discuss the doings at the Metropolitan Opera House. Raffaele has been a standee and a balcony patron for more than half a century, and he goes to the opera more than I do, frequently to hear how identical casts will sing identical operas at different times. He remembers Tetrazzini, Destinn, and Melba as vividly as he does Birgit Nilsson and Joan Sutherland, and he has the positive opinions of a seasoned connoisseur. When I asked him the other day what he thought of the Metropolitan's season just past, he pursed his lips into a grim straight line, reflected for a minute, and said, "The worst." Raffaele is that rare phenomenon, a laconic Italian.

In thinking over my memories of the season, I come pretty close to agreeing with Raffaele. Except for Gian Carlo Menotti's "The Last Savage," which was cast by Mr. Menotti himself, I cannot remember a performance that was not marred by the inept casting of at least one role, and this holds true even for the celebrated Zeffirelli-Bernstein "Falstaff." I understand that it was not true of a couple of performances I *didn't* hear, among them the first "Don Giovanni" of the season, but it has been too much the rule for a first-class opera house. Massenet's "Manon," to take one outstanding example, was almost a caricature of what it should be. The repertory, moreover, remains as unadventurous as ever. I have heard all the excuses. I know that the Metropolitan operates on a tight budget. But other opera companies operate on a tight budget, too, and a tight budget has not prevented the San Francisco Opera from coping with things like Richard Strauss's "Die Frau ohne Schatten" and Shostakovich's "Katerina Ismailova," or the New York City and Santa Fe Operas from presenting dozens of contemporary or out-of-the-way works.

Why, I wonder, has that greatest of lyric tenors, Cesare Valletti, been dropped from the Metropolitan's ros-



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ter? Why is Giuseppe Taddei not on it? Why were we permitted only two or three performances each this season by such formidable artists as Tito Gobbi and Geraint Evans, with at least half the Met's subscription audience unable to hear a single performance by either? Why do we hear so many artists after they have passed their vocal prime? Igor Gorin, heard in "La Traviata," was perhaps the most notable example this season of a fine artist who had never appeared at the Met during his best years and was finally given a chance too late. There is a joke current among opera buffs that goes, "Why isn't So-and-So singing at the Met?" . . . "Oh, it's much too early. His voice is still in good condition." It rests on some ponderable evidence. I am glad to learn that next season we are to have Elisabeth Schwarzkopf as the Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier," but the point arises: Just why we have been denied Miss Schwarzkopf in this role for ten years while she has been singing it elsewhere in the country? Regina Resnik, to take another example, is today recognized as one of the Met's most accomplished artists—certainly one of the best Klytaemnestras and Dame Quicklys in operatic history. But where has Miss Resnik been until lately? Not at the Metropolitan, though I remember her début there in the days when Edward Johnson was general manager.

Then, there is the perennial problem of conductors. At present, the Metropolitan has a collection that surely ranks among the most undistinguished ever to be seen on the podium of any great opera house. The few stars—Rosenstock, Solti, and Schippers—are of the second magnitude, though they seem like meteors compared to the run-of-the-mill conductors one encounters at every other performance. William Steinberg and Georges Prêtre, who have been announced for next season, should be much better than average, but I note that Solti is not returning. Why is it that no conductor of the very top rank has remained at the Metropolitan for more than a season or two during the Bing administration? I am thinking of George Szell, Fritz Reiner (who agreed to come back for a single production last season, but unfortunately died before conducting it), and—most mysterious of all—the greatly gifted Jonel Perlea, who conducted "Tristan" fifteen years ago in one of the most brilliant débuts in the Metropolitan's recent history, and was immediately dropped. Perlea is now conducting the

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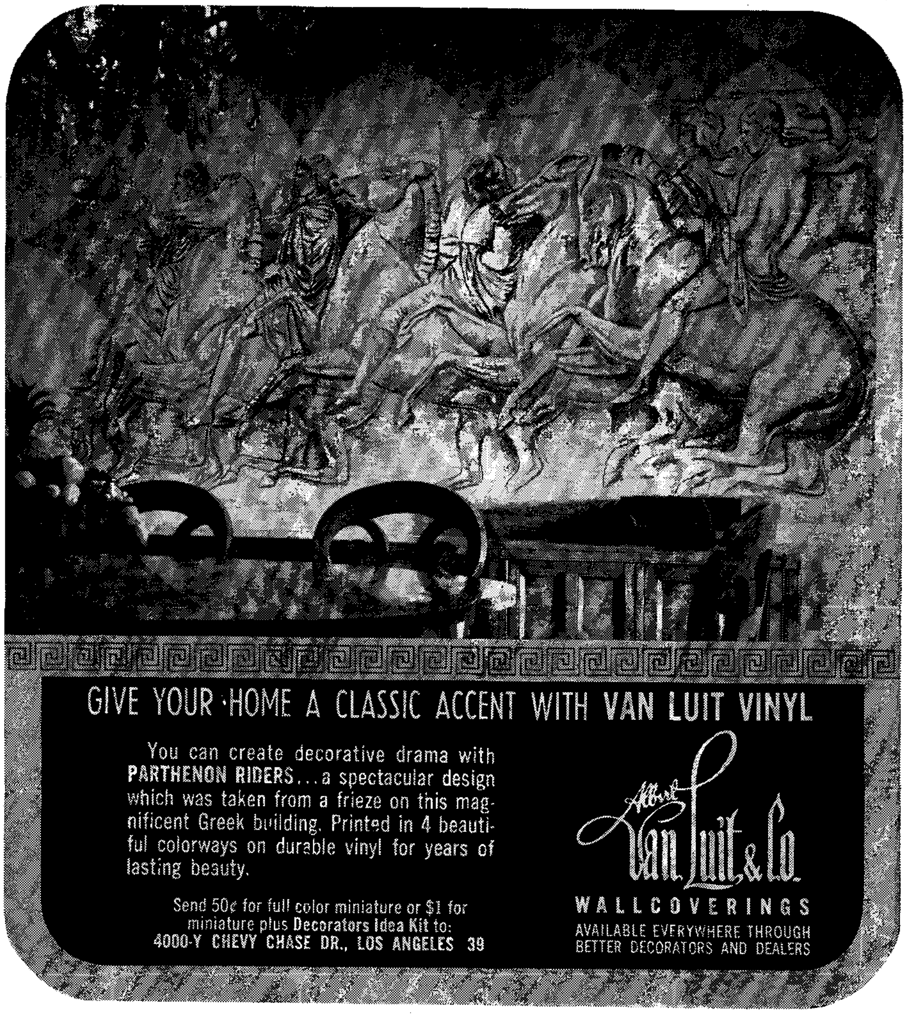
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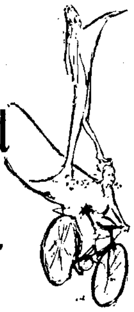

student orchestra at the Manhattan School of Music, and making it sound better than the Metropolitan's orchestra sometimes sounds.

What has happened to Wagner's "Ring"? Before Mr. Bing took charge at the Metropolitan, it was a source of great pride there, and it still brings crowds to the box office every time it is presented. Granted, the old scenery is now a bit shabby, and we are not in the middle of a Flagstad-Melchior era, but the Met's "Ring" was a distinguished achievement long before Flagstad and Melchior were ever heard of. *Heldentenors* are, it is true, hard to get today, but New York's Wagnerian audience will go and enjoy the "Ring" even if its Siegfried is of lesser calibre than Melchior, and in Jon Vickers the Met does have one of the finest Siegmunds I have ever encountered.

Finally, what is the Metropolitan doing for American opera? True, it did put on "The Last Savage" this season—a work by the safest and surest operatic composer alive today—and it is going to do Samuel Barber's "Vanessa" again next season. But did it discover Carlisle Floyd's "Susannah" or Robert Ward's "The Crucible"? It did not, and these two are among the strongest operas recently composed in America or anywhere else.

There is, I am afraid, something wrong at Broadway and Thirty-ninth Street. Morale has been so low among the orchestra musicians lately that it is no wonder they are threatening another big strike. And morale among the singers, I understand, is not much better. The singers' complaints do not involve money, though everybody knows that the scale paid at the Met today is low enough. They involve a wish to progress in their art, to achieve greater distinction by being allowed to sing more roles more often, instead of being displaced time and time again by foreign imports of very mediocre quality. It is a pity, I think, that the Metropolitan is a closed corporation, run almost like a private club (in spite of its claims to status as a public institution), with an audience of subscribers that takes pretty much what it can get, and with no significant competition whatever. This, I submit, is not a healthy situation.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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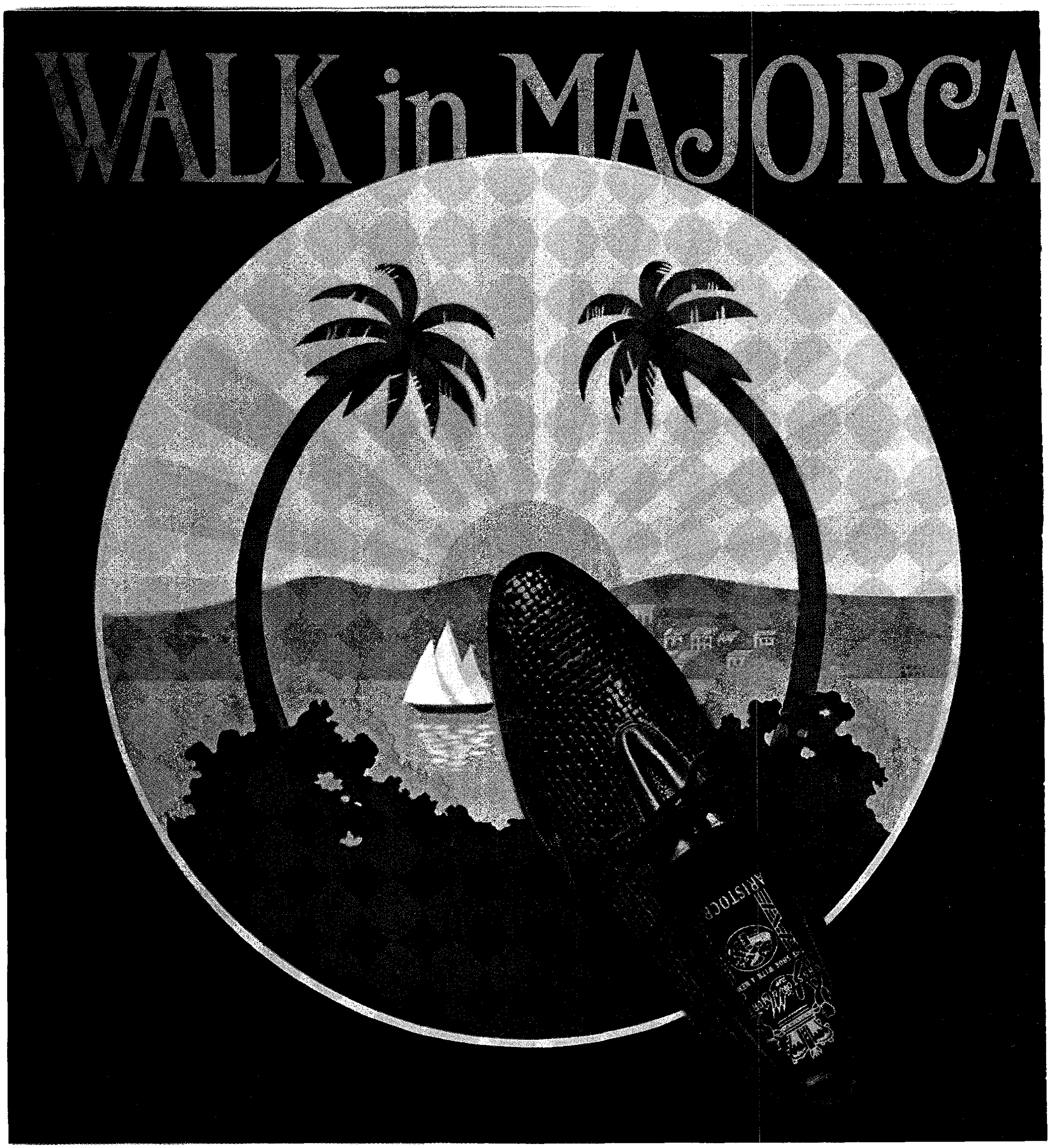

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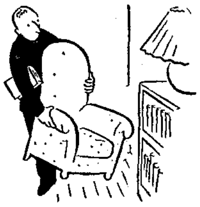


WHILE many authors try to register the times on a loud and epic scale, two novelists, one French and the other English, are measuring little conflicts, minor hesitations. They have no interest in writing the apocalyptic novel of a nuclear age; they are not concerned with that form of innovation which consists in beating back the censor. Each has simply used the novel as a finely calibrated instrument capable of recording varieties of experience that have not been explored in fiction before.

Nathalie Sarraute probes the minds of her characters to a depth at which they are all more or less alike. So alike, in fact, that she finds it possible to dispense with characters, as discrete individuals, almost altogether. And along with characters, she does away with plot. For reasons set forth in her collection of critical essays, "The Age of Suspicion," Mme. Sarraute believes that the props and techniques of conventional narrative have become frozen and inert; in her latest novel, "The Golden Fruits," translated by Maria Jolas (Braziller), she simply melts them down. What is left is a subterranean pool of social impulses and responses rippling among nameless, bodiless, characterless speakers. As the novel opens, that pool is stirred by an event—the publication of a novel called "The Golden Fruits." Immediately there are little quivers of anxiety, tentative questionings: "Tell me . . . have you read? . . . What did you think of it?" For a time the question drifts, partly formulated, unanswered. Then it strikes something solid, an opinion:

> Listen. I'll call out, answer me. Just so that I may know that you are still there. I am shouting in your direction with all my might. The Golden Fruits . . . do you hear me? What did you think of it? And a dreary voice replies . . . "The Golden Fruits . . . it's good . . ."

It's good. The verdict washes quickly over other minds, which hasten to agree, to outdo one another in agreeing. Feminine voices obligingly pose the question; masculine voices forcefully reply:

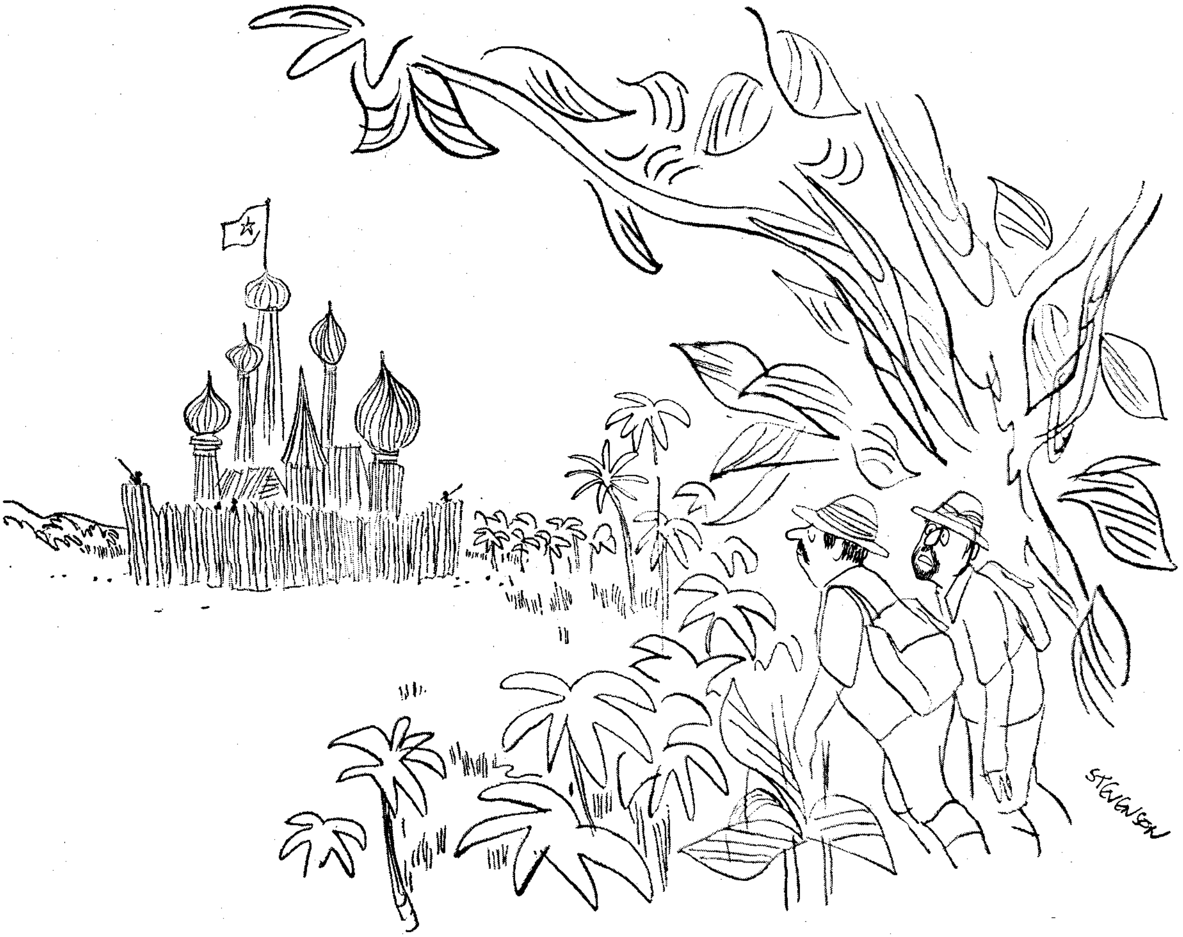
> "And The Golden Fruits, do you like that?" . . . Yes, I like that. I like that, do you hear? . . .
>
> Tell me, rather, I wanted to ask you, I haven't really read it, I only had time to glance through it, I wish you would tell me: The Golden Fruits, what do you think of it?
>
> —It's a superb book. Furthermore, you see . . . I just happen to be writing an article . . .

An article. The matter then is borne toward the critics, where the judgment "superb" can be amplified. First it is divided into syllables: "su-perb." Further amplifications follow:

> "I don't think it is as classical as all that. In the sense that people usually take this word. It is involved, baroque, heavy and even awkward, at times. The classics, moreover, as is too frequently forgotten, were also awkward and involved when they were the moderns. This is a difficult work. . . . It reflects the spirit of our time perfectly. . . ."
>
> "This book, I believe, establishes in literature a privileged language which succeeds in investing a correspondence that is its own structure . . ."
>
> —We agree absolutely. Thus, an a-temporal dimension is dissolved here in the becoming of a thematic. Because of this fact, this work, down to its most structured strata, is a poem.

A poem. The current of approbation begins to carry all before it. Critical jargon, literary-cocktail-party gossip ("Intimate diaries . . . confidences . . . memoirs of dismissed servants . . . one finds . . . such baseness that it is hard, this must be admitted, not to have a very legitimate feeling of superiority"), ploys and counterploys reach such proportions that they threaten to engulf the reviewer of Mme. Sarraute's own "Golden Fruits."

Not everyone, however, can be swept



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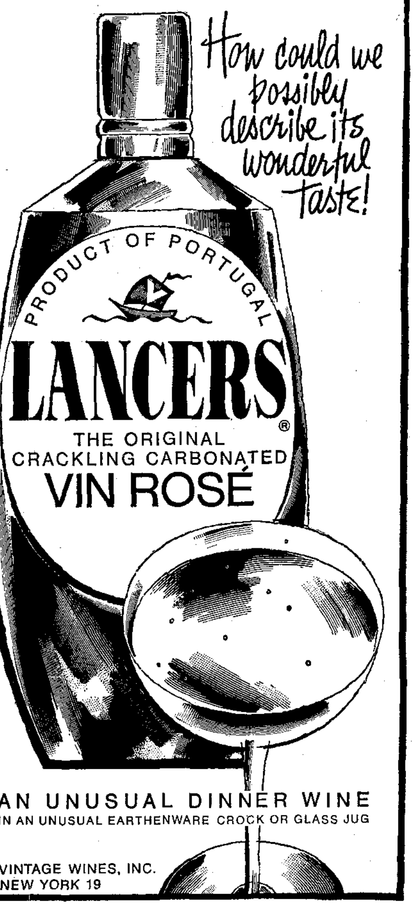
along. Some must be snubbed, cast off, abandoned, to preserve the cultural élitists' "very legitimate feeling of superiority":

—Oh you, my dear Jean-Pierre, you . . . you say that to please us, we know you. . . . people can't get in here like that. They must have given certain proofs. . . . At certain moments, certain unfortunate mistakes were made, a few too many pledges given to others when they were in power. . . . One must be very careful not to open the door to such questionable allies, to these last-minute adherents who could bring discredit on the entire community. . . .

Critical unanimity has reached its crest; no new assenters need apply. The moment is ripe, however, for a *rara avis*—something solid and resistant, a new opinion. Someone soon risks it: "The Golden Fruits," he says, "is flat." There follows agitation, turbulence: "Ha, ha, ha, I can't bear it . . . When I think . . . oh, you'll be the death of me . . . Now listen, is it possible you don't see that that banal, platitudinous side you speak of, is precisely what Bréhier was after, he did it on purpose." The argument is an old and potent one in critical circles, but to no avail. The tide has turned, and in a short while

Those who from near or from far, openly or secretly, even in the uttermost depth of their consciences, continue to look upon The Golden Fruits with admiration or even mere liking, a bit of fellow feeling, all those who today still consort with it, uphold it, seek excuses . . . those who by word or thought give it any support whatsoever, are fools. . . .

In a sense, Mme. Sarraute's "The Golden Fruits" is satire, and she has caught in all its absurd manifestations the universal aspiration of that supernumerary in the arts, the critic: to be the first to state what everyone is or will soon be thinking anyway. She has caught the critic's self-importance ("Alone with another image that they have never ceased to contemplate, an image of themselves with gigantic proportions, more and more enormous, spreading out on every side"), his simple vanity ("Say what you talked about . . . about whom? About me, perhaps, oh joy, perhaps my book?"), his false knowledgeability, and his complete vulnerability when he is asked to document his arguments. But except for occasional lapses into broad parody (thrown in, perhaps, much as an Expressionist painter might draw a caricature or two to demonstrate that his more drastic innovations stem from choice and not from lack of talent for the ordinary), "The Golden Fruits" is not satire after all but a new kind of reporting. Critical



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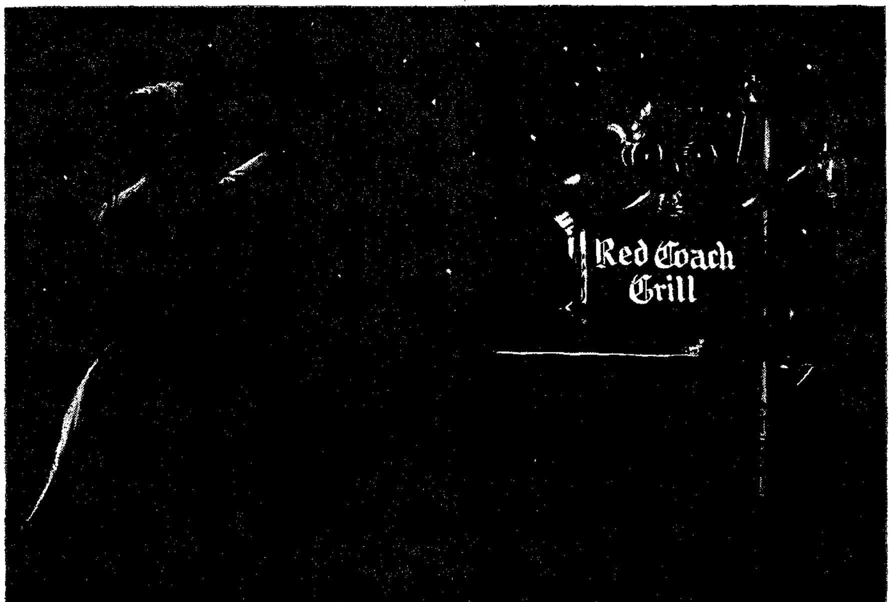
discussions and cocktail-party conversations are as Mme. Sarraute has overheard and recorded them.

Since "The Golden Fruits" presents not a story of characters but a report of murmurs, anxieties, afterthoughts, and undertones, it is unlike the work of any other novelist. In one respect it is unlike any of the previous work of Mme. Sarraute as well. Her earlier novels, notably "The Planetarium," were also studies of the formlessness, vapidity, and even solubility of speakers in social situations, but the technique seemed limited to the study of trivia, to small concerns. *Everything* dissolved in pettiness; it seemed that such a novel could support only a cynicism as uniform and as unpunctuated as the dialogue itself. There was nothing at stake. In "The Golden Fruits," Mme. Sarraute has managed to cast something significant adrift on those aimless subcurrents (the publication of a book is, after all, an event of some significance) and to find at the end, surprisingly, someone firm and uncompromised: a single character, a reader—notably not a critic of the periodical or cocktail party sort—for whom the author can, without abandoning her objectivity, plead eloquently, a reader uninterested in the prevailing value judgments, a reader whom the book itself affects:

> People can say what they like. . . . No word from outside can destroy so natural, so perfect a fusion. Like love it gives us the strength to face anything. Like one in love I should like to hide it. For them not to see what there is between us, for them not to come near it, is all I ask of them. I have not the slightest desire to convince them. . . .

Such a reader, awkward and sentimental as he is, is the first bit of solid gold Mme. Sarraute has discovered in the tepid social waters she explores. His presence in the novel, however unobtrusive, means that the author's technique can now accommodate, without irony, a whole range of human attitudes and responses, not excluding the noble.

WHILE most of the speakers in "The Golden Fruits" are subjective and interdependent, the characters in Ivy Compton-Burnett's "A God and His Gifts" (Simon & Schuster) are rigid, angular, and aloof. The novel is written almost entirely in dialogue, so formal and relentlessly logical that Miss Compton-Burnett manages to transform a convention by the very scrupulousness of her adherence to it. The novel is stylized and frozen; what



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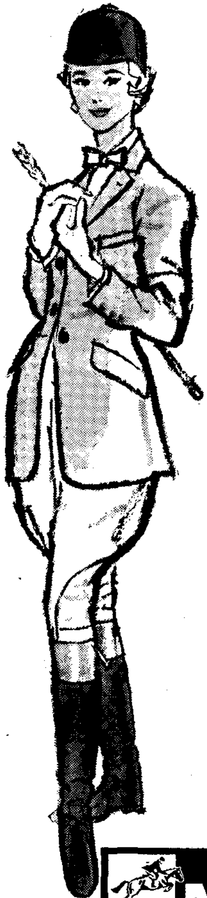

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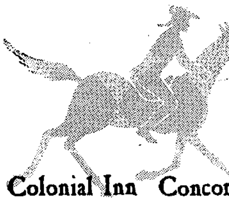

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upheavals occur are conveyed through a violent readjustment of surfaces, like a cracking of ice. Hereward Egerton, the hero of the novel, an author who is by his own account "a man of full nature . . . built on a large scale" and "not afraid to say it," marries a woman who is by her own account not one to "attract so many" and "a person who tends to look up." In time, Hereward seduces his sister-in-law (by whom he has a child), his first son's fiancée (by whom he has another child), and his children's nurse. He also makes advances to the fiancée of his second son and to his own daughter by his sister-in-law (with whom, by this time, his third son, unaware that the girl is his half sister as well as his first cousin, has fallen in love). As the novel ends, Hereward's son by his first son's wife is in danger of falling in love with Hereward's first son's daughter. Since the whole family is eventually gathered under one roof, and since all the characters are always in dead earnest when they speak, the situation might seem an explosive one. Yet the novel is developed with the austerity of a syllogism; no voices are raised, and nothing is said that does not go directly to the point. It is as though a situation that would do credit to the imagination of Tennessee Williams were expressed with the terse, perfect logic of the Cheshire Cat or the White Queen:

> "To think we are all descendants!" said Joanna. . . . "I have never worked for myself. It does sound egotistic."
>
> "Well, I have worked for myself and others in managing things," said Sir Michael. "I think it is a just claim."
>
> "Yes, Sir Michael. Though most work is for others," said Galleon, leaving the matter there.
>
> "I think all claims are just," said Joanna. "That is why they are made. I have never met an unjust claim. I suppose it is because there are not any."

That is the continuing pattern of Miss Compton-Burnett's dialogue—a gradual undercutting of ironies and frivolous remarks, a conversation that seems to come nearer the truth, a brief lapse into platitude ("Most work is for others"), and then the whole matter crumbles into mock tautology ("All claims are just. That is why they are made"). The result is that by having her characters speak with complete logic and frankness Miss Compton-Burnett achieves an effect of absolute disingenuousness: when nothing is held back, everything seems kept in reserve. It is the absurd deadpan comedy of Joseph K. and Alice. The revelation, for example, that Hereward Egerton has

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fathered the child of his son Merton's wife is greeted by Merton sarcastically:

> ..."'I will try to be a son to you, Father. Better perhaps than I have been. If I had not failed you, you yourself might not have failed. Let us learn from each other.'"
>
> "I am glad, Merton," said Hereward, as if accepting the literal words. "I will not say more. Again it need not be said."

And after Hereward has undercut his son's sarcasm by ignoring it, the conversation continues:

> "How wonderful everyone is!" said Joanna to her husband. "I did not know they were all like this. I know that some troubles bring out the best in people. But I should not have thought this one of them. I suppose, when there is so much quality, anything does to bring it out. I am so proud of everyone."
>
> "Well, I am proud of everyone but Hereward," said Sir Michael in a low tone. "I can't reconcile myself to this. I had had no thought of it. I am not a person who suspects such things. I can't understand the excuses made for him. Though of course as his father I am grateful."
>
> "Oh, but isn't it better to be proud of him too? We should not like him to be left out. And a mother has to forgive everything. It has always been recognized."
>
> "I suppose a father should too."
>
> "I don't think it matters about a father. Anyhow there is no rule. Perhaps we only have rules that can be kept."

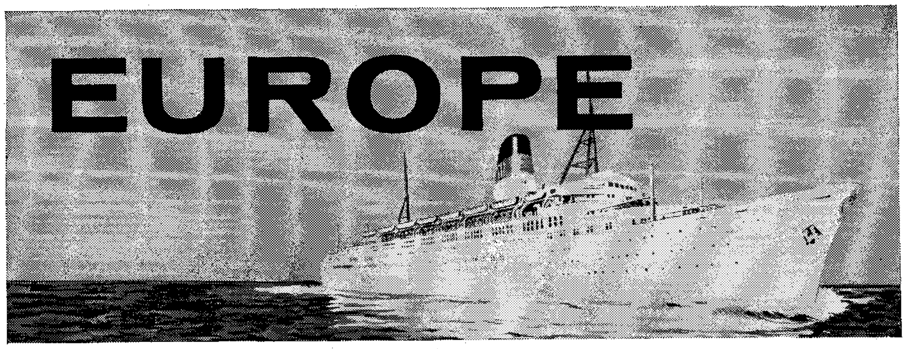
The sequence is the same—irony, missed irony, platitude, truism. And although everything is said, courteously and articulately (these are not the anxious mutterers of "The Golden Fruits"), nothing is revealed. As Mme. Sarraute deals with vague undercurrents and profits from the tension between the conversational crisis and the triviality of the speaker's feelings, Miss Compton-Burnett studies smooth surfaces and profits from the tension between the conversational urbanity and the enormity of the emotional issue. What is extraordinary about each of these writers is her complete consistency, her strict attention to only that psychological level she has chosen to study. Each is an innovator and a formalist, in the best sense of the word, and each manages to convey more truth by means of her polygraph than we are getting from many writers of cataclysmic aspiration, the seismologists among contemporary novelists.

—RENATA ADLER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

A FEAST OF FREEDOM, by Leonard Wibberley (Morrow). This comical notion brings us forward to the year 1968, when the long-suffering Brit-



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ish, to ease a new strain on the international situation, are forced to let two more of their few remaining colonies go. Latest to be pushed out from under the still warm, if somewhat molted, imperial wing are Omo Lau and Omo Levi, two tiny, happily dependent islands in the South Pacific. But the residents of Omo Lau and Omo Levi hate being free, and they get sulky and spiteful and start eating their well-wishers, so a whole new international problem is created. Mr. Wibberley is a funny man.

OLD ACQUAINTANCE, by David Stacton (Putnam). Mr. Stacton's sleazy wit is nicely suited to this prolonged conversational farce between an elderly but still glamorous German-born actress-singer and her friend of three decades, a talkative novelist called Charlie. The actress is named Lotte, and the scene is Luxembourg, where she and Charlie are officiating at an international movie festival. The time is the present, but a very tired, disappointed present.

GENERAL

FAULKNER AT WEST POINT, edited by Major Joseph L. Fant III and Lieutenant Colonel Robert Ashley, with an introduction by Colonel Russell K. Alspach (Random House). An illustrated record of a two-day visit that William Faulkner paid to the United States Military Academy in April of 1962 (just three months before his unexpected death), during which he read to a cadet audience a chapter from his then unpublished novel "The Reivers," participated in two cadet question-and-answer sessions, held a press conference, and had his picture taken by Henri Cartier-Bresson, Carl Mydans, Vytas Valaitis, and Neal Boenzi. The pictures include three fine portrait studies, and the chapter from the novel has a certain academic interest, inasmuch as it differs somewhat from the published text, but it is the interviews—the last recorded observations of a great writer—that count: on civil rights ("For the next few years the Negro has got to be better than the white man . . . more honest, more moral . . . [until he] compels the white man to say, 'Please join us' "), on politics ("A man can't make a living any other way, we elect him to something"), on his writing ("I am simply writing about people, man in his comic or tragic human condition, to tell a story—give it some order and unity and coherence"), on

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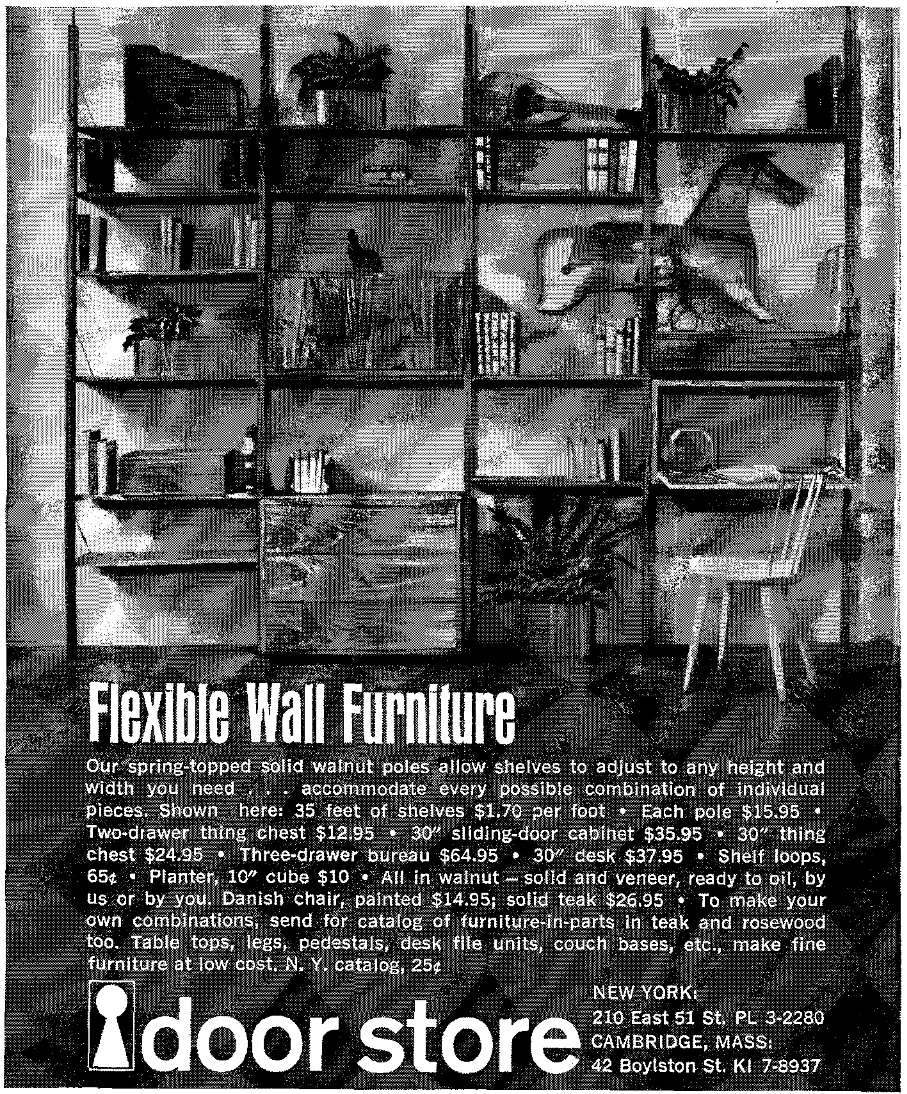
writing ("To me, poetry is first. The failed poet becomes a short-story writer. The failed short-story writer has nothing left but the novel, so he's a novelist").

THE KAISER AND HIS COURT: THE DIARIES, NOTE BOOKS, AND LETTERS OF ADMIRAL GEORG ALEXANDER VON MÜLLER, edited by Walter Görlitz, translated from the German by Mervyn Savill, and with a foreword by Sven von Müller (Harcourt, Brace & World). Admiral von Müller, a member of the Kaiser's suite during the First World War, was an unhappy and increasingly disapproving courtier. The minute detail of his day-by-day-record is at first daunting: Did it matter, one wonders, what the Kaiser had for dinner? The answer, one discovers on reading further, is that it mattered a great deal; the Emperor and his large, useless entourage fed very well, to Müller's disgust, while the nation starved, and, what is more, the people knew it. Müller, a liberal by court standards, was a loyal German who wanted his country to win and his sovereign to prosper; this is the record of the decline of his hopes. It is an entrapping sort of book, because its fascination keeps increasing, and to the questions it poses—why was Germany so poorly governed, so badly led?—it suggests a multitude of enlightening, though, to be sure, partial, answers.

OYSTER RIVER: ONE SUMMER ON AN INLAND SEA, by George Millar (Knopf). The inland sea on which the author—an ardent, perfectionist, anti-gadget English yachtsman—spent (with his wife) the summer recounted here is the Gulf of Morbihan, a spacious lagoon fed by the Auray, or Oyster, River, on the Brittany coast of the Bay of Biscay. Mr. Millar is a pleasant writer and a pleasantly opinionated man, and although he is sometimes a bit windily technical ("Spanish burton to the lower hounds"), his book on the whole is eventful (bad weather, entertaining shore outings, and an involvement with a pair of suave Algerian terrorists), zestful ("We opened a bottle of champagne, and as though to order a fisherman rowing by rested on his oars and casually offered us two langoustes"), and delightful. Illustrated with a photograph and plans of the Millars' boat (a twenty-four-ton yawl), and a map.

GREECE, by Anne Poor and Henry Miller (Viking). Thirty pretty pen-and-ink sketches and colored draw-



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ings of celebrated places (the Acropolis, the Sanctuary at Delos, the Temple of Apollo) and picturesque people by Miss Poor, together with a short essay by Mr. Miller that is at once an appreciation of her attractive work and a lightheaded glorification of the Greek past, the Greek landscape, and the winsome poverty of the Greek peasant. Mr. Miller spent some time in Greece in 1940.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

NERVE, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row). Mr. Francis is a former British steeplechase jockey (he was at one time retained by the Queen Mother) turned racing correspondent (for the London *Sunday Express*), and in this book he makes expert use of his expert knowledge of that tough and tony sport. It has to do with an epidemic of disasters—suicide, injuries, dishonesty, irresponsibility, cowardice—among a group of professional riders, and the last-minute efforts of one of them to find the cause of the trouble. A fully exciting diversion.

WHO STEALS MY NAME, by Clay Richards (Bobbs-Merrill). Postal Inspector Blake Morgan sets out to discover what happened to all those bank statements and checks that were stolen from a New York City post office, and finds himself travelling with a dangerous crowd in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, and getting seriously involved with lethally beautiful women every time he stops long enough to order a dry Martini. Mr. Richards' plot is meagre, to say the best of it, but he is a perky writer who throws in enough bars and night clubs and brief dramatic encounters to keep his reader amiable, if not entranced.

•

Voltaire said, "History is filled with the sound of silken slippers going downstairs and wooden shoes coming up"—a prophecy of world revolution. But moral history is filled with the sound of silken slippers and wooden shoes coming up hand in hand to the fellowship of a redeemed humanity. —*Jacksonville (Fla.) Florida Times-Union.*

Anyway, there's somebody on those stairs.

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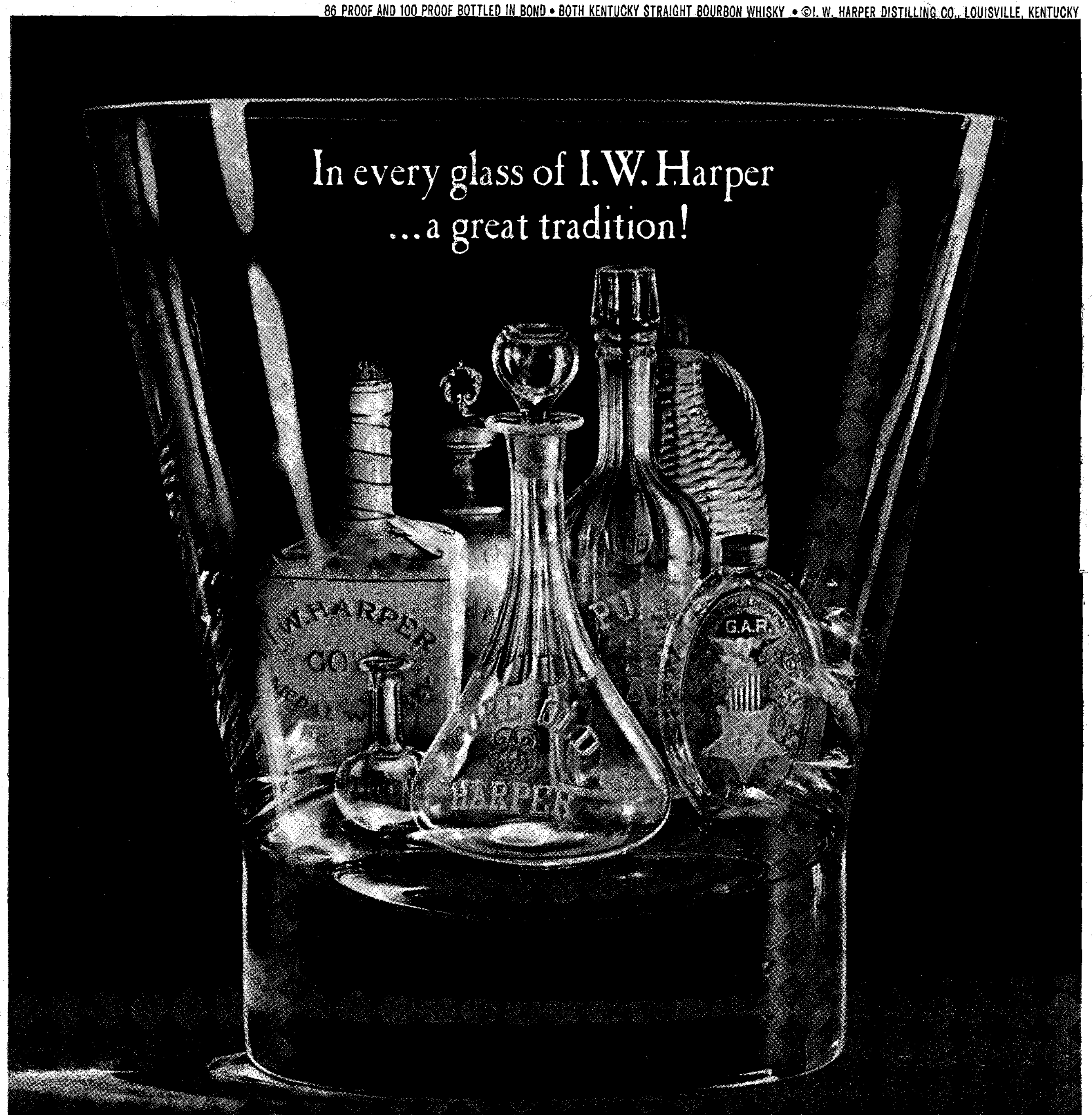
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